

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.—JUNE, 1881.—No. 18.

MR. WALLACE'S "ISLAND LIFE."

It is perhaps not generally known that Mr. Wallace shares with Mr. Darwin the honor of having laid the corner-stone of the modern theory of evolution, in the doctrine of "origin of species by variation, struggle for life, and survival of the fittest." On the same day there was read before the Linnean Society two papers, one by Mr. Wallace, on "The tendency of varieties to depart indefinitely from their original type," and the other by Mr. Darwin, on "The tendency of species to form varieties," in both of which this idea was brought out from independent points of view. This fact induced Mr. Darwin to hasten the publication of his epoch-making book, *The Origin of Species*. The principle above stated was therefore undoubtedly developed wholly independently by the two men, but the difference was this: It was struck out by Mr. Wallace as a bare suggestion, a happy thought, a flash of intuitive genius; while in Mr. Darwin's mind it had lain and been worked upon in silence for many years, until it had assumed the form of a consistent theory. In the presence of Mr. Darwin's great work, therefore, Mr. Wallace, with rare modesty, waived all claim as founder of the modern theory of evolution. His friends, however, rightly insist on giving him credit for his wholly original suggestion. It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Wallace has embraced the theory of evolution with enthusiasm, and made it the basis of all his subsequent work. For more than a century past the diversity

of faunas and floras of different countries has been observed and speculated upon; but the facts seemed to be utterly without law and without assignable cause other than the Divine Will, until the theory of evolution furnished the key. The life-work of Mr. Wallace has been, and will be to the end, the investigation of the laws of geographical distribution of species under the light of this theory. In fact, he may almost be said to have created this as a distinct science. The principles upon which Mr. Wallace attempts to solve the problem of geographical distribution of species are: (1.) the tendency of each species to indefinite increase and dispersal; (2.) the tendency of each species to vary slowly, but indefinitely, under the pressure of changing conditions and competitive struggle with other species; (3.) the tendency of migrations, whether voluntary, as in the higher animals, or involuntary, as in the lower animals and in plants, to increase the rate of change by increasing the competitive struggle; (4.) the tendency of isolation to preserve species once formed by preventing invasions by other species. All these may be called evolution principles. But (5.) extensive migrations are enforced by changes of climate and permitted by changes of physical geography, opening gateways previously closed; while isolations of faunas and floras, once formed, are effected by the closing of gateways previously open. Such changes of climate and physical geography, such openings and closings of high-

ways, and therefore such enforced migrations and isolations, are known to have occurred repeatedly in geological times.

It is evident, therefore, that the problem of the present distribution of species is a very complex one. Its solution involves the discussion of a great variety of collateral questions, and therefore requires the widest comprehensiveness of knowledge. Not only does it require complete mastery of the principles of evolution, but also a knowledge of the more recent geological changes in climate and physical geography; and these last, in their turn, necessitate a discussion of that most difficult subject, the *causes* of geological climates, and especially the causes of the climate of the Great Ice Age. Several years ago Mr. Wallace wrote his great work on "Geographical Distribution of Species," in which all these subjects were taken up and discussed in a masterly way. The present work is the result of further reflection on the same subject, but taking a wider range and addressed to a larger public. In what follows, we will suppose the reader to be already acquainted with the previous work.

Mr. Wallace's book is divided into two parts. In Part I, he discusses the principles above stated. In Part II, he applies them to the explanation of the phenomena of insular life. Doubtless the first part will create the deeper interest, for there is a wide interest in these general principles aside from their application; but for many there will also be a peculiar charm in the second part.

In the first part, after giving with remarkable clearness the *elementary facts of distribution* on continents, he occupies several chapters in showing how these may be explained by evolution, dispersal, and survival under changing conditions. We cannot follow him here; we will only take one case, as an example. The puzzling phenomenon of discontinuity—*i. e.*, of a genus or a species existing in widely separated localities; as, for example, in England and Japan, or in Asia Minor and China, or in the Eastern States and the Pacific Coast, but not in the intervening region—he explains by survival in isolated spots of species or genera which were once widely diffused and abundant. Similarly explained are cases of a very peculiar genus, with only one or perhaps two species, and found only in one little spot on the earth's surface; as, for example, Sequoias, only two species, Big Tree and Redwood, and found only in California; Sweet Gum, only one species, and found only in the Eastern States. These were once widely diffused all over America and Europe, but are now confined to small, isolated spots. All such species and genera are

dying out. We may compare the process to the drying away of an extensive lake, like that which once covered the whole of Nevada, until only small, isolated brine pools are left.

He next discusses the subject of the substantial permanency of the great features of the earth's surface; *viz.*, continents and ocean basins, which he rightly regards as a necessary basis of all safe reasoning on the subject of distribution. The older geologists, following the lead of Lyell, believed that the oscillations of the earth's crust in geological times have been so extreme that continents and ocean bottoms have frequently changed places. But among the most advanced geologists of the present day, both in this country and in England, the conviction is growing that these oscillations were sufficient only to affect the form of the borders of the continents, but not to destroy the continents themselves; that there has been throughout all geological times a gradual development of continents to greater size and height; that, speaking broadly, continents have always been continents and ocean basins ocean basins. Mr. Wallace adopts this view, but does not give credit, as he ought, to American geologists. The gradual evolution of the American continent is so clear that American geologists, under the leadership of Dana and Agassiz, have for thirty years past held this view. English geologists, on the contrary, are only now waking up to its certainty and importance.

In the next chapter is taken up the subject of changes of geological climate as a cause of migration, and this compels the discussion in the two following chapters of the causes of geological climates, especially of the Great Ice Age, or glacial epoch. Mr. Wallace's discussion of this subject is certainly the most complete and satisfactory we have seen. He accepts Croll's theory—*viz.*, that it was caused by the coincidence of a period of greatest eccentricity of the earth's orbit with an aphelion winter—but supplements it by geographical causes; *viz.*, elevation in high latitude regions. In other words, he combines the two causes which are now admitted to be the most probable. Moreover, he shows that this modification of Croll's theory is not subject to the fatal objections which have been brought against its original form. If the glacial epoch was due to astronomical causes alone, then there must have been frequent recurrences of glacial epochs in geological times, and the followers of Croll have sought diligently for evidences of such. Some boulder drifts have, indeed, been found in various places and on various geological horizons, which are probably really due to glacial agency; but the testimony of fossils is

so uniformly and demonstrably indicative of warm climates even in polar regions, in all geological periods previous to the glacial epoch, that we are compelled to regard these boulder drifts of earlier periods as local phenomena confined to the vicinity of high mountains, and, therefore, as not indicative of a glacial epoch. But Mr. Wallace shows that astronomical causes will not produce a glacial epoch without the coöperation of geographical causes, and that these latter have been favorable only for warm and uniform climates in all geological times until the glacial epoch. At that time there was a remarkable coincidence of the highest efficiency of astronomical and geographical causes, and, therefore, the climate of this epoch may be regarded as unique.

During the glacial epoch the great changes of climate enforced migrations north and south, and the attendant changes of physical geography, by opening gateways, permitted migrations in many directions. The result was an intense struggle for mastery of indigenous species with migrants from other regions. The distribution of species at the present time has been the result of these migrations and these struggles. Thus, geological changes are the causes of present distribution; and, conversely, present distribution furnishes the key to the most recent geological changes.

As an example of the operation of these causes, we may take the fauna of Central Africa. This fauna is composed of a mixture of true African indigenes not found elsewhere, with many other species found either in Asia now or abundantly in Europe and Asia in late tertiary times. These latter are by far the most numerous. Now, the explanation is as follows: During tertiary times Africa was a great island-continent isolated by a sea occupying the place of Sahara.

The tertiary fauna of Europe-Asia and of Africa developed independently of each other, and, therefore, with species peculiar to each. By the abolition of the dividing sea (which took place during glacial epoch) and the increasing rigor of the climate the animals of Europe-Asia were driven southward, and in the struggle with the African indigenes which ensued many of the latter were destroyed, and the migrants remained masters of the field, though somewhat changed by the struggle. On the return of more temperate conditions these migrants were prevented from returning northward, and were isolated in Africa by the formation of the desert and the Mediterranean. Meanwhile, such of their relatives of Europe as did not migrate were exterminated by the glacial climate.

In Part II, Mr. Wallace applies these principles to the explanation of the actual distribution of species, confining himself in the present volume to the phenomena of insular life as affording the clearest demonstration. He divides islands into two groups—*vis.*, continental islands and oceanic islands. Continental islands are fragments of continents dis severed mostly by subsidence. Oceanic islands, on the contrary, are built up from mid-ocean bottom by volcanic agency in recent geological times. They are not the highest points of submerged continents as has been supposed, for they never contain any paleozoic or mesozoic rocks, but consist either wholly of volcanic ejections or of these with recent tertiary strata. The character of the fauna and flora also show the same origin, as will presently appear. Of the Indo-Pacific islands, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, etc., are continentals appended to Asia; New Guinea, New Zealand, etc., to Australia; while the small islands which over-dot the mid-Pacific (Polynesian) are oceanic. In the Atlantic Ocean the West Indian and the British Isles are good examples of continentals—the one group belonging to America and the other to Europe—while the Bermudas and the Azores are excellent examples of oceanics.

The fauna and flora of continental islands are allied to those of the neighboring continent, because thence derived, yet more or less differing, because isolated and subject to different conditions; the degree of difference being proportioned to the amount of difference in physical conditions, and the length of time during which these have operated—*i. e.*, the length of time since the isolation was effected. The British Isles are an example of continental islands recently separated, and in which, therefore, the species are nearly, though not wholly, identical with those of the continent. The divergence has in most cases reached only the extent of varieties, and only in a few cases to that of species. Madagascar on the other hand is an admirable example of an island much longer separated. The Madagascar species are very peculiar, and yet decidedly related to what we have called the indigenes of Africa, but not to the African migrants from Europe. Therefore, Madagascar was separated from Africa before the latter was temporarily joined to and received migrants from Europe.

Oceanic islands having originated in mid-ocean in comparatively recent time have no indigenes, but their fauna and flora are made up wholly of species which have come to them as waifs from continents or from other islands. They are, therefore, destitute of mammals and amphibians, except such as have been intro-

duced by man, while their birds are such as reach them by flight, or are carried to them by storms, and their reptiles, insects, and land mollusca reach them on floated logs, or are carried as ova on the feet of birds. The species of oceanic islands are, therefore, waifs from many regions, though usually mostly from some one region, depending on the direction of oceanic currents or of winds; but by isolation these may have been changed so as to make new varieties or new species; or else species may be preserved on these islands which have become

extinct in the mother country. Finally, the intrinsic interest of the subject is greatly enhanced, and the value of the work increased by a series of entirely new and really admirable illustrative maps, and especially is this true of the maps of the ocean bottoms about continental islands showing the changes in physical geography which have probably taken place in recent geological times. In a word, the book is one which the intelligent general reader will not neglect and the biologist cannot do without. JOSEPH LE CONTE.

OLD COLLEGES AND YOUNG.

Shall our young men go East for a college education? This is a question of some importance to Californians. If they go, it is usually to one of the older institutions. A few may stop at Ann Arbor or at Ithaca, but the large majority go to such venerable centers of learning as Cambridge, New Haven, or Princeton; go because they find there older colleges than are possible in a new State like ours. It is just those colleges that are seeking to gain students from the whole country, and are now making a special bid for the youth of this coast by sending out examiners to San Francisco. Ought our young Californians to accept the bid?

In considering this question, one important concession may be made at the outset; *viz.*, that some of the older colleges afford certain advantages, enjoy certain stimulating influences, in which younger colleges are wanting. This follows from the nature of the case. A college like Harvard or Yale has the benefits of a long experience. It is a growth of centuries. If an old college keeps up with the times, it adds what of new is worth having to an already rich equipment of the old. And if it do not excel in its formal outfit and equipment, it cannot but excel in certain subtle influences which have power over student life. There is a fine aroma about a place hallowed by the memories of many generations of scholars. Harvard and Yale must surpass our own colleges in this respect, just as they themselves are thrown quite into the shade by the older foundations of the English Cambridge and Oxford.

Other reasons may have weight in individual cases. A man who was graduated at an Eastern college feels a pride in sending his son to the same *Alma Mater*; the son feels a pride in renewing his father's college career. One

who is not himself a graduate may have near relatives in an academic town, and wishes his son to make a home with them. But such considerations affect comparatively few. For most of our young men on the road to college, the decisive reason for going East is to enter an older institution.

This reason may be in many cases good and sufficient. If the older college has some points of superiority, if there is no lack of means for distant travel and more expensive living, and if the young man himself is likely to receive more good than harm by his temporary expatriation, then let the better advantages be chosen without hesitation. At a certain period of a young man's life, there is a positive benefit in going far from home, and coming under the influence of a different style of society, especially one more highly intellectual. A young man going from here to Harvard or Yale broadens his view. He gains somewhat the same advantage that an Eastern graduate gains in going for further study to Oxford or Berlin.

But the contingencies implied in the foregoing statement need very careful attention. It certainly costs more to go to Cambridge or New Haven than it does to come to Berkeley. It is expensive to get there; and the student of restricted means must stay from home four long years, or spend in vacation railroading enough to buy him a choice library. Living expenses are greater there than here. Society outlays are much larger. The requirements of dress and social reciprocity are much more extensive. If traveling expenses be included, it is safe to say that it will cost a young man spending his four years at the East twice as much as it would cost him here. A few wealthy citizens can afford to disregard these consider-

ations. Many who are well to do, who *can* send their sons away if it is best, carefully count the cost. All of lesser means are forced to do so.

Especially wise is this counting of the cost, in view of the financial influence of college life on the student himself. A young man who lives among those who spend freely, where it is "good form" to be generous or even lavish of money, contracts habits of expenditure which affect his whole after life. It is hardly the best preparation for the ups and downs of a new community. Some of us have known high-toned Eastern graduates who have been quite unfit for the struggles of this Californian life, who soon became genteel but unmistakable "bummers."

The risk of deterioration in character is one that cannot be overlooked. A young man of college age *ought* to be of well settled principles, able to stand, anywhere, erect and firm. As a matter of fact, he often yields to evil influences. Now, other things being equal, where will a companionable, generous, good-hearted young fellow of sixteen or eighteen be safest—three thousand miles from a home which he visits but once in two years, or near by, where every year's vacation weeks, if not every week's day of rest, brings him again to the home circle, the father's corrective oversight, the mother's loving encouragement? The question answers itself. Certainly there is a great and needless risk in letting a young heart break its silken tether.

Is it said that our own University is a worse place for young men than the old colleges of which I have spoken? That may be flatly denied. Look at two sets of students—one, say in Harvard; the other, in the colleges of our own University. The Harvard company is much more numerous, and contains in all a much larger number of bad men. The bad men of a college gravitate toward one another and form a united down-pulling weight for those on whom they fasten their grappling-irons. And relatively, I venture to say, there are more bad students and bad men at Harvard than here. Many are kept there by their parents against their wishes, for the mere sake of graduating. It is not so in California. Few students remain through a four-years' course to whom that course is distasteful. More rich men patronize Harvard; and young collegians with plenty of money are already on the verge of a precipice. In Berkeley there are few rich men's sons. Most of the students are in moderate circumstances, expecting to earn their own living, and gaining an education with a view to qualifying themselves for useful occupations. A few are not scholarly; they abuse their opportunities,

waste their time, make a show of dissipation, and after a while drop out. Every college has some such members; but I believe that the colleges of our University have fewer of this bad sort and keep them a less time than such a dignified old college as Harvard. The character of the constituency is decisive on this point. A college abounding in rich men's sons, who have free habits of spending money and lack the stimulus of anticipated self-support, must in the nature of the case develop influences worse than those which exist here. We have had occasional proceedings of which we are ashamed. We may hope to improve in reputation as the years go on. But impartial observers who have lived in Berkeley and in other academic towns testify that they never knew a body of students so well behaved as this body of students in Berkeley. A few black sheep must not condemn the whole flock. As a body, the students of this university are here for study, and are earnest, faithful, and successful in their work. But suppose the Eastern colleges on the whole could be proved to have a little better influences than our own, would that offset the great disadvantage I have mentioned, of severing a young man from the powerful home influence by which, after all, character is chiefly shaped?

Another point needing careful inquiry is this: Which college course will best fit a young man for success in California? When the pioneers came to this State all were alike of foreign education. Now that we have institutions of our own, is there any advantage of adjustment and affiliation gained by growing up here and pursuing one's chief studies here on the ground? I think there is such an advantage, and one of no small moment. The future lawyer, or legislator, or public man in any career, needs to be in sympathy with the people among whom he lives. He must know their thoughts and feelings. He must be able to put his finger on their pulse. There are subtle influences, indescribable, but very powerful, which place one *en rapport* with his fellow-citizens. If he lose his connection with these influences he will be always more or less an alien. Men of the people, of much less power and much poorer education, will attract the sympathies of the people and far outstrip him in the race of life. It has long been conceded that an American boy ought not to spend all or most of his forming years in Europe. The best continental education is to him a misfortune, if he is at the same time made un-American, unfit to live in his native land. It has been found, too, that a protracted residence in our mother country—England—often gives one a distaste for American

institutions and American habits of thought and feeling. The older country naturally looks with something of depreciation on the younger. The same principle holds good, in its proper degree, of the far West and the Atlantic East. We belong to the same country as the men of New England and New Jersey. We are under the same government, and have many of the same sympathies. But there is after all a difference between us. The older States cannot quite appreciate the newer. One who is too long away from California will find himself out of sympathy with the rough and hard work of ordinary Californian life. Being out of sympathy with it, he will be at a disadvantage among the people who grow up here and are nothing but Californians in feeling. This is their State. Whatever its drawbacks, they feel proud of it. They are not likely to give their best regards to those who have become un-Californian. It is a sort of family feeling that is in question, irrespective of the comparative merits of this new community. Every public worker ought to try to elevate the community where he dwells; and he can do this most successfully whose sympathies with that community are closest.

Another question has to do with the State pride of us all: it has most to do with the State pride of the younger Californians, who are children or foster-children of the soil. The question is this: Shall our State have as good colleges as the Eastern States? If our brightest young men are all sent to the East for their education, the call for a high standard of instruction here will be less imperative. If it becomes the fashion to patronize Eastern institutions rather than our own, our own will inevitably be neglected. Suppose, on the contrary, that all young Californians look for their college education to their own State. They will demand facilities and advantages equal to the best. Demand produces supply. If a chair of mental and moral philosophy remains unfilled, and if all collegians in the State, and all their parents, demand that it be filled for *their* use, that chair will be speedily provided for. So with any department that may be lacking. So with the standard of any department that may now be too low. A general use of home advantages, and a united claim that these advantages be the very best, will soon put our own colleges on a level with the highest. But if the best men turn their backs on our own colleges, how can these ever ripen to the choicest maturity? If all older college men look back longingly to the leeks and onions of Egypt, and feel as if they were only traveling through a wilderness for the last forty years of their life—if they send their sons back to the old academic

halls, and refuse to build new halls in a new home, when will California have colleges to be proud of? The Massachusetts man has a State pride in Harvard, the Connecticut man in Yale, the New Jersey man in Princeton. Michigan has wisely fostered her own university, till it, too, has become a thing to glory in. Shall Californians have no such pride in their own institutions? If the fathers do not care for themselves, they should have a care for their sons, born and reared in this new State, that when a generation has passed these sons may not be ashamed of the only State they can call home. To some extent, as all must acknowledge, there is a duty of patronizing home institutions, that these may grow strong and fruitful for good. We cannot selfishly ignore the claims of the future. In coming decades, few comparatively can go to the far East for their higher culture. Shall they have in their own State access to the best means of culture?

Such are some of the points needing careful attention before one decides to go to the far East for his early college education. Further on, when he has got the best he can get at home—when his principles are more established—when he has learned what to seek for in the older libraries and amid the time-honored shades of world-renowned universities—at some point in his advancing manhood, which maturer judgment will help him determine on—let the young man go East, to broaden his outlook and enlarge his opportunities. The point of departure must be settled for each student individually. It may be before he has taken a first degree in California. From many Western colleges have gone advanced students to take a last year, or two years, at Harvard or Yale. As a matter of fact, most who come to our own University wish to stay through the four years before going elsewhere. It may be pointed to as a good sign of the hold which our courses take on those who faithfully pursue them. After a first degree here, it is often useful to seek a change, for two or three years of advanced literary or scientific study, or professional training. That is a good point at which to leave for Yale or Harvard; or for a new institution which has suddenly taken a foremost place in advanced studies, the Johns Hopkins University; or for some German center of ripest science and learning. For one who knows how to appreciate and use such later advantages, they may be of great value.

I may be allowed to put some of these suggestions in a condensed form, as follows:

(1.) It is a good thing for a student to go, at some time, to study for a while at some Eastern or European university.

(2.) A young man should not go so far from home till his character is formed and his principles are well established.

(3.) A Californian should not be so long away from the field of his life-work as to become un-Californian.

(4.) Few of our young men can afford to contract the habits of expenditure of money fostered in some Eastern colleges.

(5.) To most, the greater cost of going for a college education to the East is an important consideration.

(6.) To all, it should be a matter of State pride to develop our own colleges.

Two or three corollaries may be added:

(1.) Whatever the educational advantages afforded here may be, let us insist on making them equal to the best.

(2.) Every rich man who sends a son East should give a round sum to the colleges here, for the benefit of the many who have no option.

(3.) No one who gets both his collegiate and his professional training wholly in California need fear he will be distanced in the race of life.

MARTIN KELLOGG.

TOBY.

She was the most nervous woman I ever met. Not nervous in the common acceptation of the term; she did not scold, or fret, or worry, and lay it to the state of her nerves; nor was she fidgety, or cross, or irritable. But she would grow pale at an unexpected knock at the door, or flush painfully red if she heard a quick footstep behind her. I have seen her grasp the banister for support, if, looking down the stairs into the hall-way, she discovered a form not instantly familiar to her eye; and at night, when she first came to our house, she used to beg piteously that I should leave the door between her room and mine open, so that I could rouse her quickly when her cries for help told that she was dreaming the one dream over and over again.

We were as good friends as two women get to be after a six months' acquaintance; she told me many things of her past life, but I felt that she did not tell me all there was to be told. She said she abhorred a "woman with a history;" yet I knew *she* had a history if ever woman had. Long after we had parted I was surprised, one day, to find that she still thought of me—nay, that she even missed me. I give you the letter as I received it from her:

You have often asked me, dear Edith, what became of Toby, the horse I so loved in my "cavalry days." As often have I answered that I could not tell you this without telling you at the same time a somewhat lengthy story. Since you have gone abroad I have so missed you that I think I can best find time now to write what you always wanted to know.

Though I have an idea that you are not a devoted reader of "Reports and Statistics," you

may still have seen or heard something of the "Personal Narrative" of J. R. Bartlett, of the Boundary Commission of the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey. On page 227 of this book you will find a charming little cut of the Santa Rita del Cobre, the ancient New Mexico copper mine, about which there has been so much talk and trouble. This place was selected for the head-quarters of the Boundary Commission in 1850-51; and fifteen years later, in 1866, after the close of the war, the United States troops (regulars) to which my husband belonged, were sent by General Carleton to build a fort where, during the war, a camp had been established by the California Volunteers—within eight miles of these famous old mines.

It is one of the loveliest spots the sun ever shone upon. Grand as well as lovely: a pleasant valley, the low green hills surrounding it overshadowed by the Mimbres mountain range, in which the copper mines are lying; while the Sierra Diavolo, holding the treasures of the Pinos Altos, was blue in the distance; and far off, like a misty dream, the outlines of the Three Brothers, mountains in Mexican territory, rose phantom-like against the horizon.

We had the clear blue sky of California there, but as I had not then been in this blessed land of ours, I hailed it as a boon and a compensation to those who were cut off from civilization and home comforts at a lonely frontier post. Every morning seemed to me a fresh spring day breaking over the camp. Our tents were comfortable, the commissary well supplied; game could be easily found; fresh meat was always abundant, as we carried a large herd of cattle with us; and last, but not least, the cook

and waiter, whom we drew from the company, were both faithful and diligent. The consideration of commissary supplies may seem "of the earth, earthy," to an ethereal being like yourself; but a few months' residence in a country where Apache Indians, a few scattered sheep-herds, and fat tarantulas are the chief agricultural productions, would effectually cure you of turning up your delicate little nose at the contents of the commissary department.

The company laundress was an Irishwoman, and the only white woman except myself within a distance of over a hundred miles. Though my husband was not commanding officer, I enjoyed all the privileges, benefits, and amenities that generally fall to the commanding officer's wife; for this gentleman was not married, and I was the only lady in camp. So, whatever there was of comfort, convenience, or pleasure to be found in or about this isolated post, was lavishly bestowed upon me; and all that could make life pleasant or enjoyable was literally at my tent door. For, as I looked out, the fair land lay bathed in sunshine before me; the laughing waters of the tiny brook that flowed through the camp flashed into my dazzled eyes; the soft winds stirred the live oak by my tent, and Toby, saddled and bridled, came up with a whinnied greeting to bear me off up into the mountains.

Dilapidated mining-shafts, covered by the growth of half a century of gnarled trees and mountain shrubs, were explored; in the ravines and gulches we came upon old arastras, and remnants of habitations of a later date, but moldering and in ruins, too, with the skull of an Indian unearthed here and there, and a half-hidden grave to show that the victims of treachery or savage ambushade had been decently buried by those who had escaped the Indian's scalping knife. They were dreary enough, some of these places, down by the waters of the little camp-brook, which here had turned into a brawling, rapid-running stream, hemmed in by steep banks, from which hung blackberry vines and the wild growth of the country. Then up again a steep ascent, that taxed all Toby's strength and agility—though it was not a heavy burden under which he labored—and having by this rough pilgrimage gained several miles in a "cut-off," the clear stream that runs through the cañon leading to the copper mines winds bright and sparkling before us.

How Toby loved this stream! "Whitewater" we called it, for "Coppermine Creek" did not seem pretty enough. Its bed was paved with pebbles glistening in a thousand different hues—Pescadero and its pebble-beach could not have vied with it in wealth of color. The old Pre-

sidio at the copper mines was then invaded. Half fort, half smelting-works, as it had been off and on since the beginning of the present century, there could be found in and about it the traces of murderous Apache arrows, and the rank growth of the vine and the peach tree, planted and cultivated once by the Spaniards, later by Mexicans, and destined to be replanted and nurtured by "us Americans." For the iron horse now goes snorting and shrieking by a strip of fair country which in those days lay so entirely outside the reach of civilization that in my wildest dreams I should never have foreseen its connection with the rest of the world.

Here lunch was spread, the extensive works were inspected, the enormous piles of copper gazed at, and regret at the thought that the grand old place had been abandoned and was falling into ruins was uppermost in every mind.

Before the shadows grew long we had remounted, for these mountain cañons were not pleasant in the gloaming, and more than once have I been startled by the trunk of a tree, which, with its turning leaves, looked like the blanketed form of a lurking Apache. On these occasions Toby was my sole reliance. He seemed to have the same kind of shuddering horror of an Indian that I had, and I think he would have saved me by his swift feet without my ever drawing rein on him; and wherever we dismounted he was always beside me. Anywhere near the water I could take off his bridle and let him go. He would splash in the water, drink his fill, and come back. The saddle always remained on him; but, though he had no respect for the gay saddle-cloth, and would come back with it dripping, he never once attempted to roll with the saddle on him.

There was something human in his affection for me. Many a time did he stand beside me while I poured all my trouble and my fears into his ear, which he seemed to bend nearer to me, stamping the ground sometimes as if to say, "Too bad!—too bad! Come, let's up and away."

When we got tired exploring the copper-mine region and the abandoned shafts lying about it, we would wend our way in the direction almost opposite—to Pinos Altos, as well known for its wealth of gold as was the Santa Rita del Cobre for its inexhaustible treasures of copper. In former years, before the war, there were only the rich placer diggings worked here, but now, since the returning troops had once more given at least nominal protection to the place, there had been a saw-mill established, and many of the magnificent tall pines from which the Mexicans had named the place were

being felled and fed to the horrid buzzing monster with the sharp, insatiable teeth that seemed always crying for more—more!

The mountains we climbed to reach the spot were called the Diavolo Range, though I failed to see anything about them that was diabolical. The miners, perhaps, who battled with the Indians here after the troops had been withdrawn from the Territory at the beginning of the war, may have had a different opinion. To me the country seemed very grand and beautiful—different in character from the copper-mine region, a little sterner in feature, I thought, but the same cloudless sky smiling above it, and the same deep, unbroken, eternal silence brooding over it. I cannot realize that the hum and traffic of a growing settlement are now awakening echoes that have slept for centuries. Yet they tell me that Silver City has been established within ten miles of the very spot that once looked so hopelessly death-like and so deserted to me in my despair. For I *was* in despair. Beautiful as was the country, pleasant as seemed my surroundings, in spite of the devotion shown me by the soldiers who composed the garrison, the respect and attention of the officers, and last, but not least, the undivided affection of my white horse, Toby, I was not only in despair—that is too mild a term—I was living, day and night, in sunlight or darkness, in a state of terror, fear, and suspense, such as cannot be described. In the midst of apparent safety and protection, death stared me constantly in the face—not the swift, sudden death that the Indian's arrow or the ball of an assassin grants, but the slow tortures with which the cunning of the maniac puts its victim to the rack; for my husband was a madman and a murderer, and I was given, helpless and without defense, into his hands.

I think the discovery must have paralyzed me, for I cannot now explain to myself the dazed, unresisting state in which I remained for months after I knew the whole truth. Partly, perhaps, the consciousness that I was thousands of miles away from where help could reach me from my own people, the natural reluctance of a wife to disclose her misery and wretchedness to strangers, and the knowledge of the power which to a certain degree my husband possessed, at least, over his immediate subordinates—all these considerations, a mixture of fear and pride, held me in thrall for long, long days. Another thing, ridiculous as it may seem, prevented me from seeking protection at the hands of my husband's superior officers. Months afterward, when I had at last made my escape, one of the ladies at Fort Union asked me:

"Why did you not call on the Captain for protection?"

"How could I?" I asked in return. "You see, whenever Mrs. Mack (that was our laundress) had had a hand-to-hand misunderstanding with her husband, Dennis, overnight, she always went to the Captain to complain of him in the morning. Dennis got three days in the guard-house, and straightway on coming out got drunker than he had been before. Now, I could not go and complain to the Captain of my husband as Mrs. Mack did of hers—could I?"

No! But I would tie a strip of flannel around my throat and complain of a bad cold, in order to hide the marks that his fingers had left where he had strangled me just one degree short of suffocation. With what feelings of gratitude I used to step to the tent-door in the morning—when my liege lord gave permission—to take one more look at the sky above me, after a night passed waking, in momentary expectation of a blow from a hatchet he had concealed about the tent during the day, or with the silent horror of the situation growing on me till I was ready to shriek out, "Be merciful! Kill me at one blow, or pull the trigger the next time you hold the death-cold muzzle of your pistol to my head"—for you must know it was a favorite way he had of amusing himself. He would hold the revolver pressed close against my temple and let that horrid "click-click" sound in my ears till I was fairly numb with terror. Then he would explain to me in a low voice how utterly impossible it would be for any help to reach me in time if I screamed for help; would dilate upon the numerous strings and loops he himself had added to the fastenings of the tent, and would describe how he could cut me into small bits, and roast the bits in the fire, before being discovered, if I ever so much as dared to breathe what passed in those quiet, peaceful-looking quarters of ours. For our tent had really a cheerful home-look about it. Strictly speaking, there were two tents set up close together in one, and the soldiers, in their solicitude for my comfort, had built a wall some four feet high about it, and the canvas had been partly removed at either end to make room for a fire-place they had built of mud and stones, the chimney reaching high above the tent. So that in reality we had two rooms, a fire-place in each; and altogether our quarters were looked upon as exceedingly fine and comfortable, exciting surprise and envy in the minds of the few stray visitors that passed through camp.

That these visitors were few and far between was a great blessing, as I soon found; for after my husband had once admitted to me that he had been a murderer and had fled from justice,

he was seized with an insane idea, whenever an arrival was announced in camp, that the officers of the law had tracked him here from Texas, where the crime had been committed years ago, and that I had communicated to them where he could be found. He had cut a round opening in the top of the tent and through the fly—as if the space had been intended for the passage of a stove-pipe—and from this point of observation he could see the dust flying up in the road when any one approached the camp. Then he would make a spring at me—as a tiger springs upon his prey—grasp my throat with both his murderous hands, and urge me to confess for whom I had sent, and by whom I had sent the message, swearing direst vengeance on all concerned did he but discover them. If, however, the Orderly came to the door the next moment to announce that Mr. So-and-so, or Such-a-one, had arrived and desired to see the Lieutenant, this gentleman was all good nature and condescension, sending an immediate invitation to the visitor to come to our tent, or going in person to meet him. I had to smooth my ruffled feathers then as best I might, for I knew that the least failure to appear happy and cheerful in the presence of the guest would be rigorously punished as soon as the stranger's back was turned.

Oh, the abject, trembling misery of that time! Often when the Captain saw us as we left camp without escort—as the Lieutenant was inclined to do—he remonstrated with us, telling my husband how wrong it was to risk my life, even if he chose to expose his own, to an Indian ambuscade. Little did the kind man think that I was actually praying—God forgive me!—that an arrow or a bullet should come, quick and painless, and put an end to my wretched existence.

Little, too, did he know that these lonely excursions were undertaken because his Lieutenant deemed it necessary, or at least expedient, to find a place of shelter where he could hide—when that dreaded sheriff's *posse* came from Texas—till he could be supplied by me with means and ways for his escape. How is it possible that a crazy man can have the sense, or at least the cunning, to plan and prepare every detail and particular for his own flight, and for the baffling of his pursuers? And yet he *was* crazy; for in the muster of arguments that could be used for his defense should he be tried for murder, he placed his main reliance on the fact of his having been for two years the inmate of a Philadelphia lunatic asylum.

Not over three miles from the camp, on the left of the road that comes up from the Mimbres River crossing, there was a dreary, flat,

table-like rock, without a trace of verdure or a sign of life about it. Underneath this, amid broken stones and drifted sand, was a small opening into which a man could crawl, where there was a small cave or burrow. This spot he selected; and here I, who was afraid of the very darkness itself, was to come every night and bring him food, water, and everything he needed, until he should find a chance to quit the country. You must remember there was nothing in this country then save military posts at long intervals and a very few poverty stricken Mexican towns and settlements, separated by hundreds of miles of waterless sand-deserts and barren rocks, with Indians of different tribes, but all alike hostile, sprinkled over the whole *ad libitum*. And yet I was often on the point of braving all these horrors to escape the terrors of my captivity and torture. Often when Toby came whinnying around our quarters, I was sorely tempted to cut the fastenings of the tent and make a bold dash for liberty or death: for you must understand that during the Lieutenant's absence from the tent I was never permitted to go to the entrance under any excuse. I might have taken an opportunity of that kind to appeal for help, or send word of my wretched condition to the commanding officer by a passing soldier—don't you see? And this he was determined to prevent. Poor Toby, never corralled or hobbled as the other horses were, would clatter around the tent for hours, pawing the ground, tugging at the ropes and scratching at the entrance; but never till the Lieutenant made his appearance was I permitted to give him the lump of sugar or other tidbit I had ready for him.

Day by day my life grew more intolerable, and I don't know how soon it might have been ended, either by that man's hand or my own, had he not finally bethought him of a way in which I could perhaps benefit him. He had been placed under arrest for some trifling neglect of duty soon after we reached camp, and, though this might have been all the more pleasant under ordinary circumstances as giving him more time to pursue his own pleasure, he began to chafe under this inactivity, and at last concluded that it was a deep, underhanded plot of his superior officers to injure and annoy him. If the conception of this idea strongly suggested one of the common fancies of the insane, the remedy he concluded to adopt certainly afforded proof conclusive that his brain was turned. As, however, I saw in it a possible means of escape, I grasped at it as a drowning man grasps at a straw.

His plan was this: I was to apply to the commanding officer for an ambulance and es-

cort as far as Santa Fé, and there I was to lay his grievances personally before General Carleton, and ask at his hands redress and protection for my husband. Redress and protection for him! The bitter irony and humor of the thing was not lost upon me even in the abject state of mind I was then in; but I took good care to allow no trace of my real feelings to appear upon my face.

The purpose was quickly carried out. Next day the Orderly bore a note from me to the Captain, written, I need hardly say, under the eyes of my tormentor; and in a little while after, a polite note from him assured me that my train would be ready at the hour mentioned, the following morning. Very gladly had this kind-hearted man consented to my request; for, as I learned later, something of the true condition of affairs at our quarters had become known to him through our Orderly and the cook, and the Captain felt but too happy to grant me safe escort on my way back to my friends, which he thought I was now taking.

Women, however, are the most foolish, unaccountable, soft-hearted idiots in creation. The night preceding my departure was spent in great part by the Lieutenant on his knees, imploring my forgiveness, vowing reform, and explaining how it was only his great love for me that had made him at times a little tyrannical. Then, the outrageous treatment under which he had been suffering at the hands of his superior officers had well nigh driven him mad, he said. To be sure, I had seen nothing of this "outrageous treatment," except that Uncle Sam paid his salary as regularly as that of the other officers; that the commissary supplied him with the best there was; that his brother officers showed him all the courtesy he allowed them to, and that his time was entirely at his own disposal. Only in one direction had any restraint been used. The commissary clerk had been restricted to a certain quantity of commissary whisky to be issued to him. To this restriction I think I owe my life. A madman pure and simple is bad enough, in all conscience; but let this same madman intoxicate himself with liquor, and a demon would blush to own him for a brother. I know whereof I speak.

At last the morning dawned. The ambulance stood at the door; our Orderly was seated beside the driver; six mounted men and a Sergeant had been detailed as escort. Much as I had begged, the Lieutenant had not allowed Toby to accompany me; the Indians would see me if I rode Toby, whereas they would never know that a woman was inside the ambulance. The Captain, who came to take leave

of me, said my husband was right, that the escort was not large and that it would be like tempting Providence—and the Indians—for me to ride through the country on horseback.

Toby, poor fellow, had been confined in the corral, and his whinnies grew first rebellious and then heart-breaking, as, dragging at his chain and wildly pawing the ground, he saw the train moving out and leaving him behind. My heart smote me at the horse's cries—for they were cries, if it was only a horse; but the Lieutenant had got into the ambulance with me, to go as far as the limits of the post, and was giving me his parting instructions, and making his parting promises of repentance and reform, and I did not even dare to express my grief at leaving my dear, devoted friend. Pinkow, the Orderly, for whom the Lieutenant had obtained the Captain's permission to accompany me all the way to Santa Fé and back, sat beside the driver of the ambulance, as I said, while the Lieutenant and I sat in the seat behind. My mounted escort was to return when we reached a post where a fresh escort could be conveniently furnished—either at Fort Cummings, Fort Selden, or Fort Craig. Fort McRea, but lately established at a distance of a mile or two from the Rio Grande, and to be reached only by turning aside some eight or nine miles from the straight road across the much dreaded *Jornada del Muerto*, had no soldiers to spare. There had been a line of picket posts established near the river, to protect from the ever-lurking Apache those coming here for water, on their weary journey or prospecting tour, and it required all the men they had to keep the Indians in check and afford the necessary protection. But the Captain felt confident that at either of the other posts I could exchange my escort and draw fresh mules for the ambulance.

Hardly had the Lieutenant left the ambulance and vanished from sight when Pinkow turned in his seat and faced me with an eager, questioning look in his eyes. I was startled by the man's sudden movement, and asked in some alarm:

"What is it, Pinkow?"

"Thank God!" he cried, with a great sigh of relief. "You are free, madam. I have counted the moments since the Lieutenant came into the ambulance with you, dreading that he would change his mind at the last minute and drag you back to that horrid tent, to murder you at his leisure."

"Why—Pinkow—" I protested, "the Lieutenant—"

"—is my commanding officer and has detailed me to wait on you, with secret instructions to

bring you back from Santa Fé dead or alive. Alive, if possible; dead, should you refuse to return of your own free will to the prison he has prepared for you. Do you think, madam, that because your silent, uncomplaining endurance of the Lieutenant's tyranny was honored by the Captain and the other officers, it is not known at head-quarters? And in the company there is not a man who has forgotten your courage and kindness on the long march out here. All these men here will go into Santa Fé with you if you say but the word, and once under the General's protection the Lieutenant can never more approach nor harm you. The Captain, though not advised of your intention, feels convinced that you will never return to our camp or the Lieutenant again. I have his orders to see that everything you may need on your journey in, whether undertaken with a military escort or on the overland stage, be furnished you; though indeed the General himself will see to that, and the Captain also thinks that some of the other officers' wives are at Fort Marcy (Santa Fé) at present."

"But, Pinkow," I remonstrated, tremblingly, "I promised to come back; he will come after me if I break my promise; I know he will, and kill me wherever he finds me."

"Do you suppose the Captain will give him permission to leave camp to follow you? Not while he thinks that you will seize upon this opportunity to make your escape. He is under the firm impression that you are anxious to get out of that madman's clutches, and would be surprised if he heard that you had conscientious scruples about breaking your word with him. Do you know," he continued, in a lowered voice, "that he is a condemned criminal, that he escaped the gallows only by flight, and lives in hourly dread of being recognized and handed over to the civil authorities by his brother officers? And to such a man's power you would return?"

"It will break his heart if I go and leave him in his trouble," I cried, thinking of his parting appeals and promises. "He is not bad, Pinkow; he was young and hot-headed when that man in Texas enraged him, and he shot him in a fit of passion. It has been kept secret so long; why raise up that dread ghost now? And think of Toby—I should never see Toby again, and you heard how he cried. I must go back, Pinkow—oh, I must go back!" and I burst into tears.

It was not so much the recollection of the horse that made me cry—my nerves were suddenly unstrung; the prospect of life and liberty before me was overpowering; I feared to give room to the flattering hope that tried to take

possession of me. It looked so utterly impossible that I could really become free once more; that I could ever again breathe without fear and dread, as other people did.

"That is just what the Lieutenant counted on," pursued Pinkow; "he knows how you love the horse, and told me to insinuate to you, in case you should refuse to come back, that I thought he would beat and starve the poor brute to death. I do not doubt that he would if he got the chance, but I have posted both the Captain and the men, and they would look after Toby for your sake, if not for his own."

The farther away I got from the post, the higher my spirits rose. I dried my tears at last and asked the faithful fellow if he really and truly thought I could get away and reach my friends in safety. He made it appear so plain that it depended on my own wish alone, that I began to breathe more freely, and at last said:

"Be it so; I will at least try for my life."

Then I made him promise to say nothing of my intention till I had reached Santa Fé—partly because my pride rebelled against being looked upon as a runaway wife, and partly because I so dreaded my husband's pursuit that I felt as if a word spoken aloud might be carried back to him on the passing breeze.

Once determined on gaining my freedom, I could not travel fast enough. I urged the driver to hurry his mules to the utmost, telling him I was anxious to reach Fort Cummings before nightfall. Though I gave no hint of my real intentions, I felt that he, as well as the soldiers of the escort, knew why I hurried them; and all through the day we traveled briskly over that silent and desolate portion of the country where the Southern Pacific now runs its daily trains. Not a human soul did we meet; a herd of antelope came scudding down the broad valley of the Mimbres River while we were passing through; and in the mountains, toward where the copper mines lay, one of the soldiers suddenly spied a thin, blue column of smoke arising. The Sergeant grew alarmed for my safety, and asked whether I preferred turning back to the post, as there was no doubt that the Indians had discovered us and were communicating our presence on the road to some distant portion of their tribe. But the sun was still riding high in the heavens, and I felt that I would rather brave death out here, under the blue sky, than encounter it in the gloomy darkness of that dreadful tent. So I told the Sergeant to keep on, asking if there were an extra revolver I could have. Pinkow had prepared for everything, and a neat deringer proved to me that the Captain had been consulted on this point, too. Then we hasten-

ed on, stopping only long enough at the crossing of the Mimbres River to refresh the horses and mules, and at nightfall we entered the rocky cañon which takes its name from the spring that has gladdened the heart of many a weary traveler on this road. Cook's Cañon has an unpleasant sound in connection with Apache reminiscences, and even the spring, a large, square sheet of water, surrounded by a low, hand-built wall of rock, looked black and inhospitable in the darkening night.

The commanding officer of Fort Cummings received and entertained me with all possible kindness, saying it was no surprise to him that a lady should grow weary of the solitude and hardships of camp life. But I hastened to explain that indeed, *indeed*, I was not tired of living in camp; that I was only going to Santa Fé to urge General Carleton to grant my husband an early trial by court-martial, as he wished to be restored to duty, and that I intended returning without delay as soon as my object was accomplished. Whether he believed me or not, I don't know; but he offered me fresh mules for my ambulance and an exchange of escort when I refused to remain the next day and rest before continuing my hard journey. I declined both offers, from an insane fear that the very mules in the ambulance might have caught a whisper of the word "Flight."

The first day's journey had really not been a severe one, and I felt that it was neither cruel nor selfish to order an early start the next morning. We had nearly sixty miles before us, and no water to be had till we struck the Rio Grande; but I did not want to carry water-kegs till it was absolutely necessary; we would have to come to that soon enough.

I had no eyes for scenery or surroundings. Magdalena Pass was to me only something to be hurried through in order to reach a place of safety, as I felt Fort Selden would be to a certain degree, for I knew that I should find a lady there—an old friend she seemed to me, for we had met at Carlisle Barracks, and her husband, like mine, belonged to the Third. He was commanding officer at the time, Captain Tilford having not yet arrived in the Territory. And this lady I had determined to take into my confidence. Good, warm-hearted woman! How she wept over me and deplored the vanishing of all my hopes and illusions! We had been so happy together at Carlisle—I had looked so hopefully and fearlessly into the future!

A plucky little woman she was, too; and she declared that if my tormentor should really evade the vigilance of the officers at our camp, she would never allow him to pass through theirs. He was under arrest and had no right

to leave camp, and a transport of soldiers should carry him back to Fort Bayard if necessary by force, she vowed. We deemed it best to send back the escort from here, and the Sergeant of my new escort was instructed as far as necessary by the post commander. This escort was to remain with me till I reached Santa Fé; there were no married officers at any other post between here and Santa Fé, except at Fort McRea, and I shrank from making the necessary explanation to any but a woman, while I knew they could spare no soldiers from the last-named post. Having fresh mules I could start early in the morning, and, kindly as I had been treated, tenderly as I had been cared for, I was eager to shake the dust of Fort Selden from my feet.

It was a terrible day's journey we had before us. No soldier who has ever crossed the dreary, hopeless stretch of ninety-five miles, where neither water nor shade can be found, called the *Jornada del Muerto*, speaks of it without a shudder. A scorching sun above, a barren waste beneath; a chain of dull brown mountains on the right, a ridge of low hills far to the left. Thus the road winds, drearily, silently, changelessly along. Hour after hour you gaze upon this blank, vast monotone, never daring to hope that one bright spot may greet the eye, but dreading ever that the brooding stillness of the heavy air be rent in sudden horror by the Indian's savage cry. Oh, the long, slow hours that dragged their leaden wings across this waste! To me, there were twin demons lurking in every isolated clump of lance-weed that we passed. Where the men looked for only one enemy, I feared two—the Indian's painted visage was not more dreaded by me than the diabolical smile I had seen on that madman's face. And I could not shake off the feeling that he was pursuing me—that he was even now on the road I had just passed over.

Though it was still daylight, when we turned off from the direct line across the desert into the road that leads to Fort McRea, it was nearly dark when we reached this desolate post; and the uninviting features of the spot looked still more repulsive in the heavy gloom of the coming night. The Captain's wife was extremely kind to me. Captain Horn—of the Volunteers—himself was absent at one of the picket-posts on the river I spoke of before. There was a band of white marauders making the country unsafe at that time, which were as much to be dreaded as the red Indians; and therefore these pickets by the river were constantly inspected personally by the Captain.

The next day's journey was a short one, and we reached Fort Craig while it was yet day-

light. I am unable to explain why it was that a Volunteer officer, Colonel Gerhardt, was in command of this post at that time, though to be sure it was months before the Volunteer forces in the Territory were everywhere replaced by regular troops. Doctor Day also belonged to the Volunteers, and his wife had the coziest quarters in all this large fort. The Colonel, young and full of life, called at the Doctor's quarters and grew enthusiastic over the prospect of the pleasant day we should all pass together to-morrow, Sunday. The tire had come off the ambulance wheel, and he was rejoiced to say that there was not another ambulance at the post that could be got ready in less than forty-eight hours' time.

I felt the color leaving my face at this disclosure, but hoped it might only be a pleasant little *ruse* of the Colonel's, when suddenly Pinkow's woe-begone countenance appeared at the door to report that the blacksmith had pronounced the wheel in urgent need of a soaking, or a scraping, or some other like attention—I have forgotten what, but I knew we could not proceed in that ambulance. I sat dumb with dismay, and I fear the Colonel thought me very dull and stupid. I spent a restless night, was up by six o'clock, and summoned Pinkow.

"Pinkow," I said "we *must* go on. All last night I dreamed of the Lieutenant; he had overtaken us, and everywhere around me was blood—blood. I am going on; if there is no ambulance to be had they can give me a horse, or I will ride one of the ambulance mules. Somehow, I feel that the Lieutenant knows by this time that I mean to escape, and if he catches up with us now, he will kill me sure."

Pinkow could have replied that even if one of the "L" Company soldiers had known of my design he could not have yet imparted it to the Lieutenant had he been so inclined, as the escort was to rest for two days at Fort Selden; and the probabilities were all against any of the soldiers playing traitor toward me. But the poor fellow was himself so thoroughly impressed with the unhesitating wickedness of the gentleman in question, that he believed him capable of all sorts of unheard-of deeds.

"You are right, madam," he said; "and I was only afraid they would persuade you to stay. I have discovered that the post sutler has a very handsome ambulance, more like a carriage, but very strong. If we could get that."

The sutler was known to me by reputation as a well bred man, one of the prominent men of the Territory, a personal friend of the General; and when I had at last prevailed upon the Colonel to ask for his carriage, of course

it was gladly given. Nevertheless, it was eleven o'clock before we could set out on our journey, and we had agreed in the council held that I should stop at San Antonio, where a discharged soldier kept the government station. Doctor Day said I looked as if I needed rest, and Mrs. Day, dear soul! packed me a splendid lunch—which my soldiers relished exceedingly.

For my part the anxiety I had undergone since the previous night, the fear of being delayed one whole day, had completely prostrated me with nervous head-ache, and all through that blowing, blustering autumn day I lay back half-unconscious in the cushioned seat of the ambulance. I had tenaciously clung to my Fort Selden escort, though the Colonel had wanted to replace them with men from his own command. I knew that Sergeant McBeth had been made acquainted to a certain extent with the real object of ~~my~~ hasty journey, and he seemed to be such a manly, kind-hearted young fellow that I felt great reliance on him. They were all good men. Indeed, who ever heard of an unworthy act on the part of a soldier, whether he wear bullion epaulettes or the coarse cloth of the rank and file?

When we reached the station at San Antonio, Pinkow and Sergeant Brown, who kept the station, an elderly bronze-faced man, lifted me out of the ambulance and helped me into the house. It was an *adobe* built in the regulation frontier New Mexican style—the house the base of a hollow square, high *adobe* walls forming the other three sides, with a heavy gate opposite the house, and never a door or a window to be seen on the outside of the entire structure. The court-yard was bare of foliage, flower, or fountain, such as are sometimes found in the habitations of the wealthier residents along the Rio Grande. But the interior of the house was kept faultlessly neat, as might be expected of an old soldier like the Sergeant. A number of very comfortable beds were kept for the officers and their families who passed by this place at long intervals; and on the most comfortable of these beds I threw myself, without removing any article of my clothing for fear of being unable to replace it in the morning—I was so completely exhausted, so thoroughly convinced that I was pursued, and so firmly determined to continue my journey at daylight.

I remember well that good Sergeant Brown brought broiled chicken to my bedside—an unheard-of luxury—and tea, and the sweetest kind of Mexican bread. In one corner of the room was a queer, triangular little fire-place, and in the grate was burning a bright fire of coal brought up from the bowels of the Soledad

Mountain, in whose somber shadow we had but yesterday been traveling.

Day had hardly dawned, when Pinkow knocked at my door to know if I was able to resume the journey. I convinced him of my determination by ordering a cup of coffee and the ambulance, which, to satisfy me, was at once dragged out of the court-yard and left in front of the open gate where I could see it. The mules had not yet been fed, and I actually scolded Pinkow for being so tardy. I said he wanted to see me murdered right there; I knew the Lieutenant was close on our heels. The good-natured fellow protested—not against my injustice, but against my wearing myself out with unnecessary fears.

"They will not allow him to pass any of the posts," he said, "for they all know he is under arrest; and where else could he find anything for himself, his escort, or his animals to subsist on?"

But who ever succeeded in reasoning a woman out of her determination to be afraid? So I clambered into the ambulance, bade Pinkow fasten back the curtains, and looked out upon the dreary scene. Truth to tell, I was more dead than alive, and nothing save the most absolute terror could have given me strength to venture out in the bleak, raw, blustery morning.

San Antonio was more name than habitation at that time. The two or three wretched *adobe* houses that made up the place were a fitting relief to the dry, barren country. Sluggish, gray, and sullen, the Rio Grande passed at a little distance from the spot; and while I lay back in the cushions, peering anxiously in all directions that my eye could reach, a strange *cortège* came slowly gliding down the stream. Was it the funeral barge of Lily Maid Elaine drifting across the River Usk of Mexico? Ah, no! Something sadder far than this. The Indians in making another raid on a large herd of sheep had killed the herder and driven off the sheep, and this was the funeral procession. His mother, a widow, had crossed the stream the night before, and was now bringing back with her the body of the murdered man—her only son.

The sight struck a chill to my heart, and I turned to Pinkow, who was hovering near.

"A terrible omen that," I cried. "Oh, Pinkow, if we were only safe in Santa Fé, I should tell the General all I have suffered, and I know he will protect me. Why don't we start?" I asked in conclusion, trying to raise myself to look back into the court.

Sergeant Brown was just crossing it with a lunch for me, and the mules were led up to the ambulance at the same time, while the escort prepared to mount.

A cold wind swept over the hard ground, whirling up small clouds of sand and red *adobe* dust, and a dull gray sky made everything around look inexpressibly dreary. There was something heavy and oppressive in the atmosphere in spite of the keen air, and the falling in line of the escort reminded me of the military funerals I had seen. Sergeant Brown lent a hand while the driver was putting in the mules, and when they were ready he wished me a last "good-bye." His hand was still raised to his cap, when, as the ambulance felt the first impetus of the straining mules, one of the springs snapped, and the whole cavalcade was thrown into momentary confusion. Pinkow was on the ground in an instant, and the driver had just reined in his frightened mules, when a commotion among the escort, a low exclamation from Pinkow, caused me to turn my eyes in the direction to which they all pointed.

A horseman, indeed a stranger of any kind, was an unusual sight here in those days; but the sight of *this* horseman turned my heart to stone, and paralyzed every nerve in my body.

"The Lieutenant!" said Pinkow, faintly; and involuntarily Sergeant McBeth urged his horse closer up to my ambulance.

I did not faint, but there was a blank of several minutes in my memory, and then I heard a hissing whisper close to my ear.

"So you tried to get away from me, did you? But you see I have overtaken you, and alive you will never get away from me again. Don't scream or call on those men for help—I have two revolvers with me. I would kill them all, and then tie you to Toby's tail and let him drag you to death. Do you hear me?"

There must have been something death-like in my wide-open eyes, for he bent over me with sudden apprehension; but I had heard him. Every word of his had burned itself into my brain as with a searing-iron. The words are there to this day—the Lord help me!—and I answered, hardly above a breath:

"I hear you."

Not that I wanted to whisper or speak in a low tone. I could not have spoken a loud word if my life had depended on it, as perhaps it might.

"Come back into the house with me," he said in a louder tone; "I am hungry and tired; neither Toby nor I have had rest or food since leaving camp, except what we could get at a Mexican ranch back there. I knew that they would keep me back at the posts, in order to give you a good start." He lowered his voice again, and his strong yellow teeth gleamed viciously behind his drawn lips. His hollow eyes were burning with the fire of madness, and

strands of long, uncut hair were hanging wildly about his face. He laid his talon-like hand on my arm.

"Come," he continued aloud; "we shall not be able to go from here to-day; the ambulance will need an overhauling. Come into the house with me."

"Never!" I said, speaking low, and trying to speak firmly. "Kill me right here, if you want to—I shall not go into the house with you."

"Then you insist upon bloodshed and open disgrace." He spoke close to my ear again. "Remember that I promised to reform, and that you promised to be patient with me and aid me. Is this what your promise is worth? You want to deliver me into the hands of my enemies—to see me wronged and murdered. Come with me and I will forgive you."

He to forgive me!

"But refuse and I will kill you and the rest here on this spot."

And he raised me from my reclining posture and lifted me from the ambulance to the ground.

Pinkow stood by, pale and motionless with suspense, but Sergeant McBeth had dismounted and stepped up to me.

"Madam," he said, touching his cap, "the damage to the ambulance can be repaired in half an hour's time; you need not even alight, for we shall not take the mules out at all."

"Have the mules taken out, Sergeant," the Lieutenant interposed sharply, "and let your men dismount. My wife will not continue her journey to-day."

But the Sergeant approached still nearer, and with an inclination of the head replied as sharply:

"My instructions are to obey madam's orders, and I see none of my superior officers here who could countermand the order. As soon as madam signifies her wishes, I shall hold my men in readiness to carry out her commands."

Every man of the escort had dismounted, and they stood clustered about me as if ready and eager to carry out any order I might give. I saw an appealing look in Pinkow's eye, and noted the gleam of hate and fury that flashed on him from the Lieutenant's blood-shot orbs, while with a quick movement he threw back the old soldier overcoat he had on and displayed the shoulder-straps on the cavalry jacket he wore under it. But even now the gallant Sergeant would not submit.

"Your orders, madam?" he asked with eager eyes and glowing cheeks.

"I have none to give, Sergeant," I replied sadly, "except that you take the best care of the outfit in your command. I thank you and the men for their attention and obedience, and I want them all to have a rest after their long journey."

"Stand aside, Sergeant," the Lieutenant said harshly; "I will now take charge of the command, and herewith relieve you of all further responsibility. You will consider yourself under orders to me."

He gave me his arm and led me back into the court-yard, where, somehow, all the escort had collected, and again I was reminded of a military funeral as I passed through the file of sober-faced, heavily armed men.

Entering the low door which I had left but an hour ago forever, as I thought, I turned my head wistfully back, and there, at the foot of the court-yard, near the gate, stood Sergeant McBeth, the wind blowing about the folds of his short soldier's cape, his hand resting on the hilt of his cavalry saber, and his eyes following me with a questioning, pitying look. Sergeant Brown stood gravely holding the door open for us, offering the Lieutenant a military salute; but I vainly sought Pinkow with a last, despairing look.

Suddenly his voice came, rough and broken, from the open gate of the court-yard.

"Madam," he cried in evident distress, "madam—oh! it is too late. Toby is here, but"—

Toby! True, had I not seen him totter under the Lieutenant's cruel spurring when he was urging him up to the ambulance a while ago? Swiftly and with sudden strength I snatched my hand out of the Lieutenant's encircling fingers and was flying back across the yard and outside, where I saw Pinkow leaning, sobbing against Toby's neck. The animal was trembling in every limb, but when he spied me a low whinny struck my ear, and he moved forward a step to reach my side. I rushed toward him, but before I could reach him he had tottered and fallen at my very feet, with a deep, almost human groan.

I cried out with grief and knelt by his side, stroking his white, silky mane and trying to bed his shapely head in my lap. But his eyes broke even while I was caressing him, and I bent over the faithful, long-suffering animal, and my tears fell hot and fast—tears as honest and sincere as any I ever shed for a human being.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

DIVIDED.

Once, long ago, in meadows far away,
 There, side by side, sprung up two blossoms bright,
 When sweet wild flowers were thronging to the light,
 Smiling above the sod to make the May;
 And these two loved each other many a day.
 But worthless weeds seek light and sunshine too,
 And so, between the loving blossoms, grew
 An odious plant that pushed its selfish way.
 It grew so tall it hid the very light;
 It spread its hateful leaves so far and wide,
 That, hidden even from each other's sight,
 The broken-hearted blossoms drooped and died.
 Oh, ugly weed, that parted mate from mate,
 In the world's meadows they have named thee—Fate!

S. E. ANDERSON.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LATER WORK.

The culmination of George Eliot's popularity seems to have followed the publication of *Middlemarch*. Before that time manuals of English literature put her name into supplementary paragraphs with Mrs. Mulock-Craik and Anthony Trollope. After it, the parallel between her and Shakspeare became a commonplace of criticism. Yet, oddly enough, this popularity accredited itself back to her earlier works quite as often as to *Middlemarch*, and since the coolness with which *Daniel Deronda* was received has thrown a sort of retrospective chill on *Middlemarch*, it has become increasingly the thing, in the best class of criticisms, to account George Eliot's early work her soundest, artistically.

Indeed, a writer in the New York *Nation* has just achieved the extreme possibility in that line by declaring for *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton* as her greatest work. *Daniel Deronda*, it was on all sides agreed, subtracted decidedly from her success—not that it showed any falling off, but rather an overshooting of the mark of absolute perfection, as if perfection were a point somewhere in the air, and George Eliot had been approaching it like an arrow, in proportion as her insight, subtlety, width of view, and religious strength of conviction increased, until suddenly, by the mere continuance of her course, she had passed it, and given us too much of these qualities. The course her genius has taken has indeed been something like an arrow-flight, steadily

along one line, without pause or fluctuation. The determining traits of her first book are conspicuous in her last; those of her last in her first; but they have changed places in relative importance. The theme upon which she began to write was the intrinsic interest and importance of the individual human life. To this she more and more added (what was hinted in *Amos Barton*) the theme of the relative insignificance of the individual life until it assumed at the last the dominant place.

This is the essential difference between her earlier and later work. A less essential but more conspicuous difference is that in her first books she made a point of demonstrating the value of the individual life to the utmost by confining herself to the commonplace in character and event. In *Amos Barton* and in *Brother Jacob* (which, though published late, was presumably written early) she is uncompromisingly faithful to the most unbroken and realistic commonplace, and she is perfectly successful in demonstrating its artistic value. No critic can overrate the perfection of her "gray-toned pictures." But this theory of the value of commonplace was no new discovery of hers. Wordsworth entered on art in precisely the same spirit, and just as the novelist who began with *Amos Barton* ended with *Daniel Deronda*, the poet who began with "We are Seven" ended with such sonnets as "The World is too Much with Us."

The truth is (however much sentiment one must go counter to in saying so) that "the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy" of common souls, though real, are not equal to those of uncommon souls. *Herrman and Dorothea* is good, but *Faust* is better. Shakspeare's clowns are good, but his kings are better. Without ever surrendering a jot of their belief in commonplace, both Wordsworth and George Eliot found it inadequate to the deepening power of their genius. However real the life experiences of the Amos Bartons, they are shut within far narrower limits than those of the Daniel Derondas; they are fewer, simpler, less intense, and, written in a coarser character, the more high-wrought nature has a myriad points of contact with the life of the universe; it vibrates to influences that would not be a feather's weight to the other. Influences walk into the door of the narrow house in visible form, and do nothing with its owner unless they have brute strength enough to take him by the shoulder and compel him; but they pass in impalpable shoals through the very walls of the wide house, and work with subtle chemistry in the air, and food, and brain of the dweller therein. In these souls, so open to large experience and wide relations with all that is, the natural field of the loftiest and largest art lies; and so it was that George Eliot's steadily deepening insight and more impassioned feeling toward life led her inevitably into this region of more subtle and high-wrought experience, and, like every artist that ever wrote, she risked something in perfection of execution when she entered on work of larger conception and loftier reach. As a matter of course, she left a large part of her audience behind her—not the part who care for the "gray-toned pictures" and "colorless characters," but the part who care simply for the narrative of common incidents and realistic talk. It is curious that any critic should urge her unquestionable superiority over all writers who have ever written in the fine handling of these unemphatic characters as a superiority of her earlier over her later work, for she continues them, as subordinate characters, to the very end. Anna Gascoigne is as much one of them as Lucy Deane. Certainly, Grandcourt is as fairly ranked among them as Tom Tulliver (on whom one critic fixes as the author's best character of this class), and is a finer portrait.

The transition then has been two-fold—an increasing attention has been paid to the relations of the individual life to life in general, and the commonplace, simply related lives have sunk to subordinate positions, while the larger and more complex lives have come to the front.

The whole course of the change indicates that as the author proceeded further and further in her study of humanity, she gave us from time to time the results, becoming subtle and complex just in proportion as the world became so to her sight, as if she had simply followed a thread of insight where it led her, into deeper labyrinths, while her following dropped away. This faithful following of a clue has saved her to the end from turning back and imitating herself, as she would inevitably have done had she stayed on the plane of *Adam Bede* as her critics wish. Repeat herself she does—constantly, frankly, insistently, implying that she finds all human life only a variation on a few themes—but imitate herself, never.

With the increase in subtlety of the characters she deals with, the history of their psychological experience becomes more important than ever, and that of external occurrences only valuable for its bearing on this. In *Middlemarch*, therefore, she throws aside all plot beyond what is actually necessary to the inner history. With *Middlemarch*, also, a conspicuous change in the method of treatment marks the important place that the relative view of the individual's life has come to hold in her writings; for it is with *Middlemarch* that she ceases to follow out lives only so far as they touch the central one, and takes the more difficult task of following out a group of lives and their complex interaction independently. In both these respects *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* stand distinctly apart, and, therefore, are fairly to be considered her "later writings," as distinguished from all her other novels.

But between *Daniel Deronda* and *Middlemarch* there is another wide step; and whether it marked another stage in George Eliot's method, or whether it was only incidental, and another book might have resembled *Middlemarch* more nearly than *Daniel Deronda*, we shall never know. It is chiefly in the tone of impassioned feeling that *Daniel Deronda* differs from *Middlemarch*; and in this respect it differs hardly less from everything else she has written, unless, perhaps, the curious sketch called the *Lifted Veil*. The change is so entirely in accordance with her progress toward the highest regions of art that I incline to think it a real step, making *Daniel Deronda* the legitimate representative of the latest stage of her genius.

Up to this point, George Eliot had written with an air of holding her material fully under control; but in *Daniel Deronda* she throws herself into the current of the story with an impassioned abandon. All her other books rise to this intense pitch in their scenes of greatest power; but this one is written throughout on

the tragic plane. The other books loiter along through the lighter scenes with an undisturbed relish; in this one, all such scenes are haunted by a consciousness of tragedy somewhere, as though you sat among people that were talking lightly, and thought of a decisive battle that you knew was in progress on the other side of the world. The sense of life as something somber and tremendous never quite leaves the author, even in the presence of those who regard it as the most simple and every-day affair imaginable; even when she sits with unsentimental people at their lamp-lighted tea-table, in their familiar room, she keeps a window open on vague reaches of starlight and darkness. Mordecai is such a window among the Cohens; Deronda and Mirah among the Meyricks; Gwendolen in her home circle and social surroundings. This pervading seriousness has caused the book to give a somewhat oppressive feeling to its readers, much as a religious remark in general company would do. In various other ways besides the slight heaviness of the lighter scenes, the intense mood of *Daniel Deronda* has resulted in more minor flaws than any other book of George Eliot's contains; for both in real life and in art the sense of the ridiculous and the fitting is blunted in proportion to the abandon of feeling. It was, perhaps, the natural dimming of humor with advancing age that made such jests as "nonsense—which had undergone a mining operation" possible; certainly her humor was never so thin, nor her wit so keen, as in *Daniel Deronda* and *Theophrastus Such*.

But more important than all this is the extent to which the higher tragic pitch of emotion enters into the fundamental construction of *Daniel Deronda*. George Eliot's altruistic philosophy is too well understood by this time to need any comment; but the more extreme and thorough-going, as well as more impassioned form of it here developed, has thrown all readers completely off the track except those that were prepared, both by teaching and temperament, to take the author's own standpoint. For she insists here not merely upon the conforming of conduct to others' claims, and the going-out of interest into others' lives. She assumes in the first place that man should see himself in his actual relative position to the rest of the universe, estimate himself at his actual value, as an impartial *daimon* might estimate it; and should, moreover, not only act, but feel, accordingly. This involves a claim on any one morally and intellectually capable of understanding it; lays him under obligation to enter into an attitude of complete humility, and of loving, self-prostrating allegiance toward the

ideals he recognizes, and under responsibility of sin if he refuses. There is in this conception of "sin" and "duty" an unreservedness of meaning equal to that of the Hebrew or Puritan. Hans Meyrick is under no further obligation than to behave honorably on special occasions; Anna Gascoigne need have no sense of any other claim life has on her than her natural affections make a matter of course; but Gwendolen Grandcourt must choose, not simply to do right instead of wrong, but to struggle up to a higher plane of existence, to the attitude of self-annihilating allegiance that is demanded of her by the frame of things. Now this struggle is much further from the comprehension of even intelligent readers than any parallel experience in George Eliot's books. Maggie Tulliver's rejection of love, Dorothea Casaubon's visit to Rosamond, Romola's acceptance of Savonarola's spiritual guidance, all have to do with definite action; so it would have been if Gwendolen's experience had turned only on the refusal or consent to marry Grandcourt. But the long experience of repentance and terror afterward, during which she cries to Deronda to save her, not merely from the possibility of murder, but from some state of existence, some condition of character—this becomes intelligible only in view of "the higher, the religious life," whose claim on her was so imperative that the mere living outside it became a sin.

Now, any one who accepts this version of altruistic philosophy with full sympathy, or is able even to put himself temporarily into sympathy with it, and judges Gwendolen by the same standards she judged herself by, will find the apparent confusion, weakness, and morbidity of *Daniel Deronda* fall into a fine harmony. The reader must needs be of a temperament to which the beauty of utter loyalty, and the righteousness of exacting it, appeal forcibly; then, accepting the author's standpoint, he will recognize a fine fitness in all Gwendolen's experience, he will enter heartily into her abasement, sharing her own feeling, and will acquiesce in her final loving submission to her forsaken lot, as right and fitting; and in all this he will be far more in sympathy with her than if he resented her fortunes as unjust. By the same standards, *Deronda* becomes, if not the ideal man, still ideal enough to make her attitude toward him entirely fitting, and their mutual relation one of the finest things in literature. The union of the deepest personal love with a religious adoration is necessarily rare, for it can only occur when the objects of religious worship are more or less identified with the object of human love; but

when it does occur it is the most beautiful form of the passion. And, on the other side, the extreme difficulty of the position in which Deronda was placed, and the way in which he accepted it, justify Gwendolen's reverence for him far more thoroughly than the critics have admitted, and may certainly be allowed to outweigh his somewhat heavy method of expressing himself.

Again, a perception of the artistic construction of *Daniel Deronda* depends entirely on sympathy with George Eliot's ideas of perspective. There is a point—which I believe no critic yet has found—from which the whole incongruous mass falls into a perfect symmetry. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that George Eliot had a distinct artistic purpose in the "Jew business," and that she was, moreover, right in it, for in *Daniel Deronda*, as in *Middlemarch*, the presentation of life in its true perspective is her dominant aim. As far as possible, she has taken the whole world and all life for her scene; has undertaken the stupendous task of setting forth at the same time the vastness of a single life, the importance of suffering, sinning, striving, enjoying, shut up within one human frame, and the littleness of a single life among the myriads like it and the vaster movements of the world. This combination is what I call her vision of life's true perspective, equally distant from the dwarfing of everything looked down on from a mountain, and the undue importance of immediate surroundings seen at the heart of a crowd. It is Gwendolen's story, not Mordecai's, nor Mirah's, nor even Deronda's, that is told; but it is Gwendolen's true story seen from an outside standpoint. Therefore, we must see her life in among others—others of wider range and greater value. It would not be enough to have Deronda go off into a vaguely wider world of which we had heard nothing; that would put us into Gwendolen's own point of view. We must be realizing all along how the world is going on around and above her, and how utterly outside her conception are the currents of events that bring momentous results to her as incidentally as a stream, going about its own business, turns or breaks a boy's water-wheel. Therefore, it is according to George Eliot's design, not against it, that the main human interest remains with Gwendolen. The fact that it does is a tribute to the successful management of the difficult scheme. To this end the "Jew part" of the story is an intellectual study, all whose feeling is in a region out of the reach of any but intellectual sympathy. The Klesmer episode, too, falls admirably into place in carrying out the same scheme. But it is an obvious corollary

that all this part of the book is blank to those whose intellectual sympathies do not reach the subject.

Daniel Deronda, then, shuts out from appreciation all below a certain grade of intellect—all, even of the best intellectual rank, who know nothing of altruism; all, even of those who know all about altruism, who are not able to put themselves into sympathy with the impassioned form of it in this book. Yet, in writing a book that could be great and admirable to only a few, the author has not committed a blunder, for she has not in the least deviated from truth to nature; and this truth is entirely independent of her point of view; for the standards that George Eliot holds and that Gwendolen accepted are those that, true or not, under the given circumstances she would have accepted. No detail of the story would be different if the author's whole basis of judging its significance were a blunder. Nevertheless, the fact that Gwendolen and Deronda are influenced in exactly the way they would have been in real life can only be known by those who understand something about the influences at work. The unintelligibility of the book is, therefore, no result of false or over-learned treatment, but simply of having laid her scene, so to speak, in mental and moral regions that are not even empirically known except to a small group. If one can once fall into the right attitude, there is an overwhelming sublimity about the book—the most sublime form of love in the relation with Deronda; the most sublime part of all forms of religion in the relation to the ideals of her creed; and the largest conception possible of the vastness of interacting force in society in the relation to the world. *Middlemarch* is the more perfectly executed and the wider in range; but *Daniel Deronda* is a grander and more difficult conception, and has more passion and power, and an insight more miraculously subtle. *Theophrastus Such* ought hardly to be counted either as a later or earlier work, for the reason that it seems to be merely a collection of sketches in which she had noted down from time to time certain results of her observation. It gives the impression of being rather a collection of memoranda for her own use than a work by itself, and its dates of writing no doubt extend over a long period.

George Eliot's later novels may violate all the rules of art for the novel. They may even be no novels at all. Nay, further, since their purpose is so frankly psychological study rather than pleasure, since they have given the world a distinct system of morals, they may be no art at all. One may readily grant that her earlier works are the best novels, even that they are

the best art, and yet maintain that the later ones, call them novels or call them psychological treatises, are her greatest. Whether she has introduced philosophy into fiction, or fiction into philosophy, she has produced books containing more truth, more power, more actual

bearing on life, more wisdom, and more comprehension of human nature than either fiction or philosophy from any other hand ever contained, and in all these qualities her later work surpassed her earlier.

MILICENT W. SHINN.

'49 AND '50.

CHAPTER XII.

"I was sitting one afternoon," said Captain Sutter, "just after my *siesta*, engaged in writing a letter to a relative residing at Lucerne, when I was interrupted by Mr. Marshall (a gentleman with whom I had frequent business transactions, and whom Mr. Blair met in San Francisco) bursting hurriedly into the room. From the unusual agitation in his manner, I imagined that something serious had occurred, and, as we involuntarily do in this part of the world, I at once glanced to see if my rifle was in its proper place. You should know that the mere appearance of Mr. Marshall at that moment in the Fort was enough to surprise me, as he had but two days before left the place to make some alterations in a mill for sawing pine planks, which he had just run up for me, some miles higher up the American. When he had recovered himself a little, he told me that, however great my surprise might be at his unexpected reappearance, it would be much greater when I heard the intelligence he had to communicate. 'Intelligence,' he added, 'which, if properly profited by, will put us both in possession of unheard-of wealth—millions of dollars, in fact!' I frankly own, when I heard this, that I thought something had touched Mr. Marshall's brain, but suddenly all of my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was thunderstruck, and asked him to explain what all this meant; when he went on to say, that, according to my instructions, he had thrown the mill-wheel out of gear to let the whole body of water in the dam find a passage through the tail-race, which was previously too narrow to allow the water to run off in sufficient quantity, whereby the wheel was prevented from efficiently performing its work. By this alteration the narrow channel was considerably enlarged, and a mass of sand and gravel carried off by the force of the torrent. Early in the morning after this took place, he (Mr.

Marshall) was walking along the left bank of the stream, when he perceived something which he at first took for a piece of opal—a clear, transparent stone, very common here—glittering on one of the spots laid bare by the sudden crumbling away of the bank. He paid no attention to this; but while he was giving directions to the workmen, having observed several similar glittering fragments, his curiosity was so far excited that he stooped down and picked one up. 'Do you know,' said Mr. Marshall to me, 'I positively debated within myself two or three times whether I should take the trouble to bend my back to pick up one of the pieces, and had decided on not doing so, when, farther on, another glittering morsel caught my eye—the largest of the pieces now before you. I condescended to pick it up, and, to my astonishment, found it was a thin scale of what appears to be *pure gold*.' He then gathered some twenty or thirty similar pieces, which, on examination, convinced him that his suppositions were right. His first impression was, that this gold had been lost or buried there by some early Indian tribe—perhaps some of those mysterious inhabitants of the West, of whom we have no account, but who dwelt on this continent centuries ago, and had built those cities and temples, the ruins of which are scattered about these solitary wilds. On proceeding, however, to examine the neighboring soil, he discovered that it was more or less auriferous. This at once decided him. He mounted his horse and rode down to me, as fast as it would carry him, with the news."

Here James's spirit began to groan within him, like that of a hound when he dreams of the chase; but he clasped, with both hands, the sides of his chair, and held himself down in silence. The features of the narrator were lighted by an animation that not only became them, but suffused the room, not omitting to dwell its very prettiest on little Mrs. Durgin, seated, kitten-like, at the Captain's feet. It was an hour of genuine excitement, manifested

by intense silence that is more impressive than the most clamorous attempt at expression. The speaker's voice was modulated with clear accent and musical cadence, increasing as the story proceeded:

"At the conclusion of Mr. Marshall's account, and when I had convinced myself, from the specimens he had brought with him, that it was not exaggerated, I felt as much excited as he. I eagerly inquired if he had shown the gold to the work-people at the mill, and was glad to hear that he had not spoken to a single person about it. We agreed," continued the Captain, smiling, "not to mention the circumstance to any one, and arranged to set off early the next day for the mill. On our arrival, just before sundown, we poked the sand about in various places, and, before long, succeeded in collecting between us, more than an ounce of gold, mixed with a good deal of sand."

Mrs. Durgin, it was evident from the delicate pout upon her lips, was greatly disappointed; but, looking up furtively at Blair, and perceiving that he was not concerned, she again dropped her eyes on the plain, uncarpeted floor.

"I stayed at Mr. Marshall's that night, and the next day we proceeded some little distance up the South Fork, and found that gold existed all along its course, not only in the bed of the main stream, where the water had subsided, but in every little dried-up creek and ravine. Indeed, I think it was more plentiful in these latter places, for I myself, with nothing more than a small knife, picked out from a dry gorge, a little way up the mountain, a solid lump of gold which weighed nearly an ounce and a half. On our return to the mill, we were astonished by the work-people coming up to us in a body, and showing us small flakes of gold similar to those we had ourselves procured. Marshall tried to laugh the matter off with them and to persuade them that what they had found was only some shining mineral of trifling value; but one of the Indians, who had worked at the gold mine of La Paz, in Lower California, cried out, 'Oro! oro!'"

James could not, this time, resist some slight utterance of emotion. It had nothing to do, however, with gold. The word *oro* brought up the tender visit made to him while lying ill in the San Francisco shanty bearing that name.

"The Gazelle," he whispered to Blair.

A trivial occurrence is often of great significance. It would not have been difficult for anyone to perceive that the something whispered in Blair's ear disturbed his customary composure. The company were so interested in the Captain's narrative, however, that Blair's perturbation escaped notice. He was a man of

strong self-control and with no trace of superstition in his nature; but, for some reason, the airy form of the "Gazelle" had been flitting before his mind all day, and when her name was pronounced, though it came from the lips of one of the humblest of oracles, it startled him. The Captain then continued:

"We were disappointed enough at this discovery, and supposed that the work-people had been watching our movements, although we thought we had taken every precaution against being observed by them. I heard afterward, that one of them, a sly Kentuckian, had dogged us about; and that, looking on the ground to see if he could discover what we were in search of, had lighted on some flakes of gold himself. The next day I rode back to the Fort, organized a laboring party, set the carpenters to work on a few necessary matters, and the next day accompanied them to a point of the Fork, where they encamped for the night. By the following morning, I had a party of fifty Indians fairly at work. The way we first managed was to shovel the soil into small buckets, or into some of our famous Indian baskets, then wash all the light earth out, and pick away the stones; after this, we dried the sand on pieces of canvas, and, with long reeds, blew away all but the gold.—I have now some rude machines in use, and upward of one hundred men employed, chiefly Indians, who are well fed, and who are allowed whisky three times a day.—The report soon spread. Some of the gold was sent to San Francisco, and crowds of people flocked to the diggings. Added to this, a large emigrant party of Mormons entered California across the Rocky Mountains, just as the affair was first made known. They halted at once, and set to work on a spot some thirty miles from here, where a few of them remain. When I was last up at the diggings, there were full eight hundred men at work, at one place and another, with, perhaps, something like three hundred more passing backward and forward between here and the mines. I at first imagined the gold would soon be exhausted by such crowds of seekers, but subsequent observations have convinced me that it will take many years to bring about such a result, even with ten times the present number of people employed. What surprises me is that this country should have been visited by so many scientific men, and that none of them stumbled upon these treasures; that scores of keen-eyed trappers should have crossed this valley in every direction, and tribes of Indians have dwelt in it for centuries, and still the gold remain undiscovered. I myself have passed the very spot above a hundred times during the

last ten years, but was just as blind as the rest of them; so, after all, I must not wonder at the discovery not having been made earlier."

The Captain had finished this now famous narrative; and, their hearts beating faster with encouraged hope, the little company thanked him for another marked favor added to the number already extended to them.

"Long live Captain Sutter," cried Blair; "and may his prosperity be proportionate to his distinguished merits!"

"The same to you, young man, and to all before me. As for me, already they are beginning to say that my lands are not my own." So spake the Captain; and, with a touch of wounded pride upon his noble countenance, he passed out of the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

The famous City Hotel was originally intended, by Captain Sutter, for a saw and grist mill. As finally constructed, it became a three-story building, thirty-five by fifty-five feet in ground measurement. Its situation was on Front Street between I and J Streets. At the time of which we speak, it had been recently completed at an expense of \$100,000, and was leased at a rent of \$5,000 per month. It was to this structure, grand for those days, that our friends now repaired to participate in the novel festivities of a Californian ball.

They were conveyed to the scene of pleasure in a large wagon which belonged to Captain Sutter. The vehicle was profusely cushioned and ornamented with the skins of various wild animals, and drawn by four spirited horses. The Captain and his guests were in the merriest of moods, and the dashing ride to town, though of short duration, was one not soon to be forgotten.

As has been said, this ball was nothing more nor less than an ingeniously devised plan for feasting the eyes of hungry man with the sight of as many fellow-creatures as could, by the furthest stretch of lenity, lay claim to the magic title of "woman." Accordingly, the country had been thoroughly canvassed for miles around, by persuasive ambassadors, to this worthy end. The result may be indicated by the fact that when our party were ushered into the midst of the gay throng to be so brilliantly illuminated by feminine brightness, their countenances fell, as had those of many that had preceded. The men, not to be deterred by the thirty-two-dollar ticket of admission, numbered nearly three hundred; while the charms of a little band of

twenty-five women were to withstand the famished gaze of this expectant male multitude. Madame Durgin immediately discovered that she was to be the center of attraction. Notwithstanding her appropriate attire for such an occasion was lying idle (and a smart storage price being paid for its safe-keeping in San Francisco besides), she was soon resigned to her loss.

The men, as a whole, were very plain of feature, and their dress corresponding. Some, indeed, presented a decidedly rough appearance. The sturdy, weather-beaten face of the pioneer could not disguise itself, had it been so inclined, with any of the tricks of fashion; the lean, blue face of the sufferer from fever and ague was not to be painted and plumped into youth and beauty; while those that had been for some time unused to the society of women could not suddenly bring back their former ease and grace for this special occasion. After all, there was something more pleasing in the aspect of these men than in that of the sleek-haired gamblers, stroking their carefully cultivated *mustachios* with fingers overladen with gold. There were two native Californians present, in whom Mrs. Durgin found traces of genuine gentility. She also looked with admiration upon a solitary Spanish Don of the old school. An army officer, too, passed muster; but, all in all, the assembly struck the young lady as tame and uninteresting. Uninteresting it may have been, but the judgment of tameness was pronounced too soon. As yet, these homely, poorly dressed lords of creation were spell-bound. They were absorbed in trying to recall the looks of wives, mothers, and sisters left behind, by a conscientious study of the few specimens of alien femininity before them.

"Well, she *is* pretty," said one; staring uninterruptedly at a girl that could pretend to no charms but an abundant display of gold.

She was nearly all necklace, and bracelets, and rings; but she resembled a loved daughter far away. Why should she not be an object of admiration? It was, after all, the girl at home that the pioneer saw—not the one in his presence.

"I'll be derved, but she's right down slick!" said another, blinking upon fair Mrs. Durgin.

This fact was not to be questioned. It would have been agreed upon anywhere.

But the bride was not to pass the entire evening without a rival. Presently entered a gentlemanly man, upon whose arm leaned a lady several years the senior of Mrs. Durgin. She was tall, well formed, and of that lily complexion that is seldom found unassociated with hair of a rich yellow shade inclined toward

auburn. The new-comer was not, in the strict sense, beautiful; but she was very comely, handsome, if you choose, and there was something in her manner that bespoke the lady.

It was now time for Blair and Ensign to pass complimentary remarks. Up to this time, they had been soundly berating the over-dressed, over ornamented daughters of the West; who, if they were not well favored and modest enough to meet the fastidiousness of the Bostonians, were, nevertheless, very much at home, exceedingly impartial in their manifestations of happy temper, and wholly independent of whatever criticism might be passed upon them.

"And who can the radiant creature be?" asked Blair.

"I know not," answered Ensign; "but I begin to appreciate the condition of this eager crowd of men, banished so long from the presence of the refined and beautiful. There is nobility in the nature of these starved beings. There is hope of them when they can thus stand, like huddled sheep, in contemplation of anything that wears the form of woman."

"See," spoke the other; "she is being led toward the Captain's wife. It will not be long before the Captain himself will request an introduction. He is a thorough soldier in spirit and in mien. I really entertain great admiration for him. It will be a downright disgrace to our people if any man or set of men be permitted to disturb him in the enjoyment of his well earned possessions. He fears it, I know, by the way in which he responded to my wishes for his future peace and happiness."

"Ho, ho, here you are!"

It was the voice of the Doctor.

"Isn't that a group for an artist? For heaven's sake, look yonder!"

The Doctor was to be excused for a certain degree of consternation, and, considering the peculiarity of his composition, for an unlimited amount of laughter. Seated on three stools, apart from the main body of the guests, sat three forms. Two of them were those of utter strangers, the third was familiar. The former were females of dark, rich complexion, black hair and eyes, and clad in scant garments that admitted of a generous display of voluptuous form. Their skirts fell scarcely below their knees, and the white bodice above stopped as shockingly short of their well turned necks; while over their heads were thrown silken scarfs that drooped in graceful folds upon their naked shoulders. Between these two beaming daughters of La Paz, sat, in smiling composure, the only son of Ebenezer Swilling, of Swansea, New Hampshire. Oblivious to all the world besides, he sat, nodding and gesturing in re-

sponse to the graceful movement of hands and lips that greeted him upon either side.

"The nincompoop," shouted the Doctor, laughing as if his sides would burst, "they can't understand a word he says. Behold the pains he evidently takes to present his points clearly."

"What ridiculous feat is there left for that boy to attempt!" spoke Blair, laughing as lustily inside, as the physician was laughing both inside and out. "We must get him away from that doubly dangerous temptation, or it will be the last of him. Here, Ensign, you are the man to go to his rescue. Just step up behind him, and say, in a careless voice, as if you were addressing no one in particular, 'Blair wishes to see you.'"

Ensign was about setting out upon this charitable errand, when Captain Sutter came forward, and, capturing the three gentlemen, hastened them into the presence of his wife, of the blue-eyed bride, and of the strangers, Professor Monroe and lady.

A brisk and agreeable conversation ensued, which consumed the time of this little group until the hour of refreshment. Poor James, together with the other guests, had been lost sight of. He made his appearance, however, when the viands were introduced. He was still alive and in good health, and unaccompanied by the Spanish-speaking ladies with whom he had been left in unintelligible conversation. The evening had passed, so far, very quietly. This was as it should be; for only calm minds can contemplate with benefit the scenes that may engage their attention. When, however, the supper was served, a change began to creep over the assemblage. It was a sumptuous repast, fit for the royalty of an old people. The wine, at \$16 a bottle, was the crowning glory. It flowed like water from the mountain springs; and before its warming tide all stiffness and diffidence vanished as if by magic. The old became young; the modest, bold; the glow of health returned to the pallid cheek, and the heart of youth beat again in the breast oppressed with care. The women who appeared comely before, in spite of all facts to the contrary, now shone with seraphic beauty. The stern pioneer drank to the charms of as many females as would take the trouble to receive his compliments, and, when the inviting music sounded from the instruments of players inspired by deep potations, the scene grew to be one of the most lively imaginable. Stiff, labor-strained arms clasped the waists of willing partners, and rheumatic limbs went spinning into the swift whirl of the dance as if they had never experienced the fetters of pain. Our more cultivated friends could not refrain from participation

in the general exuberance, though they were obliged to be somewhat guarded in the granting of favors solicited with unusual fervor.

The mirth was rising higher and higher, when suddenly a sharp cry was heard in the direction of the bar-room (conveniently adjoining the apartment), and several ran to discover the cause of the disturbance.

"Back, back—everybody!"

It was the deep, drawling command of none other than James Swilling. But the reckless throng, instead of obeying the warning, pressed precipitantly forward. Crash—crash—crash! came a succession of sounds indicating a demolition of the costly tables, chairs, and glass-ware of the bar. James continued to shout, but to no purpose. It was not until he was raised from the floor, bleeding profusely, that those in the foremost positions took measures to stay the onward rush of excited human beings.

Blair, an unusually powerful man, did fierce work in his endeavor to reach the position whence James's voice proceeded. He well knew that his comrade would secure vastly more than his proportion of bodily injury. At length he succeeded, arriving just in season, probably, to save James's life and the lives of several others.

It proved that a *vagüero*, having mounted a wild horse for the purpose of subduing it according to the true Mexican fashion, after dashing madly about town had attempted to pass the door of the bar-room opening into the street. The frenzied animal, for reasons best known to itself, suddenly determined otherwise, and, leaping upon the veranda, bounded on into the apartment. As it entered, the rider's head was driven violently against the upper casing of the door, felling him, insensible, to the floor. The room was occupied by those of the guests that felt more at home there than within. Of this number, prompted, undoubtedly, by his love of exploration, at the opportune moment of danger came unfortunate James. All but this hero instantly quitted the room, one of the retreating guests insanely closing the door after him. The infuriated horse, being thus imprisoned, no sooner discovered that it was sole proprietor of the premises than it began to conduct itself accordingly. Seeing its own distinguished figure reflected in the splendid mirror, it rushed against it with all the fury of which it was capable. Emboldened by this success, it then proceeded to shiver the glistening decanters ranged behind the bar. Plunging hither and thither, it at last effected the destruction of everything perishable within reach of its elastic heels—the last piece of expensive glass-ware being dashed from its hoofs against

the brow of the only witness of its iconoclastic efforts. It was at this stage of the proceedings that Blair obtained an entrance, and, quickly opening the outside door, permitted the enraged equine destroyer to escape.

Some three thousand dollars' worth of property had been ruined; but James Swilling was, of course, the only one that suffered personal injury, with the exception of the *vagüero*. This latter unfortunate received the slighter hurt, as he was up on his feet in time to catch the horse as it came out, and soon after was seen tearing, as before, up and down the streets. Dr. Durgin had a second professional service to proffer his patient of the morning. His skull remained intact, however, and the labor consisted simply in sewing up the flesh-wound upon the forehead. It was an ugly gash, but James stood the torture bravely. Draining the first glass of liquor that had ever passed his lips, he laid himself down on a hastily prepared bed, and refused to be carried home until his comrades should have exhausted the pleasures of the long-remembered ball at the City Hotel.

In any other country this strange freak of the mustang would have interrupted the unity of such pleasures as are at present being described. In this locality, and at this time, it was regarded rather in the light of a welcome episode. Not that the most reckless participant in the excitement would have wished the cut on James's brow, but that was a trifle hardly worth considering in view of the great usefulness of the entertaining accident through which it occurred.

The musicians having resumed their places now struck up a martial strain, and heroic measures resounded within the high walls of the hotel by the river. A fresh supply of wine followed; and it was not long before the merriment of the Valley City rivaled the historic revelry of Belgium's capital. The speaking eyes (always the most dangerous of dangerous elements) were there, and the chivalry was by no means wanting. The wildness of the hour was contagious; not one remained uninfected, while many were exhilarated beyond the point of decorum. Among our special friends, Blair and Ensign, though men of cautious behavior on all occasions, exhibited signs of uncommon elevation of mood. As for the robust Doctor, if the thing were possible, his laugh had nearly doubled in length and sonority. The ladies, even, had partaken enough of the stimulus pervading the very air, to prevent them from noticing the unusual hilarity of their protectors. Mrs. Durgin did not believe it easy for a man to do anything worse than roar as did the Doctor habitually; so she really had no cause for

anxiety. Moreover she was very much pleased with, and entertained by, her newly made acquaintance, sunny-haired Mrs. Monroe.

This amiable and attractive lady manifested something like partiality toward her, telling her that, if the arrangement could be agreeably made, her husband desired to join the party intending to start for the mines in the morning.

"I shall gladly avail myself of your counsel and protection," said the delighted young wife. "I will make of you, if you will let me, an older sister. In truth, I ought to regard you as a mother, for I plainly see that you are well fitted for the position. Mrs. Monroe," continued the speaker, her face as fresh as a spring blossom, "this is the most dreadful region of the world imaginable. Only men ought to be allowed to come here. I dream of Indians and bears every night; but do not, by any accident, allow the fact to reach the ears of the Doctor. I never should hear the last of it. Don't you think men are the queerest creatures in existence?"

"I do not know," replied the other, pleasantly smiling at the freedom of the language addressed to her. "Perhaps you will not find them so strange after having made a longer study of them. No doubt they will prove very acceptable companions during the frontier life we are to lead for some time to come. I must congratulate you upon having so genial and youthful hearted a husband."

"Oh, he is as good as good can be," interrupted sprightly Mrs. Durgin, "but very queer. I must call him queer. There is not any harm in so doing, is there?"

"Let us shape the statement a little differently," was the gentle response. "Would it not be better to say that he is very unlike you or me?"

"That is exactly what I mean, I guess," answered the bride, more thoughtfully. Then, with bewitching ingenuousness, she added:

"And *you* are just the nice lady that I suspected from the moment my eyes fell upon you. In a few weeks you will have smiled all the naughtiness out of my composition. I am going to write as much to my mother this very night. I forgot—there are no mails oftener than two or three times a year."

While friendship was thus being inaugurated between these two ladies with whom we shall hereafter become better acquainted, the din about them was growing "fast and furious." The light-footed daughters of La Paz were now to be seen in the midst of the floor executing the measures of an intricate Spanish dance. Their partners appeared to have wings on their heels; but the olive-hued belles of Lower California far excelled them. The graceful undu-

lations of their hands, as they frequently raised their fingers to their lips or gave some new turn to the folds of the flowing *reboso*, added an irresistible charm to the wondrous nimbleness of their feet. The electrified by-standers threw gold and silver coins, and even sprinkled the boards they trod with handfuls of precious dust. On, on they whirled, amidst ever deafening applause. They finished, at length, and retired to their seats. They had scarcely reached them when a young man of angular build, his head bandaged, and his steps noticeably uncertain, rushed up to one of them, and, throwing his long arms around her neck, rained upon her glowing cheeks a profusion of kisses. The recipient of this unexpected tribute of admiration struggled for freedom; but in vain. The applause that had been loud before, was now tempestuous. Ensign and Blair had gone outside the building to take a breath of the cool night air; and it was not until the former returned that this astonishing exhibition was brought to a close. Quickly, as his eye caught the situation, Ensign, advancing and taking the offender by the arm, marched him unceremoniously out of sight. Poor James Swilling had been induced, on the score of his injury, to indulge excessively in the alleviating cup. Rising from the place where he lay, he returned to the scene of festivities in a condition of mind to give full play to his generous, affectionate nature. An inviting opportunity was afforded him in the person of one of the charming dancers with whom he had endeavored to form an acquaintance in the early part of the evening. He seized it, and the result was the untimely embrace.

We left Blair on the veranda of the hotel. As he stood there, looking out upon the river, a female, clad in garments blacker than the night, approached from the bank. Pausing a moment before him, she said:

"And you, too, will go down into the depths of dishonor with this reckless throng of seekers-after-gold!"

Blair would not have been more astonished had an angel spoken. Could he be mistaken? Was it the influence of the wine that made him believe he had seen the form of the speaker before? No. None other could be so like her. It was the "Gazelle."

"Pray, lady, let me speak with you!" he answered; but too late. He was again alone with the river and the silent stars.

The hoarse cheering of the riotous assemblage within was no longer endurable; and he was glad to learn, upon rejoining his party, that they were already making preparations to return to the Fort.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a cloudy, chilly morning when our party prepared for their departure. As soon as it was light the men were stirring. Notwithstanding the dissipation of the night previous, all, with the exception of James, were in high spirits. Breakfast was soon over, and the train packed.

It was no small undertaking to securely fasten the store of provisions and the various mining utensils upon the backs of the horses. These numbered fourteen in all; eight of them to carry the packs, four to go under the saddle, and two to draw the wagon occupied by the ladies and their husbands. Uncle Lish, with the assistance of several of the Captain's men, performed the greater part of the labor, while the proprietors of the train looked attentively on in order to learn the process. The flour, dried meat, beans, coffee, brandy, sugar, and other stores, together with the cooking utensils, mining implements, the tent, the hides and blankets—all were at length bound firmly in their places. The Doctor, Blair and Ensign, Uncle Lish and Mose mounted their horses, Professor Monroe and James, invalided by his wound and by shame, took their seats in the wagon beside the ladies; and, with three cheers for the hospitable Captain and his wife, the little caravan moved slowly away.

Upon the trapper devolved the duty of managing the baggage horses. This he did by tying their heads together in teams, allowing a long rope to trail after each team, and driving them on before him. Mose knew no more about horses than if he had never seen one. His experience with teams was, in all probability, mainly derived from the practice with the mules he "borrowed" for the purpose of conveying the party, of which he was now a member, from Front Street, Sacramento, to Sutter's Fort.

Progress was necessarily slow. When the sun, striving to peer through the clouds, announced the hour of noon, but ten miles had been traveled. A pleasant grove of evergreen oaks inviting a halt, it was resolved to stop and allow Mose to exhibit his qualifications as cook. Professor Monroe had amused himself shooting quail, which were plentiful at intervals; and upon these Mose began at once to exercise his skill. The horses were sufficiently unburdened to gain rest as well as food; and while Mose was preparing the meal, each hungry gold-hunter sought such diversion as best suited his inclination. Blair walked apart, Ensign rolled himself in his blankets for a nap; while the Professor and Mrs. Durgin passed the time poking inquiringly about certain rocks that

might conceal hidden treasures. Peace reigned in all but two breasts. Blair could not expel from his mind thoughts of the "Gazelle;" but his was a slight uneasiness compared to that of his cousin. Honest, simple-hearted James had been a constant sufferer from the hour of his waking, early in the morning. Managing to keep his grievances to himself until this time, he could do so no longer.

"Mrs. Monroe," he began, following the lady a short distance out of hearing of the others, "I must beg your pardon before we go any farther."

"I do not think I would," returned the other, "until some cause for such a proceeding has arisen."

"Oh, madam, you are too kind. You well know that I have cause enough. How shamefully I conducted myself last night! I could have borne it as far as my disgrace in the eyes of the others was concerned; but *you* saw me. Now, tell me, didn't you?"

"I suppose I know to what you allude; but really, Mr. Swilling, if you committed an offense toward any one, it was not toward me. Why give yourself particular uneasiness on my account?"

"Because," replied James, "because—" and there he made an end. The reason was not forthcoming.

"I don't understand it," he continued, as if the omitted explanation were of no importance. "If any ridiculous thing happens anywhere in my vicinity, it always falls upon me. Before last night I never tasted a drop of liquor or wine or whatever the hateful stuff was. I took it then because the Doctor and others advised me to do so. Feeling better for the first glass, I took another after a time; and I have a vague recollection of something of the same sort occurring still later. But what is the use in going over the wretched performance? I only wish to say that I am sorry that I ever was born; and I trust you will forgive me."

"Yes," replied the lady confessor; "I will forgive you for being born, and for all the naughty deeds you have since committed."

The smile on the speaker's face sent a faint streak of happiness into the darkness of James's mind. Feeling the full revelation that he had intended unnecessary, he dismissed the subject, and introduced one that he knew much more about; namely, the splendid qualities and masterly attainments of his Cousin Mortimer.

At length, a shout from the Doctor greeted all ears. Mose had spread his meal of quail and toast upon the clean grass; and, standing proudly by the place in which he proposed to seat his temporary master, awaited the coming

of those for whom the feast was set. Blair was evidently pleased with the efforts of his servant; for he made no derogatory comments. Mose had already learned with what sort of a man he had to deal; and to discover that he had satisfied him in the first effort directly in the line of his "profession" made the old darky silently happy.

During the journey of the afternoon, the clouds gathered darker and darker, until Uncle Lish decided that rain must fall before night. This was not an inviting prospect for the first night of camp life; but the ladies declared themselves ready for any emergency. The scenery now began to grow more varied; and occasionally the keen eye of the trapper caught sight of a deer. Every hour, too, brought the party nearer to the gold deposits. This was the main cause of the increasing buoyancy of spirit. The trapper, notwithstanding the necessity for constant attention to the pack horses, found opportunity to inflate Mose's mind with narrations of adventure that caused the latter to respond in language indescribably entangled.

"Where did you git sich a drove of all-fired frisky words?" asked Uncle Lish.

"I've been among gemmen ever since my youthfulness," responded Mose; and he spoke the truth.

"Is that the way they talked!"

"To be sure; didn't ye nebber listen to gemmen conviviating at a feast of soul?"

"Big folks down South must be very different critters from what we raise up North," replied the trapper, cracking his whip so sharply that Mose jumped in his saddle.

"Powerful rough road!" exclaimed the darky, attributing his undignified start to quite another than its real cause.

"You better jist slip a piece of paper twixt you and the saddle; and p'rhaps it would be as well for ye to stuff a leetle cotton in your ears," was the reply.

The trapper spoke with deliberation, his face wearing an expression of habitual gravity. Mose did not quite know how to interpret his meaning. If he could have reasonably construed Uncle Lisher's advice into an insult, an immediate challenge to combat would have followed. He was too uncertain about it, however, and, though fighting was his standard relaxation from the labors of a lowly life, he resolved, for this once, to deny himself. Moreover, Mose, having, for some reason, conceived a high idea of Blair's severity of temper and physical ability, felt unwilling to test it upon so short an acquaintance.

A scene of interest was now in store. As our travelers approached a level spot by the

banks of a small stream, a cluster of cone-shaped huts attracted their attention. These were found to be constructed of saplings, covered with grass and tule.

"That is an Indian *rancheria*," said Uncle Lish to his black comrade.

The latter, wheeling his horse about so quickly that he nearly lost his balance, rode up to the wagon and exclaimed:

"Dat, ladies, am an Injun abodement."

Mose had no more than made this announcement before the Doctor was off his horse, and bringing forward in his arms a naked child, with skin of tawny hue and a ludicrously distended abdomen. Tossing it in the air, and accompanying his movements with hallooes that must have deafened the little savage's ears, he finally dropped it squarely in the lap of the bride. Notwithstanding its inelegant outline of form and generous coating of dirt, there was something pleasing in the wee animal's face. Mrs. Durgin eyed it a moment, and first stroking it cautiously with her gloved hand, finally removed her glove and fell to carressing it in a truly motherly manner.

"How would you like him for a pet, Madeline?" asked the Doctor, extracting solid enjoyment from the sight of his wife's perplexed countenance, and particularly from her kind offer to restore the child to its mother.

Upon receiving it again, the parent, moving toward a dam formed in an adjacent stream, plunged it into the water. Down it went below the surface, and simultaneously rose two screams from the vehicle occupied by the ladies.

"She has drowned it," exclaimed Mrs. Durgin—"drowned it just because you took it in your hands."

"No, no," spoke Mrs. Munroe. "There it is again."

"This is to entertain us," continued the Professor. "The Indian mothers teach their babes to swim as soon as they can walk. This little fellow cannot be five years old, but you see that he is at home where he now is."

"Poor creature! He will take his death-cold if he does not drown," said Mrs. Durgin. "The Doctor always makes people do just such insane things, and the more crazy they are the better he enjoys himself."

The Doctor, paying no attention to this rebuke, now introduced a second feature of interest. Seeing an old squaw pounding acorns into the flour of which these people make their bread, he prevailed upon her to bring it forward and allow the ladies to taste it. This they did; but what was their horror a moment later, to see the squaw dropping in angle-worms and grinding them together with the acorns.

"What *have* we done?" exclaimed the bride.

"Nothing to contravene the customs of the tribe, I think," quietly responded the other.

"The discovery of a new dish does more for the human race than the discovery of a constellation," says Brillat-Savarin," added the Professor. "This bread is after all not unpalatable. It has a bitter taste, as you perceived from the flour; but a man that I once met assured me that it tasted sweet to him, he having been for three days unable to procure food. I wish that we might see something of the process of baking. First, a hole is dug in the ground and a fire built in it. When the wood has burned to ashes, these are removed and the bread is put in and covered with them while they are still hot."

"Deliver me from the Diggers!"

Mrs. Durgin knew the voice, and raising her head from its hiding place, responded:

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Blair. That is the first proper sentiment that I have yet heard concerning them."

"But if my memory serves me right, Mrs. Durgin, you had lately some lovely imaginings of these 'wild children of the wood.' Did you not, with a poet's eye, see the dusky maiden leaning upon her lover's breast, stepping lightly into the canoe behind him, et cætera, et cætera?"

"These are not genuine red men," returned the other. "They are unnameable brutes. I spoke of the noble lords of the forest—the tall, handsome warriors, with plumed heads and elegant robes; the first and the rightful owners of the soil where the white man found them."

"We may meet some of this order; but should that be the case, I fear you will think the Diggers the more agreeable associates after all." So saying, Blair spurred on.

"Don't you see, Mrs. Monroe," continued the sprightly speaker at her side, "how it is? These men—are they not queer? First, they disgust one, and when that is done, the next thing in order is to frighten one. Women do not act so."

"Whoa—whoa!" came a cry from the advance division of the party. Simultaneously a horse came in to view, rearing and plunging in a manner that made it very uncomfortable for its rider to keep his seat.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Durgin. "That unfortunate young man will certainly be killed before we reach our destination. See him!—see!"

The sight was one worthy of attention. It seems that the horse ridden by James, upon his temporary exchange of places with the Doctor, was one of those Spanish animals that retain their peculiar traits of character, though they have been long in the service of masters re-

nowned for their gentle and forbearing treatment.

"The bucking devil!" screamed Uncle Lish. "Stick the spurs into him the whole length. Take care, he'll fling you."

Up, down—down, up; splash, whisk, flip, and flurry went James; now in the saddle, now in mid-air, until at last he descended very unceremoniously from some unknown height and sprawled his length on the ground. It chanced to be a soft, miry spot, and the hero of a hundred close escapes proved more greatly disturbed in mind than in body.

"I'll fix him, massa," said Mose to Blair. "Jis' let dis chile take a turn wid him."

"Very well," was the response. "You may get on to him, Mose."

Though seventy years of age at least, Mose became young as a boy at the prospect of a trial of physical strength and agility. He knew nothing about riding, but that made no difference. Walking up to the horse with a cat-like tread, he sprung into the saddle. No sooner had he done so than he sprung out again. This performance was repeated several times, when the dauntless dorky requested to be strapped fast to the animal. This plan was encouraged by the Doctor, who foresaw a glorious chance for a laugh, and he assisted Blair in the operation. When Mose was at length securely roped on, the gentlemen stepped aside and left him to his fate. The horse whirled about, and, despite all the efforts of his rider, followed the back track homeward with a swiftness that soon carried him out of sight.

"We've lost *him*," roared the Doctor, slapping his fleshy legs with the unconstrained delight of an overgrown school-boy.

"He will return in time to prepare supper," replied Blair. "Let us push on. I will vouch for Mose. When the horse gets tired he will dismount, and, with his frosty pate, butt him into enduring subjection."

"Yes, indeed," added James, still breathing loudly and trying to scrape the mud off his corduroys. "I don't believe the Indian that he ran against at the Fort will ever again be a well man."

"Is Mose a first-rate feller in a tussle?" inquired Uncle Lish of Ensign.

"Be careful that he does not find occasion to hammer you with his head," answered the Doctor. "He knocks a cavity in his antagonist as easily as a woodpecker hammers a hole in the bark of a pine tree."

"You're jokin', I guess."

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, you wait a few days, and if things turn out as I expect 'em to, we'll give Mose a

little circus that will satisfy him for one while. But there comes the rain. We have but an hour more to travel in."

As rapidly as possible the horses were urged forward. The trapper was right. At the expiration of an hour the drops began to fall; so, bringing the train to a halt, the men immediately commenced unpacking the tent. There was nothing inviting about the place for a camp, with the exception of a large spring of clearest water. This was too valuable a possession to pass by, even had the weather continued fair. The ladies looked rather forlorn as they stood one side watching the erection of their shelter for the night, but they enjoyed several hearty laughs before the structure was declared ready for habitation. Five times did the tent collapse and bury James Swilling, bumping him rudely with its poles, before it was made steadfast in an upright position.

"Tents is a fashionable nuisance," said Uncle Lish. "I don't know nothin' 'bout 'em, and wish I knowed less."

"The rest of you help Uncle Lish unpack the horses, and I will make a fire to keep off the bears." So spoke the jolly Doctor, emphasizing the last word for the edification of the partner of his joys and sorrows.

"Are you afraid of them, Mrs. Monroe?" immediately inquired her companion.

"Not in the least," was the reply. "You and I will take the safest place we can find, and so arrange it that if a bear does see fit to attack us the courageous gentlemen shall stand the brunt of the battle."

"I think a good position for the Doctor would be right in the middle of the tent entrance."

The rain began to descend faster, and it was growing night. Still the sable cook was missing.

"My wife is a good cook," spoke the Professor. "We shall have to call upon the ladies to superintend supper."

"I can make the coffee, at least," said Mrs. Durgin.

"I will answer for the remainder," added Mrs. Monroe; "but I feel anxious for the safety of Mose."

"Have no fear on his account, madam," said Blair. "Look yonder, please."

In a moment all eyes were turned in the direction indicated. There, at a most deliberate pace, came a horse and rider. On nearer approach they were recognized as being the same that had vanished some hours before. A more subdued-looking steed never bore worse bespattered knight. Both were plastered with mud and foam.

"Dah, gemmen," said Mose, dismounting, "that beast am tamed. He took dis nigger

clear back in sight of de Fort 'fore he surrendered, but he's mighty sorry 'bout it now, I reckon. If I'd knowed it was so late I would a hurried up," concluded Mose, as dignified and pompous as if every bone in his body was not aching hard enough to distract his senses. "Massa Blair, what would be relishous for de evening repast?"

The shelter of two large trees afforded our friends opportunity to house their baggage and stores, while the horses were tethered, a short distance beyond the camp, by an old hollow log, wherein Uncle Lish and the exhausted equestrian proposed to take up their narrow quarters. The night was far from pleasant, but the fatigue of the day's journey brought sound repose. Snugly wrapped in their blankets, some dreamed of gold; others of Indians or bears. Only Blair saw in his midnight visions a form as graceful as that of the "Gazelle."

CHAPTER XV.

The morning following the rainy first night in camp was one of the clearest and the most delightful for many days. One and all were awakened at an earlier hour than was agreed upon the evening previous. The trapper, stealing from his hollow log, found two of his horses missing. At first he thought they had broken loose and strayed away; but upon examination of the baggage, he discovered that certain valuable articles were not to be found. He now roused the men and stated to them the situation.

"I thought I heard suthin' 'fore it was light," said he; "so I crawled out and gin a sharp look. I made up my mind that the noise was nothin' but a bear tracking back into the bushes arter takin' a sniff around camp. I think, now, that was what woke me—for here is the marks of a bear, and they weren't there last night. But them hosses and the stuff are stole, and we haven't a minute to lose."

"Would we stand any chance of regaining them by giving chase?" asked the Professor.

"In course we would," answered the trapper; "but we must be quick."

"We may have to do some fighting, I suppose," said Blair.

"In course we will," again answered the trapper. "We have got to overhaul the rascals, whip 'em out, capture 'em, and then hang or shoot 'em, just which we find is the easiest."

"But may they not outnumber us?" asked Ensign.

"No; never fear about that. Thar is two Indians and one Mexican. I know by the

tracks, and by the amount and kind o' things they laid hold of."

"Would it not be better to let the lost property go than to peril our lives in attempting its recovery?"

"No, Professor; that never will do. If we don't begin by settin' our foot squar' down, we won't have a hoss or a pound of baggage left in the course of a few days. Thar's plenty of help round here. Jest let the firing be heard, and you'll see we are not alone."

"Well, who will go?" demanded Blair. "We must leave a guard for the ladies and be off."

"The Professor and James had better stay behind," spoke the Doctor, "and the rest of us move upon the enemy."

"I am a fair shot, gentlemen," replied the Professor, "and I don't feel like shirking my duty."

"I think your duty is to remain with your wife," said Blair. "The Doctor we ought to have with us, in case we should require any surgical aid. James is in no condition to go. And now, if the matter is settled, we have, as Uncle Lish says, not a moment to spare."

By this time the ladies were peering out of the tent, wondering what could be the cause of the early council.

"Give my wife to understand that we are after venison, Professor," said the Doctor, examining his weapons. "I don't know but I ought to go and give her a parting squeeze. I guess I will."

The Doctor had no more than performed this ceremony, which was looked upon by the recipient as one of the physician's freaks of overflowing kindness, when, everything being in readiness, the five men sprung into their saddles and dashed out of sight. All were well armed with rifles, pistols, and knives; and the horses, particularly those ridden by Blair and the trapper, were sure-footed and fleet. By common consent Blair was chosen captain of the little compny; while to Uncle Lish was intrusted the responsibilities of guide and general counselor. Blair desired him to take command, but he would not do so.

"Natur' cut you out for giving orders, Mr. Blair," said he. "I'll scent 'em to their holes, and what shall come afterward is for you to say."

Our friends, as they rode forth into the hills in the gray of the morning, were a picturesque looking band, and formidable, considering the smallness of their number. The trapper, in his slouched hat and faded brown blouse, rode by the side of Blair. The latter's handsome features were plainly distinguishable beneath a snug-fitting cap—a woollen jacket of bright

blue setting off his erect form. Behind these came the Doctor puffing along in his shirt sleeves, the companion of quiet Ensign, a man whose appearance, as has been said, did not suggest his firmness of character and surprising efficiency in the hour of trial. Last, in his own distinguished and solitary grandeur, galloped Mose. His attire was so striped and checkered that, had it not been for his black face, shining like polished ebony, he might have been taken for an escaped circus clown. He was not altogether happy. The ride of the day previous was still remembered by his old bones and muscles; moreover, the prospect was not good for a hand-to-hand fight with no other weapons than those endowed by nature.

"We can't be far off," said the trapper, glancing quickly from side to side. "The red devils didn't know there was a chap along that had done fighting on this very ground before. There's only one place where they would think of hiding, and that is over that hill thar, in a little ravine. We must split up and surround 'em. Let us ride as close as we can, then slip off and play their own game—crawl up and draw bead on 'em under cover of the bushes on the top o' the hill."

Blair made known the plan of operations to the others, and selecting the Doctor to go with the trapper, struck off to the right, accompanied by Ensign. Mose was to follow, first one division, then the other, and, after all had dismounted, to bring the horses together into a spot midway between.

"Dey won't git de hosses, Massa Blair," said Mose. "I nebber see any Injuns yit that liked to come and git gemmen's hosses when dis nigger was holdin' 'em."

"Wait until they come close up, Mose," said Blair. "Don't you fire until you can't help hitting. Mind what I tell you, or you will pay the penalty of disobedience."

"Dey won't git de hosses, Massa Blair," said the darky with his usual confidence.

Arrangements being completed, the party divided and crept cautiously around to opposite sides of the hill. They had barely separated when the trapper caught the sound of horses' feet immediately in the rear of himself and the Doctor. He turned and saw a horseman close upon them. With the attention of both himself and the physician thus diverted, opportunity was given to an Indian that suddenly dashed up in front of them to fling his lasso. Another instant and the Doctor, his arms being pinned to his side, was drawn from his horse. This did not take place, however, before the trapper had sent a bullet through the breast of the foe that had made the attack from behind.

There was no time for him to reload. Leaping from his horse, he attempted to seize another rifle from the hands of the Doctor struggling vainly upon the ground. A third party now fired upon him from the spot where the first horseman fell. Fortunately, the bullet missed him and entered his saddle. The situation was now most desperate.

"For God's sake," roared the Doctor, "don't let him fire upon me! Cut this rope!"

"The Injun ain't armed," answered the trapper, who was himself in the greater peril. The next bullet from the marksman in ambush would undoubtedly terminate his life. With the utmost caution he began to edge his way, under cover of his horse (which acted as if he comprehended the danger as well as his master), toward a neighboring thicket.

Where were Blair and Ensign all this time? Why did they not hasten to the spot, warned by the report of the rifles? These were the trapper's queries. If he could but get safely into the brush, both himself and the Doctor would be saved. He could cover the ground where the Doctor lay with his rifle, but it was not yet loaded. The physician himself had almost come to the conclusion that his days were numbered, when he heard a shot, and immediately afterward saw the Indian's horse fall and roll completely over its rider. "Consarn ye! that's good for ye!" muttered the trapper, who had now reloaded and reached the bushes.

"Don't let the man below pass the clearing yonder," cried Blair, dashing by at that moment.

"I'm ready for him," again soliloquized the trapper. "I thought the boys would be on hand 'fore meetin' was out."

So saying, he crept upon his hands and knees toward the place where the Indian's horse fell and rolled over its rider. He reached it, but the enemy had vanished.

"Must have cracked his ribs some, I reckon—the derved copperhide!"

Uncle Lish was now at liberty to return to the Doctor. He found the corpulent medical gentleman puffing tremendously, but not seriously hurt. The lasso being loosed by the fall of the Indian who held it, he was once more restored to the use of his arms, when he made it his first business to find an object upon which to wreak his revenge.

"Blair has gone down one way and Ensign the other," said he, "and there is no escape for that other devil. Blast it! I guess I never shall get my breath."

"There's one chick I knows on will be longer about it than you be, Doctor," replied the trap-

per. "Hold! That's a rustle in that thar leetle clump o' shrubs."

Both men covered the spot with their rifles. "Don't shoot," spoke Uncle Lish, lowering his weapon; "it is Cap. Blair! I'll be swinged if he and Ensign haven't corralled the cuss that bored a hole in my saddle. Ha, ha! I thought so. One of those chaps with a broad hat."

"What! Is he a Mexican?" asked the Doctor.

"He's nothin' else," was the reply. "But where is that Mose? I'll bet my old shootin'-iron the copper-skin will pick the best of the hosses and get away with it. Here, you just let me take your rifle along with mine, and I'll take a turn to find him."

The trapper mounted, but did not move the horse out of his tracks. Scampering over the hills, far in the distance, he saw Ensign's horse bearing away the escaped brave; and at the same time Mose appeared to view, hastening towards them at full speed.

"I told you so!" said the trapper. "What have you done with that thar other hoss?" he demanded of Mose, who had now arrived and sat before him motionless with astonishment.

"Ye see, gemmen," began Mose, "I was inspectin' a region whar de hosses would be most best retired, when all a sudden I heard a crackin', an' lookin' behind me, I seed Massa Ensign's steed was makin' off wid a gemmen—a perfeck stranger to me—on his back."

"Pity he didn't shoot a dent in that skull of yours," remarked the angry trapper.

"You see dis?" responded Mose, laying hold of his pistol. "Well, de gemmen he seed it, too."

"Then why in tunket didn't you fire?" again inquired Uncle Lish, stung with the thought that anything had been allowed to fall into the enemy's hands.

"Hold your bref," continued Mose, solemnly. "I was so busy, ye see, watchin' to see if the gemmen was goin' to fire fust that I didn't take 'tic'lar notice o' what I was up to myself. And agin, how did dis nigger know who the gemmen was? I had bringin' up—I did."

It appeared as if Mose would be obliged to make amends finally for his failure with the Indian by an attack upon the trapper. But Blair and Ensign had now arrived with their prisoner, which was a signal for at least temporary peace.

"Waal, you got the drop on him, didn't you, Captain?" spoke the trapper.

"Here is the offender, disarmed and penitent," replied Blair. "What is the pleasure of the company concerning him?"

"Run him up," cried the trapper.

"Set him up, and lem me have a bunt at him!" shouted Mose.

"What is your verdict, Doctor?"

"I say, give the poor devil a sound drubbing and then discharge him," was the response.

"Never!" again spoke Uncle Lish. "Nothin' but the rope. That is the law o' the mines. We shall git into trouble, Captain, if we don't stand by the code."

"We barely saved our own lives, men," said Blair. "We shall probably save the lives of others by putting this wretch out of the way. He is a villain, no question about that."

"He must swing," declared Ensign, in low but decided tones.

"Very well," said the physician, "in order that the vote may be unanimous, I will consent."

"Can you tie a hangman's knot, Uncle Lish?" asked Blair.

"Knot be derved!" muttered the trapper, tossing the lasso left by the Indian over the captive's head.

The Mexican, who had understood nothing of the conversation, now perceiving that he was to be executed, dropped upon his knees—not to ask pardon of those about him, but to make his peace with the Powers unseen.

"That'll do," said the trapper. "You and the devil can talk the matter over afterwards."

"Make haste, Uncle Lish," spoke Blair.

Such was the culprit's brief trial. He was now led to the nearest tree, where, the free end of the lasso being thrown over a stout limb, he was drawn up. The little party stood by until life was extinct, when, leaving the body suspended, they followed the trapper to the ravine, where he had predicted the lost property would be found. Sure enough it was there. A more valuable horse than that captured by the Indian was secured from the Mexican at the time of his seizure, so that really our friends returned to camp not only without loss of property, but with a small increase. The trapper, it ought to be stated, arrived several moments later than the rest.

"Not a word of all this to the ladies," said Blair.

Silence was promised, and it was left for accident to reveal to them the bloody hour's work of the first morning in the hills should it ever come to their knowledge.

"Mose," said Blair, "I am ashamed of you."

"Massa Blair," replied the irrepressible African, "I seems to 'spect myself that Injuns am not my forte." JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

TWELVE DAYS ON A MEXICAN HIGHWAY.—II.

It is about ten miles from the station of Agua de Perro to the river Papagallo, and the trail, which passes over a wooded mountain, is one of the roughest in Mexico. In many places the rains had washed out all semblance of a track, and it became necessary for the Indians to go ahead and cut a virgin pathway through the brush with their *machetes*.

Occasionally, our caravan would wind around the slippery brow of a precipice, or force its way through narrow passages, where the rocks on either side threatened to crush one's feet. For fully half of the distance we toiled laboriously up and down the rocky beds of water courses, from which the animals would emerge with cut and bleeding legs. It was slow and painful traveling, the discomforts of which were only partially mollified by glimpses of beautiful scenery and the novelty of the surroundings. There was, however, but one spirit animating the party, and that was the desire to push forward. Alejandro, it is true, was grave and si-

lent, but the horrors of Agua de Perro were too fresh in our minds to permit of our being influenced by his moods. Nothing could be worse—not even sleeping without shelter in the wet brush; and as for food, it was infinitely better to go supperless to bed than to endure the fleas and crawling things of our late inn. So, with many a slip and stumble, our groaning steeds were urged onward, the Philadelphian and the German occasionally relieving the tedium by wild bursts of song, which set the *cañons* a-ringing, while the rest shouted and chattered along the winding file, which sometimes extended far down the mountain side.

On leaving Agua de Perro the storm had apparently cleared away, and the sun was shining brightly, but it was not long before the sky again became overcast and the rain began to fall in torrents. The forest was soon dripping, and wet overhanging boughs switched us in the face and trailed across our saddle-bows. With the exception of one or two of the Mexicans, who

had been over the road before, none of us was prepared for the water, and in a very short time we were soaked through. So persistently and heavily did the water come down that I, for my own part, abandoned all effort to keep dry. It appeared to beat into and through me, and I could feel it running down my body in little rivulets into my boots. All horsemen are agreed that no experience is more uncomfortable than that of feeling one's saddle wet and soggy beneath him. This discomfort was ours in full that afternoon, and the situation was not enlivened by the reflection that neither change of clothing nor warm fire awaited us at our journey's end.

"No crossing the river this night," called Alejandro from the head of the file, and the rascal seemed to cheer up and grow jolly as our spirits went down.

He had proved himself to be a man of wisdom, and as the situation was all the result of our own persistent disregard of his advice, he doubtless felt that it served us right. We had come too far to think of retracing our steps to Agua de Perro, even if so inclined. So there was nothing to do but to spend the night on the bank of the river.

For several hours we rode on in silence through the dripping wilderness, gloomily contemplating the prospect before us, and then the trail emerged suddenly from the obscurity of the forest, and we found ourselves on a steep bluff overlooking a wide and swiftly flowing stream. Its banks were bold and precipitous, and the waters, swollen and turgid from the long continued rains, ran angrily past, bearing logs and drift-wood, or springing high into the air wherever a rock was bold enough to stem its fury. From our point of view the scene was one of wild grandeur, and for a few moments we forgot that we were wet, and hungry, and homeless. Just across the stream could be seen the longed-for haven. It was only an Indian *rancho*, with bare poles and a thatched roof, nestled in under the trees, which everywhere came down to the river's edge. It was simply another Agua de Perro, so to speak. But many a time during the dismal night which followed did we cast longing glances across the rushing waters to its beacon-light and wish that we were snug within its fold with the other dogs, and fleas, and donkeys.

Making our way down the bluff, the border of the stream was reached. Two or three naked fellows on the opposite bank ran up and down the wet sand, gesticulating wildly and shouting to us over the water. It was not possible, however, to hear their voices. Alejandro signaled them to come over in their canoe. To attempt

such a thing seemed to me the height of folly. Two of them, nevertheless, made the venture, and came very near losing their lives. Their canoe was swept violently down stream among bowlders, and it was only by the most desperate efforts that they steered their frail craft into an eddy and reached the bank from which they started.

Night came down, dark and cheerless. We had nothing to eat, and all efforts to make a fire failed. There was nothing dry to burn. From three o'clock in the afternoon until midnight the rain fell steadily, and through the long hours of that memorable night we lay on the wet sand, or paced up and down the river bank, hungry, wet, and altogether miserable. It seemed as though morning would never come. Sleep was out of the question, and the memory of Agua de Perro came uppermost to haunt us like a nightmare. How we had defamed and derided that blessed haven! What dire maledictions had been pronounced upon its humble shelter and homely fare! This was our punishment. We had said in the pride of the morning, "Nothing can be worse." What would we give now for a fragrant pork-steak, or a steaming *tortilla*? How cheery and pleasant the old Indian woman's back-shed would be with its fire, and smoke, and yelping curs! And the naked host! Why, he grew to be a hero in our eyes that night, and twice when slumber, in feverish snatches, fell upon my tired eyelids did his tall form emerge from the brush, and I could hear his honest voice, as he pointed to his humble dwelling:

"Senors, es la casa de Vds."

So much for wasted opportunities. We were tardy in gratitude, but from that time forward felt kindlier toward our native hosts.

All experience demonstrates, however, that the longest night, even in a Mexican chaparral, must have an end. The gray dawn found the poet, Marion, and the writer sitting disconsolately upon the river bank, gazing out over the rushing water. It had grown chilly toward daylight, and our wet clothes, clinging to our bodies, made rest and comfort impossible. Here and there along the ground lay the prostrate forms of our companions, some under the shelter of rocks and bushes, others curled up in holes scooped out of the sand, and a few stretched among the saddles and horse-blankets where the animals were tethered in the brush. Wet, half-exhausted, and hungry, as we were, there was a humorous phase to the situation which the three melancholy watchers by the river-side could not ignore. As the light increased, and one by one our woeful-looking comrades crawled out from their various hid-

ing-places, they were greeted with shouts of laughter and raillery.

"Hello, Germany!" called the poet, as that demoralized individual emerged from a clump of bushes to our left; "where is your tooth-brush?"

"He hasn't polished his boots this morning," chimed in Marion. "No man gets hot cakes for breakfast who comes down without making his toilet."

"Where is Philadelphia?" asked the Teuton, as he shook himself like a terrier and gazed anxiously about.

There was an upheaval in the sand near by, and the benumbed and sorry-visaged Pennsylvanian stood before us.

"He comes up from the sand like a crab," cried the poet; "let us eat him."

Happily, the disposition to make the most of our unfortunate predicament was everywhere prevalent, and many were the jokes and good-natured jibes that morning bandied about.

The storm seemed to be over, and the sun came up hot and sultry. Under the touch of his rays the forest began to steam and our wet clothing dried out as if by magic. Eight, nine, and ten o'clock came and went. We were getting hungry, and the river fell slowly. Twenty-four hours had slipped away since the last square meal at Agua de Perro, and in those ante-Tanner days the flesh rebelled. Unfortunately for my ideal, the poet seemed to be the hungriest man in the party. He roamed about with a wild look in his eye, or stood stolidly gazing at the German, as though struggling with some dark problem. It was noticed also that he paused occasionally to feel of that gentleman's pulse, much to the latter's surprise, after which he would walk away and talk in an aside to Marion. Whether or not he contemplated cannibalism was never known, for an unexpected incident interposed just here to change the current of events.

A loud shout went up from the river bank below, and looking around, a calf was seen to dart out of the bushes and make straight for our position at full speed. It was closely pursued by one of our *arrieros*, on foot, who strove to catch it with a *riata*.

"Stop it! stop it!" the cry went up, and in a twinkling we were all rushing, pell-mell, like wolves to the chase.

It was quickly over. The frightened animal turned to the river. Confused by our cries, and seeing itself surrounded, it hesitated a moment on the brink of the stream, and one of the Indians, springing quickly forward, dropped his *riata* dexterously over the poor creature's head, and the game was ours. Germany was

saved and breakfast was secured. The *arrieros* killed the calf, and within an hour we were busily gnawing its tender roasted ribs. There was neither salt nor pepper, nor was there lack of gusto. All questions were barred as to the ownership of the unfortunate beast, and this is the first confession of our sin. If the owner of the murdered calf should ever see this article—and I trust I am treading on safe ground in thus making the *amende honorable*—let him send up his bill. Indemnification, long deferred, shall at last be his.

It was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that the river had fallen sufficiently to warrant the Indians on the other bank in making another attempt to come over in the canoe. Even then the passage was attended with much danger, and it was only by the most skillful management that disaster was avoided. The black boatmen were powerful fellows, naked to the waist, and armed each with a wide, strong paddle. One stood up in either end of the light craft, and there was then room in the center for two passengers. The canoe itself was an oak log hollowed out and rudely shaped. To transport our party and baggage it was necessary to make eight or ten trips through the whirling water, all of which were accomplished in safety. Starting far up the stream, the little craft would catch the current and go bounding off at a long angle, like a chip in a mill-race, up and down, through riffle and eddy, careening and pitching like an untamed mustang, but always held steadily in hand by the gallant black pilots at either end. They lifted her over rocks and steered her through shoots where the spray sprung high in air, but never a break or a flutter of steady nerve. Little by little the fragile thing edged over to the other bank and landed safely far below the point of starting. It was an exciting experience, which the poet afterward commemorated in fitting verse and read to us on a reunion occasion in the City of Mexico. Unfortunately, the English version of the same was lost in the course of my mutations in the Aztec land.

Our animals did not fare so well in crossing the stream. Immediately after being driven into the water, two of them were caught by the current and swept away. Nothing could be done for them, and the poor creatures were dashed against the rocks and drowned. The others struggled bravely and made the passage, we standing on the bank meanwhile, yelling and whooping to encourage them—all of which Alejandro pronounced a piece of idiotic folly; but he was out of humor on account of the two that went down stream. By the middle of the afternoon everything was over the

river. Short work was made of such eatables as could be found in the shanty on the other shore; the boatmen were generously feed, and once again we were in the saddle, with our faces to the north.

Although suffering from lack of rest and sleep we made eighteen miles that afternoon over a rough and slippery trail, and reached the town of Dos Caminos shortly after dark. This was the best place we had seen since leaving Acapulco, and here for the first time it was possible to obtain a good night's rest. The light of the following morning revealed a picturesque little town romantically situated in a depression of the mountains. A musical brook babbled through the village, and tall, wooded peaks looked down on every hand. The houses were better and the people cleaner and more intelligent than any we had yet seen. Hardy, happy mountaineers they seemed, and furthermore they wanted us to stay with them. What we lost by declining their hospitality and pushing on must ever remain an open question; but we were not so wise then as we have since become.

For four or five days longer, with varying incident and adventure our journey continued. The hardships of the road gradually lost all terror, and each night brought boisterous speculation as to what the morrow would produce. We got used to sleeping on the ground and eating Indian fare. Fleas and yelping curs ceased to annoy or make us afraid; and treacherous showers and wet clothes became matters of indifference. Steadily onward, at a snail's gait, over mountain and stream, through forest and *cañon* and native village we held our way. There was ever something new before us or something novel in prospect; and the best of good-fellowship prevailing in our little band, discomforts were made light of and all miseries were voted a source of merriment.

It was on the evening of the tenth day out from Acapulco that our mud-bespattered and now sorry looking caravan filed into the town of Ixtla, a place of some pretensions, situated about forty miles from the city of Cuernavaca. We had been on the road ten days, but had only made a little over two hundred miles. The City of Mexico was still thirty leagues before us, and Marion I and began to grow impatient. Three days hence there was to be a grand celebration in the Mexican capital which we were desirous of witnessing. We had set our hearts upon it, in fact, and were greatly disappointed when it became evident that our creeping gait would not take us there in time. Alejandro came to the rescue. He informed us that fresh mules and a guide could be pro-

cured at Ixtla, if we so desired, and that we might push on that night to Cuernavaca and catch the stage leaving the latter place on the following morning for the City of Mexico. The distance was about forty miles, but we were assured that the road was good, and that, with fresh animals, the trip could easily be made by two or three o'clock. It was decided to adopt this course, and arrangements were made at once. Fresh mules were procured, a guide employed, and about dark, after eating a hearty supper and saying good-bye to the boys, we were once more in the saddle. One of the Mexican merchants decided to accompany us at the last moment, so that we made a party of four, counting Reiner, the guide.

For about two hours all went well, and then our troubles commenced. Since sundown the sky had been filling up with ominous looking clouds. Little by little they crept over the whole heavens until the last star was shut out and we were feeling our way through a darkness that was absolute. Far out on the mountains the lightning broke in zig-zag flashes across the sky, and then grew nearer and more vivid until we were blinded and dazed, and the terrific crashes of thunder half stupefied us. It was only possible to keep together by constantly calling one another by name and keeping a sharp lookout when the flashes came. In the meantime the rain descended in sheets. We thought we had seen it rain before; but this deluge outdid any thing previously experienced. How the guide kept his way in the inky darkness was then, and always will be, a marvel. He had a red blanket thrown around him and was mounted on a white mule. As I caught occasional glimpses of him in the lurid glare of the lightning, his head bowed to the storm and his iron heel buried in the flank of his mule, it seemed that he must be in league with all the devils.

As for myself I was so blinded and bewildered by the lightning that my head swam, and for a time it was with the utmost difficulty that I retained my seat in the saddle. Both Marion and I were mounted on mules which had not been broken to the bit, and they were stubborn and unmanageable. This added greatly to our perplexity. My own mule, in addition to his other vices, had a propensity to stumble. He fell not less than six times that night, and twice I was thrown completely over his head, fortunately landing on each occasion in a soft place.

For over two hours we groped our way along through the darkness, and then the guide suddenly stopped. By the flashes of light we could see that we were on a species of causeway,

flanked on either hand by swamp land and rank tulle grass. Directly in front and across our path were drawn up two rude ox-carts, apparently barring all further progress. It was while endeavoring to get around this obstacle that we discovered that our companion—the Mexican merchant—was not with us. In vain we yelled and shouted. No response came back from the blackness of darkness, and there was nothing to do but send Reiner back to look for him. For an hour we waited in the dismal storm, and neither guide nor merchant put in an appearance. Midnight came and went, and still we sat there, wet and anxious. Marion finally proposed that we should get around the carts and move along the causeway a short distance to see where it led. Acting on this suggestion, the mules were put in motion, and, feeling our way carefully around the obstructing carts, we rode forward. Not over a quarter of a mile had been made in our uncertain groping, when a voice spoke up, sharp and threatening, from the darkness before us:

"Alto hay!" it said.

"Who's there?" answered Marion.

"No les importa," came the response; "pero no den un paso mas adelante porque son muertos" (none of your business; but don't come a step nearer, or you are dead men).

There was an ominous clicking in the darkness, and one of the invisibles struck a match. It did not burn for over half a minute, but that was time enough. Standing squarely across our track were three or four armed men, and we found ourselves looking into the barrels of as many cocked revolvers. The match went out, and once more we were shrouded in darkness.

"What do you want?" asked Marion.

"We want you to clear out of here, and be spry about it," came the answer. "Honest men don't ride for pleasure on such nights as this."

"But we are peaceful travelers on our way to Cuernavaca," Marion insisted. "Why do you stop us?"

"We don't believe it; you are robbers. Move on, or we will fire upon you," came the reply.

Seeing that it was useless to parley, and not being anxious under the circumstances to fight, we backed our mules slowly away, getting our pistols out in the meantime for any unexpected developments. As good fortune would have it, a shout went up about this time in our rear, and we had not gone far back on the causeway, when we were met by the guide and the merchant. The latter had wandered far off the road, and when found by Reiner was mired down and hopelessly lost in the swamp.

We explained to them the status of things in advance, and a hurried consultation was held

as to what should be done. There was a village just beyond, the guide informed us, and it would not be possible to go around it. We must move forward on this causeway, or give up the idea of reaching Cuernavaca until the next day. He thought, however, that he could persuade the villagers to let us pass without any serious difficulty, and so we moved forward once more and hailed the warlike guardians of the pathway. They would only let us pass, they said, on one condition. Our presence and our actions were very suspicious, but if we would come forward one at a time and place ourselves in their hands they would escort us through the village and let us depart. Their terms were accepted, and one by one we were marched through the town and told to "skip out" at the farther gate.

It is not a pleasant experience to ride through a Mexican town like this at midnight under any circumstances; but when you chance to bestride a Guerrero mule with a tendency to go tail first, and a blanketed rascal runs along on either side with a revolver at your ear, and the rain and the lightning blind you, and you feel helpless and at the mercy of all things diabolical, such experience becomes grim and loses all sentiment.

Safely reunited at last beyond the borders of the hostile village, we once again pushed eagerly forward on our journey. Three hours' valuable time had been lost, but as the storm now showed signs of abating, we did not give up all hope of getting through to Cuernavaca in season for the stage. The delay, however, was not to be easily made good, as we soon discovered. Three hours' steady rain had set all the streams booming, and we had proceeded not more than two miles beyond the town before we were stopped on the bank of a sheet of water, the opposite shore of which no man could see. It did not seem to have a very swift current, but the guide said it was deep and wide, and that it would swim the mules for fifty yards at least. What should we do?

The merchant did not want to venture it. He had had enough water for one night, he said. Marion and I, however, were desperate. We did not propose to spend the rest of the night in inaction on the bank of the stream. We insisted on going ahead. Reiner was indifferent, but inclined to go with the majority. Seeing that he would be left alone if he did not follow us, the merchant finally relented, and we all spurred our reluctant animals into the dark water. High and higher it rose, over stirrup and knee, and into the saddle, and then we were afloat—the current took us—and we were drifting we know not where.

Although troublesome and stubborn on land, the little mules seemed to rise to the occasion when once fairly afloat, and their conduct in the water that night atoned in our eyes for many a dark mulish sin. Left entirely to their own instincts, they struck bravely out for the unseen shore, and with many a snort and ear-wag took us safely over. Twice again that night it was necessary to swim in the dark in order to prosecute our journey. And then the gray dawn broke; and wet, hungry, and exhausted, we were told that Cuernavaca was still three leagues away. One last grand spurt was made, but it availed us not. The mules were tired out, and their riders tottered in their saddles. When, at last, we dragged ourselves into the drowsy town, we learned that the stage had already gone, and our night of toil and peril was all for naught. We were just one hour too late.

Our comrades, on coming up the following day, were surprised to find us waiting for them at the gates of Cuernavaca, but we were so humble, and looked so disconsolate, that they had compassion upon us and received us back with open arms.

The next day we climbed the last grand barrier and stood upon the southern wall of the Valley of Mexico. As we looked out over the beautiful landscape, with its lakes, and streams, and cities, and realized that the goal was at hand—the consummation of so many fond dreams—the discomforts and hardships of the road were forgotten and forgiven. This was recompense, and we were satisfied. Our mistake had been in undertaking the trip during the rainy season. If afterward went over the same road in the spring of the year, and from Acapulco to the City of Mexico it was one long pleasure drive.

D. S. RICHARDSON.

THE ROYAL WINE.

The year was one of plenty. Every field
Had borne its fullest store of golden grain;
And merry, frolic-loving girls and boys,
That, every harvest, plucked the rosy fruits,
Or skillfully, with one well rounded arm,
Poised on their heads the baskets full of grapes,
This year had double time of merriment.

A little valley, high among the hills,
Whose sunny slopes were darkened here and there
By thrifty vineyards in well ordered rows,
Afar and near was famed for goodly wines.
Yet one there was that far surpassed the rest,
Sparkling and sweet and clear as drink of gods,
The secret of whose making no man knew
Except one agèd vintner.

Now, although
Never before was known such luscious yield
Of purple grapes untouched by frost or rain,
This year men sought in vain the royal wine;
And all who questioned, wondering, received
The single answer, "Nay, the wine you ask
I cannot make," and wondered yet the more;
Till one fair youth besought the agèd man:
"Pray tell us, father, why you cannot press
In such a bounteous year the choicest wine?"
Then answer came, "Except the purpling grape
Be touched with chilling dews and autumn frost,
The purest, goodliest wine of all must fail."

O Heart, count not too high thy summer days:
The royal wine comes only after frost!

ALICE E. PRATT.

GOOD-FOR-NAUGHT.

CHAPTER V.

Word had come to Hope in a letter from Bill that little Jack Marvin had got to wearing pants:

"The quarest things you ever saw; his mother made 'em, and oh, my eyes, was'n't they *too* funny! He looked like a hoppin' toad in 'em. Ma laughed so at 'em Jack got mad and said he was 'doin to dit a dun and tchoot her.' And, Hope, he can't talk any plainer now than when you left; and that's cos his ma and pa's never talked any thing but baby-talk to him; but, oh, them pants! They make him look like the fattest little old man ever was; his legs don't look two inches long behind, but he thinks they's hunkydora, you bet. Nettie took 'em off'n him and altered 'em. She cut 'em higher in the crotch, and took about a mile of slack out'n 'em behind, and still he looks like he was stuffed with a piller. He had four fights the first day he wore 'em with boys makin' fun of him; he got whipped every time, but he wasn't skeered, and he continered to be spunky and to strike every feller that laughed till pretty soon they let him alone. Ma says he's an awful cunnin' man; but if he's a man, a man is queer mixin's."

This letter came two days before Hope's wedding that was never to be. It made no impression on her mind at the time, she being dead to feeling then. But on the day of that morning when Mr. Brownell said to her, "you shall go home again in quest of the lost roses," she came across this remarkable document and read it with the warmest feelings.

"Oh," she said; "I'll take Jack a suit of clothes."

And then she thought of other things she meant to take to all of them. She was in a state of great mental excitement, her mind flying from one subject to another with such rapidity as to leave no impression that could be remembered long. Often, however, a flash of something like curiosity arose as to why Mr. Brownell refused to marry her; and why—seeing he did refuse—he had not done so before. It was a puzzle she could not work out; and even in her joy at being released it gave her pride a twinge to think he had treated her so.

It was several days before her arrangements were completed for starting. In the meantime she avoided Mr. Brownell as if he were her arch enemy; she treated him with a distant yet gentle politeness, and hastened her departure in every way.

"How could I have been so happy here," she thought; "how could I have had a moment's

content in the society of that whimsical man who has used me as a plaything and is now tired of me? Well, at least let me be thankful for his capriciousness. I am free, and that, too, without self-reproach.

And Mr. Brownell was thinking also. The night he sat all through the long, silent hours until dawn in the library planning how to release Hope—what method or pretext he could resort to that would give her least pain, or, rather, that would be the least drawback on her joy—it had not occurred to him that her pride would revolt in a way to destroy her innocent, childish love for him in the course he finally adopted. He saw it now and felt it.

"After all," he said to himself, "it is well; I had to choose between two evils. I had better bear any construction she can put upon my conduct than have her feel anything like sorrow for me or remorse. The young should be happy, at least."

Some day, perhaps, he would tell her, he thought. But then he knew when that day came his pain would be dead and his love for her dead, and nothing could make him realize that this would ever be.

"Better," he said, "keep up her delusion with regard to my motive until she goes."

He sighed to think how glad she would be to leave him, and how desolate the house would be without her.

"I had no right to think for one moment of ever making her my wife—so young a girl—and I'm getting old; I'm getting old."

Indeed, in these days his appearance was almost haggard. The gentle, pathetic look in his eyes was deepened, and his hair was whiter. Ever since Hope knew him his hair had been stationary at a certain intermediate shade of gray, where its prevailing tint was dark rather than light; but now it seemed to have crossed the line, and was light rather than dark. Hope noticed this, but was so taken up with her side of the case, together with preparations for home, that she scarcely thought of it. If, for a moment, a feeling of the-old, kind love she had felt for him came into her heart, her pride crushed it, saying, "Remember how he treated you."

When, however, the time came to say goodbye, her joy at getting away, her exhilaration at the prospect of the trip and her anticipation

of the meeting of her friends, unexpected to them, altogether overcame her pride. She had hugged and kissed Mrs. Hildreth to her heart's content; and was come up from the kitchen, where she had been particularly effusive in her leave-taking of everybody, even the coal-heaver and the scullery girl, when she paused a moment at the library door.

"He doesn't like me," she said; "I have disappointed him some way; I am not the girl he took me for; he rated me too high, and now he rates me too low. Yet I must go and thank him for all his goodness; yes, I must do it, although I know he doesn't like me."

Then she opened the door and stood in his presence. He was lying on the lounge, very pale indeed, and apparently too weak to rise. Now, in an instant, Hope's heart intuitively came into perception of the fact that no insult had been put upon her, though no ray of an explanation reached her reason. In obedience to the loving impulse prompted by this intuition she went to him quickly, and kneeling down encircled him with her arms. Then she kissed him many times.

"Oh," she said, "you are good; you are so good; and I love you even if you are disappointed in me and cannot love me. I knew always you had placed me too high; you did not know what common clay I was made of. But I love you, Mr. Brownell; I love you just as well as if I had been everything your imagination thought me. I am as grateful to you for your generosity to me and Stevey as the greatest genius could be; indeed, indeed I am. I can never forget nor cease to bless you. I can love and appreciate even if I can't realize your other expectations of me. Oh, if you could only forgive me for not being what you thought me, and let me be just as I am and like me all the same, I should go away from here so much happier."

A flush had come into Mr. Brownell's face and died away again, leaving him very pale. It was with difficulty he suppressed his tears.

"I do love you, Hope," he said; "I do, indeed; and I am not disappointed in you. You have all the genius I ever supposed you had, and more, too. It was through no fault of yours that I broke off our marriage. There was nothing in that to hurt your pride if I should tell you all. I will tell you some time, my dear, when you are a happy wife; for I don't mean to lose sight of you by any means. Write to me when you get home, and remember always that I love you with a tender love—as if you were my own child."

And so she left him with very different feelings from what she anticipated, and carried

away with her a sorrowful sentiment she did not try to explain. But never from that day did she believe herself the toy of his caprice as she had once thought. That version of the affair escaped from her as easily as it had come, and in as unreasoning a manner. Young people do not investigate nor analyze their ideas; they receive thought by impression, and one impression remains until another overlays it.

Hope had been placed in the care of a friend of Mr. Brownell on her passage to California, and thus, being free from care and in a frame for enjoyment, the trip was delightful to her. One evening she reached home just after dark. Her trunks were placed on the porch, and she herself lifted from the stage. The house seemed very quiet and dull. She tried the door and found it locked; then she rapped loudly. At this there was a great scampering inside, but no response. She knocked again and rattled the door convulsively. More scampering and suppressed giggling.

"Let me in," said Hope.

"Black or white?" came from the inside.

Hope recognized that voice and responded accordingly:

"Fee, fy, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman; dead or alive I must have some."

At this juncture there was great tittering and much scurrying of feet; after that, silence, but not long. There now came a fearful scrambling toward the door, and the voices, though still suppressed and broken by laughter, became audible.

"Bill, you go first."

"No, I'm afraid; you go first, Aleck."

When at length the door was opened, Hope saw a line of boys, one behind the other, all united in the effort to keep the first boy in his place and push him forward. Each one held about a half yard of Bologna sausage in his hand and seemed prepared to meet an enemy. Little Sally stood back in the room holding a candle. There was a momentary pause when they saw Hope; and then they overwhelmed her. It was with difficulty she kept her feet under their charge; she was forced to cry "quarter," and even then they would hardly release her. There was nobody but the children at home.

"Where's pa and ma and Nettie?" asked Hope, "and why didn't you let me in?"

"Oh, Hope, they're at Marvin's," cried two or three voices at once; "and Dr. Marvin was drowned yesterday, and the reason we didn't let you in was we was talkin' about him and thought may be you were his ghost come back; so, we thought we'd teach him to stay dead when he was dead, and not be comin' round any more."

"Dr. Marvin dead!" she exclaimed.

"And Mrs. Marvin fainted when she heard it, too, and all day yesterday they was a rollin' him on a barrel, and a heatin' things to wrap him in; but it wasn't no go. He was dead enough, you bet."

"Oh, mercy, mercy!" she kept repeating compassionately. "And what made you afraid of him? Suppose he should come back, do you think he would hurt you?"

"Oh, as to that," answered the elder brother, in a voice full of the uncouth inflections that mark the transitional period from boyhood to manhood, "as to that, it was just our nonsense. We wanted to see how brave Aleck and Bill were."

"And where did you get that army of Bologna sausage?" asked Hope, in whom even the surprise and pity she felt for her old friend could not quite extinguish her curiosity as to the strange weapons the children had drawn upon her when the door was first opened, and which they were now clipping each other over the head with, in the exuberance of their delight at her unexpected return.

"The butcher-man asked ma to let him smoke it in our smoke-house," said Bill; "and he took it down this morning to take it away; and then somebody borrowed his wagon to go to the funeral and he left it here till to-morrow. But I say, Hope, hadn't we better go and bring pa and ma home?"

"What! and leave Mrs. Marvin alone with her dead husband?"

"Why, he was buried to-day. That is the reason all this Bologna and a heap more is here now. He was buried this afternoon, and Stephen is with her."

The last word was scarcely out of his mouth before he had passed the garden-gate and was flying over the road with the joyful news. Then every other boy started in hot pursuit; each was anxious to tell of Hope's return first. They ran like a pack of young savages, tumbling against each other, tripping each other up with the sausages, and filling the few pedestrians whom they met on the way with astonishment and fright.

In the progress of our story, we have neglected to keep the readers posted concerning our friends of Diamond City. Long before Stephen and Hope went to New York, it began to be suspected that Dr. Marvin had taken to drink. This habit soon manifested itself most unmistakably; he even became overbearing and brutal to his wife. Gradually, as the time went on, all her sources of pleasure and amusement died out. The paint-box and its contents disappeared. The huge black chest un-

der the bed filled with her sketches was rifled by Jack, and the pictures traded off for marbles, jack-knives, goose eggs and other treasures dear to the boyish heart. There was no ring of laughter in the house any more, and the long, lonely nights were filled with sobs and stifled groans. As she went about her wretched home, her gentle dark eyes were raised slightly upward as if seeking escape in that direction from the trials that so woefully beset her here. Her sweet face, once so girlish and happy, was prematurely grave and faded; and that metamorphosis, so wonderful in youth, so almost incredible anywhere outside of California, had come to her—a change in the color of her hair from dark brown to snowy white. It was pitiful. It had filled her brother with such sorrow, when he beheld her for the first time after his return, that added to his other sorrows it overwhelmed him, so that he wept like a girl.

In all respects the family had fared badly in Stephen's absence. Many a time they would have gone without food but for the kindness of the neighbors. Stephen's return was most opportune, though for a while it looked dark about his getting anything to do to support them. Three years had altered the face of Californian society somewhat. Times were harder; work was scarce, particularly the kind of work to which he was adapted. Dr. Marvin had become a most pitiable sot, and his death was looked upon as a release by all except her to whom it was the greatest possible release. When she saw his face cold in death, she forgot the years of privation and cruelty she had endured for him, and straightway enshrined him as chief in her calendar of saints, to be worshiped through all time.

Little change had come to the Wilkins family. They were no richer than when Hope left home. Another child had been added to the handsome group, a little girl just a year old when Hope saw her for the first time. Hope had sent her a name from New York fresh from the latest novel, and had brought her more toys than she could break in a month.

It was now getting toward winter, and the boys left in charge of the house had permitted the fire to go down. Little Sally, feeling the responsibility of the occasion, had placed her candle on a chair, and was bringing in wood and trying in every way to start the fire and brighten up things generally. She was very modest in her demeanor toward Hope, and answered her questions with a shy little "yes ma'am" and "no ma'am."

"Oh, what a sweet little thing she is!" thought Hope, restraining the impulse to snatch her up and kiss her breath away; "what a sweet moth-

erly little thing, just like Nettie. How I wish they would come."

She had not long to wait. There came an earthquake on the front porch, the door burst open and in tumbled four boys, pitching over each other and hitting right and left with the Bolognas. Directly behind them was Franky, bare-headed and out of breath, but beaming, beautiful, and benignant. Mother and daughter rushed together and for the time melted into one, like two clouds driven by opposite currents of air. Then Nettie came with her Madonna face wearing the radiance of sweet sisterly welcome; and next Mr. Wilkins, Mrs. Marvin, and Jack, all together. Last of all, and some moments later was Stephen, with the baby so wrapped it was impossible to guess what it was.

"Dear me," cried Mrs. Wilkins, "I forgot I had a baby."

"Oh, ma, I forgot her, too," said Nettie.

"How could you be so thoughtless?" asked Mr. Wilkins, unwrapping the bundle with care, and feeling it cautiously to see which end was up.

"Why didn't you bring her, pa?" asked Nettie.

"Well, really, I was very much excited at the moment and—and—"

"So was I excited, pa; so was ma excited; so was Mrs. Marvin and Jack; all of us in fact, except Stephen. How did you come to think of her, Stephen?"

"I stopped to secure the fire," said he; "and somehow I chanced to see her as she lay asleep on the bed so I bundled her up and brought her."

By this time, a bright face, with eyes round from sudden waking, came into view, and Hope rushed for the baby; but the smiling little face fell into sudden gravity, and she pushed away from her stranger sister, dropping her eyes bashfully. Hope was disappointed, and everybody sympathized in her disappointment. Had baby known it she would have trembled for her queenship in that first moment of public disapproval; but she did not know it and in that fact lay her safety.

It was many days in this reunited family before the excitement of meeting had passed, and more days yet ere they were done recounting the incidents that had transpired to all of them. Mrs. Wilkins brightened her memory with regard to Bill's escapades, and laughingly told them to Hope.

Shortly after the failure of the young man's circus business, in which Sally was to star it over the country as the chief attraction, he secretly plotted another attempt to run away and go to Hope, which might have proved disas-

trous, but did not in consequence of that ubiquitous law of special providence which operates solely for the benefit of such youngsters as Bill. Having evolved his plan he kept very quiet about it until circumstances favored him in executing it. One day his time came. He saw a mettlesome, high-lived horse, all equipped for riding, tied to a neighboring fence.

"I'll git on it and ride to New York right off when nobody ain't a lookin', cos what's the use of waitin'," he said.

And he did get on it. However, "man proposes and God disposes."

Mrs. Wilkins was ironing. Bill came in, climbed up on the far corner of her table, and sat very still indeed. Presently his quietness attracted her attention. Quiet and Bill did not usually live in the same house at the same time without awakening the parental anxiety.

"What's the matter?" his mother asked.

"Nothin'."

"Are you sick?"

"No, 'm."

"What makes you so pale?"

"Nothin'."

"Do you want a piece of cake?"

"No— yes, if it's got currents in it."

The cake was produced, but his appetite was not so sharp as usual.

"What you been up to?" asked his mother.

"Nothin'."

"Where you been?"

"Nowhere."

"I lay you've been hatchin' devilment, if a body could only find it out. Tell me now, haven't you?"

"Haven't I wha-at?"

"What you been doin'?"

"Nothin'."

"Where you been?"

"Nowhere."

At this moment there was a tumult on the front porch. Two or three men rushed in.

"Where's Bill?" they cried in a breath.

Then they saw him and explained. He had climbed on one of the most dangerous horses in the county, they said; and it had run off with him, kicking and plunging awfully. Several men had mounted other horses standing round and given chase. They had overtaken the horse and brought it back, but could find no trace of Bill. Half the town was out now looking for his remains, and the greatest consternation prevailed.

"Where did he throw you, Bill?" was asked.

"Who throw me?" said Bill.

"The horse; where did the horse throw you?"

"Wot horse?"

"The horse you got on round by Myer's store."

"Didn't get on no horse."

"You must be mistaken," said Mrs. Wilkins to the man.

"Is it possible that it was some other child?" queried one.

Bill munched his cake silently. More people were coming. All of them questioned him. Many went away doubting; others were certain their eyes had not deceived them. Presently the school-master arrived. He was deeply versed in the hidden ways of boys. A life-time spent in ferreting out the crooked paths and dark mysteries of this labyrinthine institution, aided by recollections of his own boyhood, had made him almost omniscient with regard to them. He asked no questions. He walked about the floor, talking to Mrs. Wilkins and Nettie on all manner of subjects except the subject. Bill began to feel neglected. At last, the subject under discussion was good horsemanship. The school-master, it seemed, was a good rider; had performed wonderful equestrian feats in his boyhood, and passed many a hair-breadth escape.

"Thinks he's the only feller in the world that dares ride," thought Bill.

"Now," said the school-master, "the boy that rode that horse to-day knew nothing at all of the science of riding. To be sure, I did not see him as he rode through town; but I am informed on good authority that he was actually *frightened* so that his hair stood on end."

Bill raised his hand and smoothed his hair down.

"And his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth."

Bill put out his tongue and felt it.

"And that, instead of pulling on the reins, as a brave boy would, he clung to the horn of the saddle like grim death. I wonder if that could be possible; if the boy did actually drop the reins like a coward, and—"

"No," said Bill, "you bet, that's a lie. I pulled on him hard enough to break his durned neck, and he wouldn't stop."

Franky looked at the youngster as he sat there on the corner of the table with his knees drawn up and his hands clasped around them. He might have been covered with a good sized water-bucket, and there he was, saying: "I pulled on him hard enough to break his durned neck, and he wouldn't stop."

It was too comical.

"I'd give a hundred dollars if his father could see him now," she chuckled, with irrepressible pride and merriment. The school-master laughed; everybody laughed.

"Did the horse know you was there, Bill?" asked Aleck.

"If he didn't know more than you do, he didn't know nothin'," was the brotherly rejoinder.

CHAPTER VI.

Stephen and Hope were very happy in these days. They had nothing to face worse than poverty, and they were not afraid of it. Stephen had a clerkship at a small salary; but it was enough for his sister's household needs, and as yet he saw nothing better; so he made the best of it.

Hope felt an irreparable loss in the fact that her occupation was gone. She had contributed largely to the wants of her family while she was in New York, and now she was back again to add to their burden. A taste of independence had spoiled her for the dependent position of womankind. She would have been more restless under this change but for her love of Stephen. She made up her mind to accept the position of cook and maid of all work for the sake of the man she loved, and to perfect her knowledge of housekeeping in order to do so. One evening, after she had been a few months at home, they were sitting together in the edge of the wood at the foot of a mountain. Spring had returned; the weather was divine; a rivulet poured down its rocky bed near them, and an early moon shone brightly overhead. Hope was beautiful; her mother's wonderful charms were all renewed in her, polished and refined by a course of education, desultory and irregular to be sure, but preëminently the thing for a girl who did her own thinking and repudiated the cut-and-dried thoughts of others. She was telling Stephen some of her housekeeping experiences.

"And so you actually made bread," he was saying.

"No, Stevey, I actually *didn't*."

"But I thought—didn't you tell me the night before I went to the city [Stephen was a clerk in Myer's store, and had been sent to San Francisco on business, whence he had just returned] that you intended to try your hand on a batch of bread. I thought of it several times while I was gone, and wondered how you came out."

"I came out with my life, Stevey—barely though, I can tell you—and the bread. Did you read that fearfully scientific article in the *Diamond City Forum* this week?"

"Yes, I did—that is, I didn't—I know what you mean, though. Go on with your bread-story."

"But, Stevey, all that article with all those jaw-breaking words grew out of my experiment in bread. Dr. Thomlinson wrote it, and really it scares me to think of it."

"How could that article—it was something of a scientific nature, wasn't it?—grow out of your bread making? I wish now I had read it."

"I'll tell you all about it, and then you can advise me about what I ought to say to Dr. Thomlinson. You see it was this way: ma was gone, and had taken Sally and the baby with her; Nettie was out riding with Mr. Moreton; the boys were at school, and pa was at work; so I thought it would be the best time I could find to learn how to make bread. You see that as much as I wish to work now, and to help ma, she won't let me, and Nettie won't let me; they all act as if I were too good and too refined to touch my hands to anything, and so I am hindered from learning the things necessary for me to know in order to be a poor man's wife. Well, I got some flour in a very small pan, because I wanted to make only a little, and I put some yeast in it and some water, and stirred it up. But there was too much water, and so I put in more flour and yeast. This made the pan too full, and I put it in a bigger one; then I got in too much water once more, and after that too much flour again. I didn't like to do it, but I had to, Stevey: I got the great big dish-pan, and I said to myself, "So far and no farther"—for you see a chain of things was beginning to run in my head, like this: Little pan, middle pan, dish-pan, wash-tub, wood-box, clear on up to the house itself. I went at it very carefully; but, Stevey, flour is awful stuff to fly around, and when you wet it it is the most aggravating compound in the world; it sticks to everything but just what you want it to stick to. After a while, however, I had most of it flattened down in the pan, and it did really look like very respectable dough. Then I put it in a warm place on the floor near the stove, and after that I went into the parlor and forgot it; though I must say that the responsibility of the wretched stuff didn't leave my mind for one instant if it was seemingly forgotten; it was like an incubus—like a nightmare. I couldn't read, I couldn't sew, I fidgeted and fidgeted, and when I went into the kitchen after a long time to get a drink of water I knew what was the matter with me. That bread had swelled up beyond all belief. There was a mountain of it—a volcano, rather, for it had run over, and was spreading about the floor in a manner to create an impression of a cloudburst in the dough department of the heavens. Well, I was utterly discouraged about that bread; I was disgusted with it and sick of it.

It had weighed on me until I was feverish, and my head was bursting with pain. A fearful thought crossed my mind. I don't exactly see the connection, but somehow I felt like Bluebeard; I wanted a chamber in which to hide my dead. I ran into the next room and found my purse. I didn't like the thought of wasting so much of pa's flour unless I could buy some more, and, you see, I was resolved on the destruction of that obnoxious dough. It was too much for me. It had got beyond my power to handle, and that swelling propensity was so suggestive of infinity it scared me. An infinity of dough—just think of that, Stevey!—in which we would all live, and move, and have our being. I believe it almost gave me the hysterics. I was so nervous I felt as if I had killed somebody, and had very little time to dispose of the body. I caught up the shovel and threw all the surplus dough back in the pan and hammered it down. It was meandering about the floor in the most exasperating manner, and I had stepped in it two or three times, and the soles of my shoes had got so sticky I could hardly walk. Then I picked up the pan and ran with it down to the deserted lot back of our garden and emptied it out, and piled no end of stones on top of it. After that, I went home and tried to obliterate the traces of the tragedy; but I was like Lady Macbeth—was it Lady Macbeth?—I couldn't get the blood off my hands; I couldn't get rid of the dough; it was everywhere even after I washed the pan and scrubbed the floor. All the next day and the day after I would hear somebody asking, "Where did this dough come from?" and "Where did *this* dough come from?" And only yesterday Nettie found a piece of it in the folds of my dress; and this morning I found quite a little chunk of it in my trunk. And Professor Thomlinson? Oh, yes. He has done more to render that dough ubiquitous than any one. He has embalmed its memory in a scientific article. Really, Stevey, all that stuff he wrote about a new kind of fungus with its innumerable peculiarities and its queer acid smell was on the strength of finding my dough. You see it couldn't lay still in its grave like a well behaved corpse, but swelled up among the stones I put on it and showed itself like mushrooms—like a small mountain of mushrooms. And that acid smell? It *must* have been very sour by the time he found it, and dried all through. And, now, would you tell him about it if you were me? Being a scientific article, I guess it doesn't make much difference, does it? All that's necessary in a scientific article is just to make it so that nobody can understand it—isn't it, Stevey? In that case I had better let

it go. But the funniest thing of all, is that he has got some of it in his glass case of strange specimens."

The delicious days wore into weeks and months, and the young lovers scarcely heeded their flight. Indeed, the days were dropping into a gap they were anxious to see filled up, and the faster they dropped the better it pleased them; but at last the gap was nearly full. Hope had taken out the wedding dress made for Mr. Brownell's bride, and had tried it on every person in the house.

"I certainly will not wear it, ma," she had said at least a dozen times. "I don't know what to do with it. I want somebody to wear it the night of my wedding; and its too small for you, and too large for Nettie, what on earth shall I do with it? I shouldn't wonder if it would just fit Mrs. Marvin. Oh, dear, I must find out. I want to see Mrs. Marvin dressed beautifully for once in her life. I do think she would look angelic with her young face and snowy hair. It is time she came out from her old crushed life, and began to be interested in people and have people interested in her; and ma —"

"Well, what is it?"

"Do you think it sounds very wicked for me to say that I hope the dear little thing will find somebody to love her and marry her and be good to her always; or don't you believe in second marriages? At all events, I am going to give her this dress and coax her to wear it."

When Mrs. Marvin saw the dress her eyes sparkled. Every atom of her being was attuned to beauty in all its forms; and as her life had been spent out of the city, she was warped by no conventionality that forbade her following her own taste in such matters.

"Oh, Hope," she said, smiling, "I never had so fine a dress in my life. Oh, what a lovely thing it is!"

And so, the evening of the wedding arrived; the house was crowded with guests. The long back porch had been curtained for the occasion, and the supper-table set there with its load of good things.

Presently, the event so long anticipated was realized, and Stephen and Hope were pronounced husband and wife. Then, everybody crowded around them with congratulations; and when they had shaken hands with a great many friends, most of whom Hope scarcely saw at all, she was startled by a voice that spoke her name, and, looking up with a quick flutter of excitement in her eyes and a glad little cry, she threw herself into Mr. Brownell's arms.

Yes, Mr. Brownell had made up his mind to "come and see the youngsters married," so he told his housekeeper. The place had never

seemed like home to him after Hope left. The sadness faded out of his face as the months slipped past, but still he wanted Hope. He wanted Stephen, too; he did not separate them in his mind any more. He wanted them both; he needed both of them in his business and in his affections.

A little while after his greetings with Hope, and Stephen, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, a lady, who had attracted his notice by the peculiarity of her beauty, the metropolitan appearance of her queenly attire, and, also, by an expression that seemed familiar, came toward him with outstretched hand and a sweet touching smile—a smile full of chastened sadness, yet bright with kindly remembrance—claiming old acquaintanceship and desiring recognition. But she had to explain.

"I'm Stephen's sister," she said; "I am Mrs. Marvin; it was at our house you first saw Hope."

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, involuntarily.

She felt instantly that the change in her hair had caused his ejaculation; and the past rose before her. She turned her eyes upward and away, and for a moment the old pain tore at her heart, and her sweet, patient face showed it plainer and more pitifully than any words could have expressed it.

"A poor wounded gazelle," he thought.

He took her to supper that night and sat between her and Hope; and somehow, he was not nearly so heart-broken as he expected to be. The wine circulated freely; everybody knew everybody, and it was the jolliest supper ever eaten. At its conclusion Mr. Wilkins volunteered a song.

"A song from Wilkins," roared a dozen voices. "Stand up, Jimmy, and put the style in it."

Mr. Wilkins stood up, but could not get the tune started; he pitched it too low, at first, and then too high; and then proposed to "sell out the job cheap and on long credit," and sat down. Little Sally seemed to feel sorry for him; she patted him on the arm and said:

"I'll sing it for you, poor pa, and you can hold my grapes and flowers while I do it."

"That's the ticket," cried Mr. Wilkins; "one of the loveliest ladies in Diamond City is going to sing it for me."

It was something supposed to be appropriate to the occasion, about a young bride, in which bride was made to rhyme with cried; it began pathetically, but ended quite cheerfully.

"Stand up on the chair, honey," said Mr. Wilkins, "and let it ring."

So, Sally stood up on the chair, and, in a clear, tuneful child's voice, and in the most

modest manner possible to imagine, sung the song through. The last verse was in praise of marriage, and advised "all the young swains and fair damoselles" to get married before it was too late; and to old people out of wedlock, it conveyed the intimation that it was better late than never.

Now, Mr. Brownell and Mrs. Marvin, pleased with the modest appearance and pretty voice of the sweet little singer, were looking at each other and at the child with faces full of smiling, loving kindness; but when the last verse rang out so crystal clear their eyes dropped away from each other, and the smile changed to a look of quiet dignity. Is it not possible that the words were too literal a translation of their secret thought?

My story is nearly finished. Stephen did not take the school; and though Hope had learned to make the most elegant bread in the world, her accomplishment fell useless. It was only a month from the wedding until they began to make preparations to go to New York with Mr. Brownell. There was Stephen and Hope to go, and Mr. Brownell and —

But let us record a conversation between Mrs. Marvin and her hopeful son a week or two before the final departure.

Scene—the lonely cabin where Mr. Brownell first met Hope. The widow is holding her little boy on her lap.

"How would my dear little son like to have a papa to love him, and be good to him?" she asked.

"Would he buy me lots of marbles, and a top, and a knife full of blades, and a tin horn, and a sure-enough gun, and a pair of boots, and a steamboat, and a stove-pipe hat, and a —"

"He would get you all you need."

"Then I want him, ma, you can bet your life on that. Have you got him picked out, ma? Who is he, ma?"

"Mr. Brownell."

"Oh, ma, ma, what a 'plendid idear that is! Oh, let me go quick, ma, let me go."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to tell Mr. Brownell that you are going to marry him, ma. He'll be so glad. He tell'd me the other day that he wanted me for a little son for never and never; and I want to run and tell him I'm going to be."

The lights are turned down; the curtain drops. It only remains to say good-night and happy dreams.

HELEN WILMANS.

THE END.

THE LITERATURE OF UTOPIA.

Mr. Henry George is regarded in some quarters as the founder of a new scheme of social reconstruction, under which poverty and misery are to be banished from the world. I read in the American criticisms on his book, *Progress and Poverty*, that it "is not a work to be crushed aside with lofty indifference or cool disdain;" that "in the whole range of English literature no more radical book was ever written;" and that it "is the most remarkable book on political economy it has ever been our fortune to read." The New York *Herald* caps the climax of this favorable comment with the declaration that "*Progress and Poverty* is not merely the most original, the most striking and important contribution which political economy has yet received from America, but it is not too much to say that in these respects it has no equal since the publication of the *Wealth of Nations*, by Adam Smith, a century ago, or at least since Malthus formulated his theory of population and Ricardo his theory of rent."

The proposition which has drawn forth these favorable notices is one to place all the taxes on land. The Government is practically to assume the proprietorship of all the land, and make use of the taxes which it levies upon it in whatever way it pleases. Mr. George intimates that after it has raised enough for its own support, it can go on levying taxes for any other purpose it may resolve upon. Land by this process is to become the property of the Government, and the taxes extracted from it are to take on the form of rent. But this is not, by any means, an original notion. De Gournay and Quesnay, a century and a half ago, formulated a doctrine similar in character to that we are considering. According to them, all the taxes were to be placed on the land. Speaking of it in his *Maxims*, Quesnay says: "Let not the tax be destructive, nor disproportioned to the total revenue of the nation; let its increase follow the increase of the revenue; let it be assessed directly on the net product of the

landed property, and not on the wages of men nor on provisions, where it would multiply the expenses of collection, be prejudicial to commerce, and destroy annually a part of the wealth of the nation."

I am willing to accord to Mr. George all the merit that attaches to rediscovery. The fact that Eric the Red planted a colony in this country in the tenth century and traveled down the Atlantic coast as far as New Jersey, does not seem in the least to detract from the glory of Columbus. Aristotle is still revered, though the Hindu Guatama was the discoverer of the syllogism of the organon. August Comte has his admirers, though in the doctrine of relativity Pyrrho clearly preceded him. But Mr. George's critics would seem to demand some other kind of treatment. When they were awarding to his work the merit of originality, they should have known what they were talking about. It is not a little singular also, in this connection, that the circumstances under which the School of the Economists was founded, in the time of Louis XIV., were very similar to those which prevailed in this State when Mr. George launched his *Progress and Poverty*. The explosion of Law's system left France prostrate.

While it lasted fortunes were made in a day. Lacqueys took the places of their masters. The economists, after the collapse, turned public attention to land, as the kind of property that is not dissipated in a night. The *tableau economique* was regarded for a time as a veritable revelation—much in the same way as *Progress and Poverty* is now by a certain class of readers. Mr. George's book made its appearance after the eclipse which has fallen on the Comstock. The circumstances under which he wrote were precisely analogous to those which engaged the attention of Quesnay and the Abbé Terray. But the question is not one as to who is the real originator of the scheme, but whether it enunciates a good social law by which the happiness of humanity is likely to be promoted.

When we come to the consideration of this branch of the subject, it is apparent that Mr. George is satisfied that as soon as all the taxes are placed on land, the whole burden of supporting the Government will fall on the proprietors. In one sense land is an excellent distributor of taxes. When taxes are placed on land they are transferred to the products of land. They go into wheat and barley—into bread and beer. They enter meat and vegetables. They get into wool and the clothes we wear. They are present in wine and fruit. Taxes placed on land will ultimately be paid by the consumer. Taxes are shifted from shoul-

der to shoulder. They are usually paid by the last man in the "line"—the man who consumes the article. It seems to me, under this view of the case, that Mr. George proposes that under his system humanity shall lift itself up by its boot-straps. The landed proprietor will shed his taxes as a duck sheds water. He will be a tax-gatherer and not a tax-payer. But Mr. George is evidently of the opinion that in time the burden will become too heavy for him, and that he will as a consequence greatly relax his hold on the land. If he does not, he hints that it can be made too heavy for him. More taxes, which are now to be called rent, can be placed on him than are necessary for the support of Government. Mr. George chuckles in advance over the fund that can be accumulated in this way. He says in his last publication, *The Irish Land Question*, which may be regarded as a sequel to *Progress and Poverty*: "We could do with our great common fund many, many things that would be for the common benefit—many, many things that would give to the poorest what even the richest cannot now enjoy. We could establish free libraries, lectures, museums, art galleries, observatories, gymnasiums, baths, parks, theaters; we could line our roads with fruit trees, and make our cities clean and wholesome and beautiful; we could conduct experiments, and offer rewards for inventions and throw them open to public use." In a foot-note on this subject, Mr. George volunteers the information that "a million of dollars spent in premiums and experiments would, in all probability, make aerial navigation an accomplished fact."

Evidently, the author is of the opinion that all that is necessary to complete the happiness of the denizens of his Utopia is to be able to fly through the air. But, apart from this attachment, it is surprising that the paradise which a writer of such powers of imagination has sketched should bear such a striking resemblance to the pandemonium which we now occupy. We have now "free libraries, lectures, museums, art galleries, observatories, baths and parks," maintained by taxation or private beneficence. We have not, it is true, free theaters, nor fruit trees along the roads. But we offer rewards for inventions by securing to the inventor for a limited time the sole right to manufacture his invention. We find, then, that the only real difference between the good time coming, according to Mr. George, and the present evil time, consists in a universal deadheadism at the theaters, and free strawberries all the year round in the public highways. I am a little skeptical as to whether it would be altogether wise to overturn society for the accomplish-

ment of this object. What Mr. George has really before his mind is the French revolution, with the main factor in that upheaval left out. He thinks that when all the taxes are placed on land the present proprietors will miraculously disappear, and those who are now landless will take their places. To be logically complete, he should have provided some efficient means for removing from the scene or killing off the former unpleasant class. But, as nothing seems to be farther from his thoughts, the land-owners will remain. The taxes levied upon them they will transfer to the consumers of the products of land, who are simply the whole community. The Government will be supported by the persons of all sexes who eat food or wear clothes. Mr. George's common fund, which is to set up free theaters and provide free fruit for all, will come out of the pockets of those for whose benefit these beneficent institutions are to be provided. It is not to be denied that his system would have some effect on surplus and unoccupied lands. Capitalists would not indulge, by reason of the taxes, in any long-range speculation in relation to them. But when a demand for more acreage was likely to arise, they would be on the ground first. They would be able to pay taxes for a year or two before there was any market for the property. Land speculation is something that is always present with us. The Fathers, as they are called, as soon as the independence of the republic was acknowledged, broke themselves at it. Pretty near all the land speculation on a large scale, which has since taken place, has traveled the same road. The calculations that were made as to the time when the lands so secured would be salable have, nearly in all cases, proved delusive. Something unexpected is always happening to retard or divert the movement, no matter how clearly it may appear to be outlined.

But while Mr. George's plan for the reconstruction of the social edifice can be followed with tolerable clearness in the country parts, much confusion and uncertainty is encountered when it is applied to cities. There are elements which determine value in farms that are wholly wanting in city lots. The land in the interior is arable or sterile; it is capable of producing wheat or wine; or it is only good for pasturage; or it is marshy and needs draining. But the element of use cannot well become a factor in fixing the value of town lots. To try to do so—that is to say, to fix values according to the use to which the land is devoted—is to introduce a factor which the system plainly excludes; that is to say, the improvements. There are some minor elements of value in town lots,

such as accessibility, grade, character of the foundation, etc. But the main factor must under these circumstances be area. The milk or the hog ranch, therefore, in the outskirts of a town would have to pay about as much taxes as the lot upon which a vast and magnificent hotel stands. If the market gardener and the hotel proprietor occupied equal space, they would have to pay equal taxes. It is not difficult to forecast what effect such a policy would have on the social organism. The occupation of land, except when it could be used as a distributor of taxes, would be impossible, except in the case of the rich. The hotel keeper and the market gardener would be in a position to shift the burden from their own shoulders—the former to the persons who lodged with him, and the latter to those who ate his turnips or asparagus. The only difference would be that vegetables would be higher in their relation to lodgings than they are now; but the moderate homestead would sink out of sight under the weight of the taxation. If all the taxes had to come out of the land the people would be driven to live in barracks or tenement-houses. They would have to live huddled together much after the fashion of the Chinese. There would be great vacant spaces in the suburbs of all cities covered with rubbish and *débris*, for no one would pay taxes on them till there was a certainty that they could be utilized. I do not think it will be necessary to waste much time seeking to determine what benefit is likely to accrue to the cause of humanity from such an arrangement. There is nothing discernible here but a blind blow at the family relation. Probably nothing was farther from the mind of the author of this scheme for the amelioration of mankind than that we are considering; but such would clearly be the effect of what he proposes. The owner of the homestead could not shift his taxes to any other shoulders. They would fall with crushing weight on him. Mr. George's system in cities is calculated to tax the home out of existence, and substitute in its place the tenement-house. This living in common would certainly be a step in the direction of the more repulsive forms of communism. But it is hard to believe that any such results were contemplated in the theory under consideration.

But it occurs to me that Mr. George would have considerably modified his theory if he had only taken the pains to apply it to existing facts. He seemed to be totally unaware of the circumstance that we have been on the road to his paradise in this city for some time past. Our career in that respect has only been arrested by the party with which he admits more or less

sympathy. Previous to the adoption of the New Constitution real property bore about 79 per cent. of all the taxation in San Francisco. We would have only to get over 21 per cent. to reach that state of human happiness which he so vividly portrays. The New Constitution arrested the tendency to put all the taxes on real estate. It created a reaction in the direction of personal property to the extent of about 11 per cent. But still the fact must not be ignored that we are even now within 31 per cent., or thereabouts, of the bliss which he seeks to confer upon us. More than that, in New York, where Mr. George is now, the advance to his millennium is still more pronounced. There real estate pays 87 per cent. of all the taxes. A little stride of 13 per cent. would land that metropolis fairly in Mr. George's Utopia. It must be forever regarded as a marvel that the founder of the latest school of economic philosophy got so near his own promised land without, to all appearances, having the least consciousness of the fact. On the contrary, he draws some very affecting pictures in his pamphlet, *The Land Question in Ireland*, about the misery which prevails in that great commercial center. He has something very affecting to say of tenement-house life and the squalor of its surroundings. But lodging in crowds is the result of the high rents which prevail on Manhattan Island. High rents, again, are the product of high taxation of real estate. That taxation, as we have already seen, reaches 87 per cent. in the city in question; but, according to Mr. George, if 13 per cent. more could be clapped on, the scene would at once be changed. The very least to be expected is that the denizens of the Five Points would be moved, bag and baggage, to the Fifth Avenue. This is a transformation that might have been worked by Cagliostro, but it will be a tough job for a mere economist to carry out. An explanation is needed of the phenomenon that, whereas 87 per cent. tax on real estate consigns the working classes to tenement-houses, 100 per cent. will lodge them in palaces. It is true that the taxation which we are now examining in this city and New York includes improvements. For instance, the naked land in this city was valued last year at \$122,029,868, and the improvements at \$42,968,640. The proportion which improvements bear to land in New York is probably larger. But the elimination of the improvements would rather aggravate than lessen the expense of lodging. Certainly, there is no view that can be taken of it in which a reduction is possible. The taxes would all come out of the lodgers, for few, as already stated, but the rich could occupy land as a

homestead. The elementary proposition in taxation, which Mr. George does not seem to have mastered, is that in nine cases out of ten, roughly estimated, the person assessed for a tax is not a tax-payer, but a collector of taxes. He collects for the government which imposes it, usually with a percentage for his trouble.

Nor is Mr. George more fortunate in his historical researches than he is in the application of his economic principles. In the pamphlet on the "Irish Land Question" (p. 50), he says, "The putting of property in land in the same category as property in things produced by labor is comparatively modern. In England as in Ireland and Scotland, as in fact among every people of whom we have any knowledge, the land was originally treated as common property; and this recognition ran all through the feudal system. The essence of the feudal system was in treating the landholder not as an owner, but as a lessee." The first property known among men was the property in land. The archaic form is found in the Hindu village community. A certain piece of land is cultivated by a family. To each member was assigned a piece for himself. The only tie recognized by primitive man was that of relationship. Into the Hindu village community strangers could be admitted by adoption. When so admitted, they became technically members of the family. Sir Henry Sumner Maine states that there are some communities in Russia where this form still survives. The only addition made to it is, that at stated intervals there is a redistribution of the lands among the members of the family, tribe, or clan. In Greece and Rome we have the same system, but modified by what was known as the *patria potestas*. The ownership of the land was in the father, who had also control over the lives of his children and dependants. In the feudal system, the patriarch was converted into the chief. The lands were held by the vassals on condition of personal and military service. In the early form the chief held simply a larger share than the other clansmen. In the middle ages, on the decay of central authority, many independent communities sought protection by voluntary infeudation. As the relationship between the chief and the clansmen became more and more attenuated, the former grew in power. The common lands were, in course of time, appropriated by him. When, afterward, a reaction toward a common central authority took place, the serfs and vassals were released from the payment of feudal dues, which had taken on the form of rent. But they lost their lands in the process, apparently without any knowledge of the wrong in-

flicted upon them. The dues which they had formerly rendered to the feudal chief were simply transferred to the central government. They were not taken directly and in kind, as under the feudal system, but in the shape mostly of indirect imposts. Taxes were taken from the man when he bought a hat or drank a cup of coffee or tea, without his knowing anything of the process by which he was being divested of his hard earnings. Nor was he released from military service. He was still subject to draft by the central authority whenever he was required in the field. Directly and indirectly, all he had formerly given or paid to the feudal chief was exacted by the central authority which had superseded the lord. But, in the transfer, he was stripped of his land, and turned out naked into the world. Wherever this great transformation has taken place it has been announced as one of the great triumphs of civilization. It has been labeled emancipation and other high-sounding names. But, wherever it has been accomplished, the peasant has been changed from a coproprietor into a tenant at will, and he has been simply cheated out of his land. The land was never treated anywhere as common land. The notion that land should be as free as air or water is purely chimerical. There is not the least analogy between them. Nobody has ever been able to reduce air to ownership. In a modified sense the history of water is the same. Land, however, is totally different. There is, perhaps, not an acre of land worth the having in civilization which has not been stolen, so to speak, a dozen times over. Invaders have dispossessed aborigines and seized their lands. This is the history of nearly all nations. The present occupants have always come from some other place. Social transformations, in which the sharp and acute have taken advantage of the ignorant and confiding, have also played their part in the changes of ownership. There are only two methods of acquiring and holding land—buying it or taking it by force or fraud.

Furthermore, it is not altogether correct to say that the effect of modern civilization is to place property in land on the same equality as property in things. Nor is it that what Mr. George himself is trying to do. His scheme is to release property in things from its share of taxation, and place it all on property in land. Besides, the evolution of property was exactly the reverse of what he supposes. The first property was in land. For ages a tedious ceremony was necessary for its transfer. The *libripens* had to attend with his scales to weigh the money. A certain number of witnesses had also to be present. Every step in the cer-

emony was minutely prescribed. This was intended to fix the memory of the transaction in so many minds that no question could afterward be raised about the transfer. In the old long-winded deeds we had a survival of this system. All this time personal property passed readily from hand to hand without much formality. The tendency of modern times is to make the transfer of real property just as easy as that of personal property. With this view much of the old verbiage in deeds, especially in this country, has been eliminated. In Australia alone perfect equality in the transfer of the different kinds of property has been reached. There the title to land is transferred by simple indorsement, much as a note is with us. The recorder's office takes the place of the *libripens* and the witnesses. The tendency, therefore, of modern times is to place property in land on an equality with property in things, and not as Mr. George has stated it. This property in things has played a conspicuous part in breaking down the old monopoly in land. It accomplished that purpose to a large extent in ancient Greece. The wealth acquired by the Grecian merchants placed them soon on an equality with the old expatriate owners. The same phenomenon was witnessed in Rome in the case of the Licinii and the great contractors. It was by acquisition of personal property that they worked their way into the senate and secured a share in the legislation of the republic. The gentlemen of the period were those who had a *gens*, or family. The *gens*, or family, was always the owner of lands in greater or less area. It was by the accumulation of money that plebeians succeeded in breaking down these barriers. Much the same condition of things is now observable in England. It will thus be seen that personal property has done much to break down the old land monopoly. It has done much to promote the freedom and equality of the human race. But it has since acquired such power and prominence that it needs checking itself. By modern inventions it has built up monopolies beside which those of Greece, Rome, or of the Middle Ages, sink into insignificance. The great feudal lords of the epoch are the railroad magnates, the cotton lords, and the manufacturers. They have succeeded in feudalizing labor and reducing it to subjection. Their palaces and equipages in all monarchical countries throw those of the old nobility into the shade. They take toll of everything that passes along their highways. They are silent partners in the profits, but not the losses, of most commercial ventures. They control absolutely many of the necessities of life. They have practically the power of life and death over their de-

pendants, for they can reduce their wages or discharge them. But this is the class which Mr. George would release from all the burdens of government.

It is not monopoly in land that confronts us, at least in this country. There may be some trouble on that head in parts of Europe, but there is none here. There are no large estates of long standing anywhere. The only one I can call to mind now is that of the Astors in New York. But the possessions of the old patroons have long since melted away. San Francisco was once practically owned by less than fifty persons. There are now not less than forty thousand property owners. Accumulations of land disappear almost as quickly as they are secured. There is such a thing as being land-poor with us. The man with the most land is often the man who is the worst off in the community. The Fathers went to the wall on land speculations. Their sons have followed frequently in their footsteps. Putting all the taxes on land will not cure anything. On the contrary, it will aggravate corporate exaction.

It is not an easy thing to determine the place to which Mr. George's scheme is to be assigned in the literature of Utopia. All of them, from Plato's *Model Republic* to Shaeffle's *Quintessence of Communism*, present a complete system. In Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* we have little more than Plato's notion, adapted to a more complex form of society, with some geographical accessions. In Campanella's *City of the Sun* there is a variation in the original theme and no more. In most modern schemes confiscation of the land is an incident rather than the main operation. In Fourier's plan the proprietors of land are to be paid off in means of enjoyment. In Shaeffle's *Quintessence* the same rule is proposed, but with the addition that if they shall refuse they are to be expropriated. Mr. George proposes that the state shall recover possession of the land. In his opinion the state was originally owner of all the soil. But no such condition of things ever existed. States grew out of the amalgamation of

feudalities. King John was known in England as John Lackland. Conquered territory was vested in the king as it used to be in the feudal chief. He parted with it principally on conditions of service. But having got hold of the land, Mr. George is evidently of the opinion that nothing more is to be done. Corporations will grow mild and beneficent when nobody owns the soil. All the new questions which are now puzzling society will instantly disappear. There will no longer be any trouble about currency. I am inclined to think also that "three-hooped pot will have ten hoops." Sparta is the only state in which communism was ever practically put to the test. There the land was divided into portions. There was a common dining-table, to which every citizen could repair whenever he chose, provided he brought his contribution of bread or vegetables. The children were brought up at the expense of the state. They were taught to steal fruit, and were punished only when they were found out. There was no money in Sparta. When it was once resolved to reward allies, a fast for twenty-four hours for men and animals was decreed, so as to raise a gift. But the system was short-lived and repressive of progress. Sparta left no monuments. All the efforts to carry out the same principles privately have likewise failed. There was no reason why the communistic establishments set up at various times should not have flourished, if they were based on sound principles. The fact that the notion was carried out on the larger stage of a state would not have secured any better demonstration. All these theories are schemes of the improvident to get control of the possessions of the provident. It is quite clear that they will have to exhibit a wonderful power of fascination before they can succeed. If the world were to be turned upside down for these dreamers, the parties who had the nearest and strongest hold on property would soon bring about a reaction. The landless is quite certain to give up his notions of communism the moment he gets land of his own.

M. G. UPTON.

THE DREAM-PLANT OF INDIA.

For some years it has been a mooted question whether opium cultivation would be profitable in California; but as yet no extended nor scientifically conducted attempt has been made. Though poppy plants have been produced and have attained good growth, promising an abun-

dant yield, the project has not received that attention which those who have had experience with the plant are confident would be given if proper care were bestowed upon its culture. There is no doubt that opium could be produced in California, and in such quantity as to

prove not only profitable to private speculators, but to the Government.

The poppy was early cultivated in India, and formed an important item in the revenues of the ancient Mogul emperors. It was from time immemorial a monopoly; and in the sixteenth century the old Mohammedan chroniclers considered that only as a monopoly could the cultivation of the drug be profitable. For many years the most lax management prevailed. Little or no account of the area under poppy was registered, and as an inducement to the Government officers a commission was offered on the sales, which then were not held regularly once a month. These commissions often amounted to twice the amount of salary paid to the opium officers during the year, and it was not uncommon for the Government to reduce these perquisites to a reasonable sum.

It was not till Lord Dalhousie's viceroyalty that the Opium Department was placed, to use a military expression, upon an effective footing. The first Agency, as it is termed, was started in 1797 at the pleasant little station of Ghazipur. This is on the borders of the North-west Provinces and Bengal, and it is here that the Opium Agent, chief of the department, has his headquarters. In 1821-22, another change was effected; for we learn that a regular Opium Agent was appointed, who was aided by several assistants in charge of the various districts where in poppy was cultivated. These, in their turn, supervised the labors of native *gomasthas*, officers on inferior pay and of inferior grades. Again, in 1835-36, further changes were effected in the department; but it was not till 1852 that those important, as well as beneficial, measures were introduced, which resulted in making the Opium Department the "backbone" of the Indian revenue.

The machinery of the government is, from the nature of circumstances, expensive. The staff of European officers is enormous, as a constant check has to be maintained upon the native subordinates, who are unrestrained by the considerations of honesty. Notwithstanding this, and the immense extent of territory over which the poppy is grown, and over which the department has control, Mr. Rivett-Carnac succeeds in working this department at a surprisingly low cost. This officer has not only an Indian, but a European reputation, as a scientist, *littérateur*, and man of culture. His monographs on numismatology and his researches into Indian archæology have stamped him as a man of no ordinary genius. Descended from an ancient family of Bretagne, Mr. Rivett-Carnac is well fitted, not alone by study and inclination, but also by descent, for the pursuits

so dear to the heart of those who love the historic past.

A great "howl" has been periodically raised against England for her "iniquitous conduct" in importing opium into China through Hongkong. Many have asserted that were it not for Great Britain, China would never have known the influence of the deleterious drug. This is entirely false. Mr. Turnbull, a well known authority on opium, affirms that China is indebted to Nipal for the introduction of the Indian drug. This statement is open to correction, for the earliest, as well as most reliable, authors declare that opium was first brought to China by the Portuguese, and unshipped at the port of Canton. Again, leaving aside the question of introduction, we are brought face to face with the question of the baneful effects springing from the use of the drug. No authority of any weight has as yet been given to prove that the popular way of thinking is correct, while there are many who have long tried to dispel the public fallacy. Notably among these stands the name of Mr. Colborne Baber, once British Resident at Chungking. In one of Mr. Baber's reports to the Government he speaks of the Chinese who smoke opium as the "flower of the Mongol race," and asserts that he has traveled thousands of miles with men who were in the practice of smoking, and never noticed that they suffered in the least.

No good would result if the British Government were to stop the importation of Indian opium into China. Indeed, evil would be the immediate consequence, for the opium prepared in India is of the best quality—the greatest care being taken that the standard adopted by the Government shall be maintained, and for this sole reason a department has been formed. If the British Government were actuated by a mere money-making desire, it could easily import opium into China either in a crude or farinaceously adulterated state. Would the Chinese be any the wiser? Not a single chest of opium finds its way into China which has not been chemically tested, thoroughly manipulated, scientifically manufactured and prepared by the officers of the Opium Department. The pay of the officials, the maintenance of a scientific body of men, and the expenses involved in establishing "weighing stations," could be at once done away with if the British Government entered into the opium traffic as a speculation.

If we descend to the calm logic of facts, we shall find that the British are, in a manner, benefiting the Chinese. No one will have the hardihood to deny that opium, in large quantities, is cultivated in many a province of the "flowery land." Baron von Richthofen and

several other writers on Chinese matters have shown a formidable array of statistics relating to the extent of the culture. Mr. Colborne Baber has given many an instance proving the infatuation the Chinese peasant has for opium cultivation. The Imperial Government fulminates terrible and barbarous denunciations against the poppy; but, if we are to believe Mr. Baber, little or no heed is paid to the decrees emanating from the Imperial Court.

There is another broad fact to consider. The Emperor and his advisers are strongly averse to the culture of opium within their territories; yet they could, by fostering the cultivation of it, limit the import of Indian opium. If England ceased her export, an inferior quality would, at once, be placed in the Chinese markets, both of home and foreign manufacture. Persia within the last few years has largely increased her export. It must be admitted that the Indian opium is far superior to that made either by the Persians or the Chinese. As the case now stands, if harm accrues to smokers, that harm is limited to the smallest possible extent by the superiority of the drug. The Chinese and Persians have not the science, the appliances, nor the opportunities that are possessed by the Indian Government. And, further, it is an established fact that no Asiatics can be trusted to maintain, without European supervision, any honesty in their dealings, or to keep in good order any machinery; or, above all, to abstain from palming off rotten wares, especially where the liability to detection is small.

Before attempting any elaborate description of poppy culture, it will be as well on my part to give brief explanation of the land tenure of India, and the relations existing between the *raiat* and the British Government. Four-fifths of India belongs to the Government; that is, the Government is the actual possessor and landlord. Leases of thirty years only are granted, known as the "thirty years' settlement." At the expiration of that time every rood of land is liable to be reassessed at higher valuation, according to the experiments effected by the landlord. In no country in the world is the *raiat*, or petty landlord, so miserable as in India. The most varied of causes conduce to this; not least, the system of land tenure introduced by the British. It is acknowledged that the old Mohammedan emperors managed to secure a larger revenue from the land in the sixteenth century than do the British, with all their boastings of improvement, in the nineteenth century. No landlord, be he European or Asiatic, would care to put himself to the expense of digging wells and constructing works necessary for irrigation simply to be addition-

ally taxed at the expiration of thirty years. It is on this account that many of the irrigation works maintained in the days of native rule by the people, at their own cost, have been so neglected and otherwise destroyed that the Government has had to step in and take them in charge, thus involving great outlays of money, which could easily be avoided if a different land tenure were adopted. Many changes have been suggested, but the one advising a ninety and nine years' lease seems to be the simplest and most effective. Famine in some years has been the only harvest reaped by the Government, as a reward for its obtuseness—injustice would be too harsh. However, the average Indian official is an obstinate animal, and is more conservative than the most conservative Brahmin. And it is to be feared that it will be long, if ever, before any radical change will be effected in the present system.

The holdings are, as a general rule, ridiculously small. Many do not exceed one-twelfth of an acre. It is such tiny plots of land—resembling a cottage garden—that the Indian *raiat* will, year after year, toil over and cultivate, raising barely sufficient, after all dues are paid, to keep body and soul together. Rarely is nature satisfied. He is equally defenseless against the fiery *loo* (the hot west wind) of the spring, the dreadful rains of summer, and the biting frosts of winter. His single garment is a ragged sheet thrown over his shoulders, and twisted between his legs; his children run naked, his wife wears a thin petticoat and a still thinner shawl. Yet uncomplainingly he labors from the first glimpse of dawn to the hour when night with her black mantle casts sudden darkness over the wide-stretching plains, the broad rivers, and high mountains of Hindustan. His lot is little better than that of the cattle he employs in plowing and watering the land. Other assistance he has none. His wife and children take the place of hired labor. The juvenile members of the family pick weeds, scare off the hungry crows and *minas*, and perform other light work suited to their tender age and slender physique. The wife, too, assists; but her time is, perhaps, better occupied in kneading into unwholesome bread the dough made from the coarsest cereals. This is their only food. It is occasionally garnished with a little garlic, a few chillies, and in seasons of extraordinary festivity with *jagree*, or solid treacle. Their only drink is water. Little wonder is it then that the average native of India is a sickly, miserable creature, dragging through a few short years of wretched and half-starved existence. Yet it may be said, and with justice, that no country

in the world shows a more frugal, hard-working, and law-abiding peasantry than India. The terrible scenes that were enacted in 1857-58 were the outburst of long pent up wrongs, suffered through generations, till the evil became unendurable and the worm turned for vengeance. It has ever been England's fatal policy to exasperate willing subjects. And it seems, too, that individual Englishmen, however high souled and right minded they may be, think that they should in their respective commands follow the course of "blind folly" dictated by the home authorities.

The poppy plant is exclusively cultivated by natives, aided by money advances from the British Government, and under the supervision of its officers. The cultivation is exceedingly popular, for the money advance is always liberal, and the price paid for the opium when delivered leaves a handsome surplus, even after all advances and other dues have been deducted. The natives enter into contract with the Government officers, relating to the acreage of land they intend to devote to poppy culture. This is for the purpose of determining the money advance; and it is during the months from July to October that the "settlements," as they are termed, are arranged. No sooner are these settlements determined, than native surveyors are sent to the opium districts, whose duty it is to survey such lands sown with poppy seed, check any attempts at short cultivation, and, in fact, keep the *raiats* to the terms of their contract. To simplify matters, the cultivators, with whom the Government enters into agreement, appoint one of their own body as *lambardar*, or agent, and should there be any shortcomings on the part of the *raiats*, the government holds the *lambardar* responsible. For this duty he is allowed a commission of one *rupee* (fifty cents) for each eighty pounds of the opium delivered by the class of men he represents.

The European officers proceed into the districts in November, and remain till March. It is their business to supervise the settlements, report upon the fields, the state of the crops, and the prospects of the season. About the end of January the plant commences to flower, and continues until March. The petals are watched, and are carefully collected in the following manner. The forefinger and thumb encircle the stem just beneath the pod, and with the other fingers drawn inward a kind of tube is formed; the tube is then gently raised straight over the pod, and if the petals are matured they come off; they are never plucked off as it would injure the pod. These petals are used for the manufacture of "flower leaves" in which

are packed the opium balls when ready for transport, and are valuable for that purpose. Their manufacture is simple and inexpensive. A circular ridged earthen plate, about twelve inches in diameter, is placed over a slow fire. The required quantity of petals is then placed in it and pressed with a damp cloth pad until they adhere together; the flower leaf is then removed and allowed to dry.

In February, the plant is so far matured that an estimate of the probable out-turn can be made. The second advance is now made, as also one for flower leaves. Toward the end of January and beginning of February, the plant comes to maturity, and then commences the operation of lancing the pods. This is really the main difficulty in the cultivation of opium, as the plant is hardy and requires but little, and that ordinary, care. Good irrigation, a not very liberal supply of manure, and ground clear of weeds, are all sufficient to procure a fair standing crop. But the lancing, so as to procure the juice, is quite a different matter. And it is on this account that cultivators, when first engaged in the task, are exceedingly nervous as to the result of their experiments.

The pods are lanced in the afternoon, the opium being allowed to exude till next morning, when it is carefully taken off with an iron scraper. At the same time precaution is taken to close the incisions by running a finger over the cuts. About five or six incisions suffice for the drawing of the juice. The opium that has been collected is placed in brass vessels, slightly tilted, so as to drain off the dew or any other watery substance. It is then manipulated and placed in a new earthen vessel, and is thus kept till it is brought to the *godowns* to be weighed. After the opium has been gathered the poppy pods are broken off, allowed to dry, and the seeds collected for the next year's sowing. Should there be a surplus it is disposed of to traders.

The time of the "weighments" depends entirely on the season. If the weather is dry, with the hot west winds, work is begun early in April; if not, it is delayed till May. The date is fixed by the opium officers; and notice is immediately given to the cultivators, in order that they present themselves with their opium at the different stations. No sooner do the cultivators receive their orders than they start for the weighing stations. Along the picturesque lanes and roads, with crates laden with earthen pots containing opium, crowds of *raiats* hurry to the spot where the *sahib logues* hold the "weighments." They travel only by night. The heat of the day is too fierce to permit exposure. When the day is done whole families

commence their weary pilgrimage, bare-footed and half-naked, but bearing on their heads sufficient to make them comfortable if they received anything like a proper value. During the day they seek the grateful shade of the noble groves that are so liberally planted over all north-western India; and, encamping under the spreading branches of the famous mango tree, they make ready their simple meal and prepare for the day's rest. Under the care of a *silladar*, or Government officer, who has charge of those representing a district, they arrive at the weighing stations, and have in turn to present their opium to be weighed and tested as to quality. The cultivators are generally ignorant, and many of them have never in their lives seen Europeans. The dread they evince of Englishmen is ludicrous as well as painful. They tremble as they approach, and regard the *sahib* much in the same manner as more civilized men do a tame lion or tiger. Their fears are enhanced through the play made on them by rascally peons and petty *employés* of the Government who, for purposes of extortion, represent that if paid they will "make it all right" with the *sahib*, who, on account of such good offices, will treat them well.

At sunrise, the beating of a gong announces that work for the day has commenced, and the *raiat*s are ranged in long lines before the examining officers who test the opium. Though it looks very simple to the outsider, it is only by long experience that one can become a clever tester. The quality is ascertained by the consistency and color. First-class opium has a rich deep brown color, and is very thick and glutinous; the more inferior the quality the blacker the color and thinner the consistency. The officer, with the aid of a knife, turns the opium and smells it, marking the quality on the side of the earthen basin. This is then carried to the place where further chemical experiments are made; and to prove that the opium is not adulterated with farinaceous matter, tincture of

iodine is applied. If the *raiat* has been mixing flour, the iodine immediately discovers the attempted deception by giving the opium a bluish color. For punishment, the whole is confiscated by the Government.

Beyond weighing, classifying, testing, and making payment, the weighing stations have nothing further to do with the opium. The actual manufacture and preparation are reserved for the central or manufacturing station, where, under scientific superintendence, the drug is made into balls, packed, and dispatched to Calcutta. For instance, Ghazipur is the central station for the North-west Provinces and Patna for Behar. To these two places all the opium that is grown in India must be sent; and it is only from their *godowns* that the "deleterious, death-dealing drug," as it has been facetiously termed, is sent for the use of the "poor deluded Chinese."

The out-turn of opium per acre depends entirely upon the soil. Very carefully cultivated land will produce thirty pounds to a *bigha*, but the most that can be hoped for is about twenty-four pounds. When we come to consider that twenty-four pounds of opium is the produce of a *bigha* which has been cultivated for years, and on which comparatively little manure has been expended, it must be admitted that this is a splendid average. In California, where the soil is virgin, the climate favorable, and irrigation easily supplied, the profits arising from the culture would be incalculable. It would be folly to attempt the cultivation and preparation unless it were trusted to those who understand the business. But that is of secondary importance, as there are men in San Francisco who have gained experience in opium cultivation as well under the Indian Government as in China; and there is little doubt that, under careful supervision, an important industry might be fostered in California, and an impetus imparted to a new department of the foreign trade of the United States.

JNO. H. GILMOUR.

VENUS VICTRIX.

Winter had come, swiftly and silently, in Berne, shrouding the Alpine heights in mists of snow, covering the face of earth with a pure white pall, fascinating in its beauty, but fatal as the charms of Lady Holle of Eisenach, when by the gleam of her golden hair and the witchery of the love-light in her eyes she lured Tannhäuser into her mount to his destruction.

For days the wind from the north had blown cold and freezing. It ran riot through the long streets, whistled round the corners of the great houses, and beat on the window-panes as if demanding entrance. The comfortable burgher only rubbed his hands, and said, "A fearful night truly. Fill up the wine-cups, Heinrich. Sing us a song of the Southland, Rita."

The shrill wind and the driving sleet respected not the homes of the poor, for they beat down their chimneys like evil ones pursued by the avenging fury of the Eumenides, puffed at their feeble glimmer of fire as if to extinguish it, and chilled the good Mutter's hands at her knitting until she was forced to lay down little Bertol's sock with a sigh, for her stiffened fingers refused to move. The father sat in the corner with an empty pipe in his mouth, and thought moodily and bitterly until his forehead was furrowed with lines like the cornfields when the farmer lads have gathered the harvest and turned up the earth in ridges, leaving it without yield.

The wind shrieked itself hoarse. Clouds gathered around the Alps, dimming their outline. Again, a steady, noiseless fall of snow covered the earth. Each flake chilled like the icy touch of death, and all Berne lay under the whiteness. Icicles glistened like jewels from the eaves of the houses, and the hoar-frost traced mystic pictures on many a window-pane. The birds huddled close together, hoping for warmth from companionship, but the Erl King breathed on them and they fell dead.

Little Bertol would sob every morning when he found one on the doorstep:

"Mutter, I must give my bread to the birdlings."

"Nein, nein," she answered, shaking her head sorrowfully. "The cold has frozen the rich men's hearts as it has the birdlings, lieb-ling, and we might want."

The high mountains looked down upon the city nestling at their feet like a mother upon a child, and their heads seemed lifted into heaven as if in supplication for its needs. The Jungfrau was clothed as a bride in virgin white, and as the sun kissed her forehead ere he went to rest, she blushed in rosy glow, and all the lovely valley of Lauterbrunnen reflected her beautiful color. The echo of the "Ranz des Vaches" was hushed on the heights; the sweet sounds of the lioba, lioba, were stilled, for the cattle had been driven to shelter, or, belated, lay frozen in the snows. Alpine flowers shivered, folded their petals, and died. The pale edelweiss alone lifted her pure cup amid the whiteness.

It was Christmas Eve. Sounds of mirth and laughter, mingled with wails and groans, filled the town. The rich danced and feasted; the poor starved and wept.

"The snow is like marble," Bertol exclaimed. "I have made a man. Would that it were stone so it might last."

"Hush, child," the Mutter replied. "We must think of bread, not stone."

"We will take our savings and go to America," the father said. "The lad will be done with his dreaming then."

Bertol was a tall, slender lad, with great dreamy eyes. He worked with his father on homely sabots, oftentimes inserting delicacy in the arabesque patterns he traced upon them. The neighbors shook their heads, and said:

"Some day our Bertol will be great." But the Berne peasants were ignorant folk, and knew nothing of the great world beyond.

Bertol went to school, and learned of Greece and Rome. His heart beat at their names as an old soldier's would when strains of martial music fill the air, causing him to dream of a Marathon or Waterloo. Genius was the plant hidden in his heart, stirring every fiber of his being. Its yield was a mystery still, its flower nameless. Once, in passing a shop, he saw a cast of the Venus of Melos, an Aphrodite, who sprung from an unknown hand. The sea foam was incarnate in her being. Her master, whether a Phidias or Alcamenes, was one whom genius inspired.

Bertol dreamed of the Venus. Her features were engraved on his memory; her image was ever before him in its divinity. But her arms were wanting. That marred her perfectness.

"When I am grown," he sighed, "I shall search all Greece until I find them."

The time was set for their journey. The night before Bertol stole softly out. The wind was cold and bitter. The large white moon shone with a clear light over the sleeping world. He went to the shop window; pressed his face close to the pane. It hurt, but he felt it not, for the moonbeams were shining on the face of the Venus. She, too, looked cold and white as the world.

"Good-bye!" he murmured fondly, as to a human being. "I shall never, never forget."

His heart ached when he saw the poor, mutilated arms, and she seemed to smile at him so pitiably!

Old Hans shook the snow from his feet joyfully, and they sailed over the seas to a new world, and traveled many weary miles, until they reached the Golden State.

"We will go up to the mountains," Hans said, "where we may have land for the taking."

"It is heavenly!" Bertol exclaimed as they neared the Sierra. "It is our Alps, only more beautiful. It is our mountains new-born in the spring-time!"

"Yes; but in the winter, snow covers them, too," Hans replied.

"But is the weeping of youth, not age, father?"

Their worldly possessions were few—so few, when they left the train, they were easy to carry.

Hans was a fatalist in his simple fashion, and literally carried out his beliefs. It is not a bad sort of philosophy for wiser heads. Man strives and frets against fortune; yet, after all, what is written shall be, and, like a caged bird, he breaks his wings in beating against the bars.

Some one at the wayside station told him he would find a deserted miner's cabin some miles up the gulch; so he exultingly said to the good Mutter:

"It is the finger of Providence."

They walked along the fern-bordered brook, past beds of rose-tinted rhododendrons, sweet red buds and myriads of flower blooms covering the hillside.

At sunset they reached the rude log cabin. Dead ashes were in the open fireplace, and a loaf of bread, hardened almost to stone, lay on the table, as if the occupant had just stepped out—and, indeed, the owner had stepped into another world scarce a year ago.

"The soil is rich as the mud of Aär," Hans said, as he turned it over with a stick. "We will plant and work. The man told me of a farmer above here who will let us have everything needful. You will not find time for dreaming, my lad."

The Frau simply answered:

"I shall miss our old neighbors;" then commenced dusting the floor to hide her rising tears.

The farmer, with true mountain friendliness, sold them a cow, helped them plow a few acres of sloping land, and taught them the simple customs of agriculture.

Little May, the farmer's daughter, played, walked with Bertol, and loved him, as the years passed.

"I was so lonely before you came!" she said archly one day as they sat by the stream, idly talking. "The dolls father used to bring me were nothing but sawdust."

"It was like people in the world," Bertol answered sadly—"hearts and brains nothing but sawdust. Helen must have been like that to have left Menelaus for Paris. Achilles was killed; it availed nothing."

He thought to himself, dreamily, as he carved a bit of soapstone, "If it had been my Venus, it would have been well."

May became impatient of his silence and slipped away, hoping he would follow, but Bertol's thoughts wandered far away. The knife fell from his hand as he lay on the grass, his face upturned to the sky.

May was a flower that had sprung up in barren soil, as the crimson snow-plant does amid depths of ice. Her parents were ruddy pioneers, and when she came to them in the May

they named her after the month, and all the joy of spring-time bubbled up in her nature, breaking into coquettish little ways and graces. She loved the delicate Swiss lad, though he did not seem of the world.

"His head is wrong," the farmer declared, roughly; "but he is a good lad."

The thought of Venus and his mission sunk deeper and deeper in his heart. He was twenty now, and longed to go out into the world and fulfill his quest. He was startled from his reverie by a voice, and, looking up, saw an old man regarding him steadily.

"Boy," he laughed, "you are young to be instilling truisms of the hollowness of the world in a maiden's ears. What do you know of it here in this solitude? Let the people dissect the dolls for themselves."

Bertol started to his feet in confusion.

"Where under the sun have you imbibed the wisdom of Thoth? Are you a Dryad, or an Adonis wandered from the classic shores to the Sierra, or an Endymion by the brook?" he asked, quizzically, with a gleam of amusement as he watched the boy's reddening face.

"I am a simple peasant boy, sir, who would be a sculptor," he said, proudly.

The stranger laughed heartily.

"I am a wanderer, boy, who also would be great. The would be's—'ay, there's the rub!' A shepherd and a wanderer with aspirations! It is a joke at which the world would shake its sides and scream in laughter. Ambition is for the palace, not the hut, lad. Fame can be bought. The laurel weighs heavy on the brow, still we rush recklessly on, ransoming our lives for a mere sprig of the victor's shrub. Sappho won it, but the sea vanquished it. Leonidas's laurels budded in blood; Homer's grew in pain. Nonsense! The fire has taken hold. It will burn in victory or in death."

Bertol looked dazed. He did not understand.

"You would work in marble," the stranger continued. "Your friends, the Greeks, have monopolized that art. Sculpture has been born, lived well, and died."

"To all things there comes a resurrection," Bertol added, devoutly.

The stranger appeared not to notice, and continued:

"Sculpture has a limit. Science is boundless as the sea. The Greeks reached the acme of perfection in the Discobulus, their Venus. The present age is a mere copyist—a chipper in stone. Give up your dreams of greatness." The stranger's dark eyes looked far away over the mountains. "The range of science is infinite. Men are to come who will be its masters."

"Do you know the Venus?" Bertol asked.

"Which?" he demanded. "The Medici is affected; d'Arles, human; the Melos is the only one who impresses you as a goddess in pose and figure."

"Have you seen her?" he asked, breathlessly.

"No; only casts," the man replied. "But I have seen Spencer and Carlyle, and met John Stuart Mill."

The interest died out of Bertol's face; these names were empty sound to him.

"I am examining the rock formations in this range," the stranger said. "If you live near, I would like to stay with you a while."

Bertol guided him to the cabin, which looked very different from five years before. The Frau stood in the doorway, feeding a brood of chickens, looking happy and well content. She welcomed the guest heartily, and Hans bade him stay as long as he would. Day after day Bertol accompanied him on his walks, carrying his mallet, listening eagerly to every word he uttered, entirely forgetting little May.

"Every cat must put his own paw in the fire." The stranger laughed and said to Hans, "Your lad was not made to chop wood and mind cows. You must send him to Rome to satisfy him."

"I am poor," the old man replied. "Every one carves in Switzerland. It is nothing."

"The boy will die here," the stranger said. "I am not rich, but I shall send him to the Mecca of sculptors." He turned to Bertol. "The Borghese is full of what you dreamers fancy."

Bertol listened with dilated eyes; he did not dare to ask.

"Surely," he thought, "Venus must be with Eros."

Preparations were hurried. Bertol was now embarked on a sea of happiness. The good Mutter clung round his neck and sobbed. Tears streamed down little May's cheeks when she kissed him, giving him a wild rose blossom, which she bade him keep for her sake.

The stranger muttered, "Fool, to forsake this for a phantom!"

Bertol seemed scarcely human and capable of feeling, he was so happy.

"If you fail, come back," the stranger warned. "Crowned or a failure, we will welcome you."

Rome in the summer time; Rome with her deep blue skies, and glorious sunshine flooding the palace of the Cæsars, arch of Constantine, column of Trajan, and Coliseum; Rome, with her flower-decked Campagna overflowing with scarlet poppies that Nausicaa might have offered Ulysses, dark olive trees, long lines of broken aqueducts, clustered with trailing vines;

with her Alban hills stretching in long line, and her yellow Tiber rolling sluggishly.

What a host of memories the name of Rome recalls. She saw a religion flourish and die. She heard the death knell of Olympus; witnessed nations overturned, monarchs dethroned, poets, artists live, conquer, and pass away. Raphael wandered in her ilex groves. Virgil sung his poems by her river. Now she remains "the Niobe of nations"—her very air burdened with dust of the past, memories and ruins.

Bertol was bewildered by the strangeness. He procured a poor lodging, hastened to the Borghese. Only in dreams had he known such joy. He passed Canova's Venus in scorn and pitying contempt, to think so mean a thing should represent his goddess and be so near to her throne. The blood ran fast in his veins. New life filled his being. He had come so far, hoped so long; now the suspense was to be ended.

"Where is the Venus of Melos?" he asked the custodian, in awed tones.

"In the Louvre," the old man replied. "They have not left her to us."

Bertol staggered as if some one had dealt him a sharp blow. A mist came before his eyes; he turned ghastly pale. It was as if death had come to him. He had dedicated his life to this mission as a nun renounces home and love for her religion. The dream and hope of beholding her had grown with him; had been nurtured in silence and had taken strong hold of his sensitive heart. The same impulse that gave the world a Phidias, Angelo, and Thorwaldsen stirred his soul. His money was almost spent. He could go no farther. France was as distant to him as the Kingdom of Thule. He shuddered. A dirge for life, ambition, fame seemed tolling in his ears.

As he stumbled blindly over the threshold with bleeding heart, a young girl spoke to him kindly, thinking he was a stranger and ill. She offered him a handful of ripe, purple figs.

"Who are you?" he asked, abruptly, passing his hand over his eyes as if to brush away a mist. "You have her features."

"I am Io, from Melos," she answered, simply. "A great lady was traveling there, saw me, and took me with her."

"And you left Greece?" he asked in a half reproachful tone.

"Surely," she laughed, "white bread is better than black, figs than olives."

"Did you ever hear of the Venus? Have they found her arms?"

She replied, carelessly:

"I know nothing about it. It is all sky, water, and ruins in Melos. Father used to dig up

pieces of marble in the vineyard and sell to travelers. They were ugly things. I like Rome better, and the shops. I will ask madame; she is a great English lady and knows everything."

Bertol thanked her, then walked to his lodgings. He counted the money in his purse. It was very little, and the pieces pitifully small. A package of withered rose leaves fell from his pocket, and the petals lay strewn over the floor forgotten. He bowed his head in his bitterness and sobbed.

Voices of liquid Italian floated up to him from the streets. Merry laughter, mingled with snatches of love songs, sounded in the air. He heard nothing, felt nothing but the great agony of disappointment. Venus had lured him by her spells as she had snared the heart of Vulcan only to break it.

Toward morning, all Rome was astir in the coolness. Bertol woke from his dreams, haggard and weak. He had eaten nothing but the figs pretty Io had given him. He went out into the streets, satisfied his hunger and searched for the sculptors' studios to find work. One after another they shook their heads when they glanced at his small designs and saw his slender figure and pale face.

"We want workmen," they all said.

Wearily and broken hearted, he reached the last door. An old man was modeling in clay. He looked around as he bade the lad enter, examined his figures, listened to him patiently, and said:

"If you could find another Hadrian for a patron, the world would have another Antinous. I have no work you could do; only you can stand as a model."

Bertol consented, for he knew he must work to live. In the afternoon he wandered again to the Borghese and saw Io coming toward him.

"Have you found anything about the Venus?" he demanded, eagerly.

She pouted.

"Am I not more important than the Venus?"

"You are like her," he answered, sadly. "Your expression and form are like. But she was a goddess. You are only a woman."

"Yes?" She looked coquettishly under her long, dark lashes. "We have always lived in Melos, in Kaesdon. Maybe my ancestress was the Venus. Madame says they cannot find her arms, and she is better without them. Imagine [she held out her own bare, brown arms, from which the linen sleeve had slipped back, revealing their shapely outline] how one would look without them. Madame always raves about those things without arms, legs, or heads. They make me shudder."

"A torso, you mean," Bertol explained.

She sat by him in the grove all the day, chattering in her pretty broken English, until Bertol half forgot his marble divinity, and her presence was quite replaced by a human sister. May's rose-leaves were swept up by the contadino and lay unheeded among the ashes. Io's face shared half the victory with the Venus in Bertol's heart.

Day by day he went to the studio, earning a miserable pittance, his hand aching to mold the clay he must not touch. Io was his only comfort. She laughed and ridiculed his dreams, but he never heeded her. He saved a little by almost starving himself, modeled her image in clay, and longed for marble to perpetuate it. Something whispered to him, "It is good."

The winds from the Apennines blew more chill as winter approached. The imperial city was full of life and merriment. Bertol loved Io devotedly, but she deserted him with the summer, because, she said:

"Baptista, the wine merchant, does not moon all the day over goddesses."

It hurt Bertol sorely, and now he was quite alone, and lived hoping his work would succeed, and he could go to France. He wrote cheerful letters to the old Frau, and she talked proudly to the farmer's wife of her son, the sculptor.

At last Bertol was out of work. His eyes grew large and hollow; his frame gaunt. The blue veins stood out like network on his pale forehead, and his face was white as the marble in his master's workshop. One day he went to the old studio and begged the sculptor to come home with him. Bertol took him to the poor room and threw the cloth off the face of his statue.

The sculptor gazed astonished.

"Did you do this, boy?" he asked.

Bertol did not answer. Worn nature had given way under the strain, and he fell in a white heap on the floor.

"You will be famous," the sculptor said.

Bertol did not hear nor heed. A physician was sent for. He said gravely:

"It is hunger and fever. Two deadly foes that are hard to vanquish."

"I must go to Florence," the sculptor replied.

"But care for him well. I will repay you. I never imagined the lad had stuff in him."

Bertol raved all the day ceaselessly. Night came and he recovered partial consciousness. The woman who watched by him said:

"They say you will be great."

"Great!" Bertol started up suddenly in the bed. "This is the joy that kills. They say I may see my Venus," he cried, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Si, si!" the old woman cried, soothingly.

He fell back quietly, as if asleep, with a smile on his face, and she crept noiselessly away. Bertol stole from the bed cautiously after all was quiet and dressed quickly. The fever mounted into his head. His eyes shone with an unearthly light.

"Good-bye!" he whispered, pressing his lips on the cold clay ones of his statue. "Good-bye forever, Io! Venus has conquered. She must have no rivals.

He crept stealthily down the stairs out into the air, singing softly to himself the notes of the "Ranz des Vaches."

"I will walk to the Louvre," he muttered. "Venus will tell the world I am great."

His feet unconsciously guided him to the Borghese. The custodian had left the door unlocked. He wandered around among the statues, falling at the feet of an Ariadne.

"At last!" he murmured. "The miles have been so weary, my Venus!" He smiled. "You are worth it all." He laid his head on the marble base, and in his delirium he fancied it the Venus of Melos.

"It is you who have made me great," he cried.

His brain was on fire. He sprang to his feet. In imagination he still saw the beloved features.

"The stranger said 'the laurel would hurt,'" he cried, grasping his forehead. "It is burning, scorching." His brain was in a whirl. He staggered and fell, striking his head against the stone. The great moon came out from be-

hind the clouds, shining upon the faces of the gods and goddesses, and they seemed to look with pity on the cold form lying among them, white as they were, with his life-blood coloring the base of the Ariadne.

The drowsy custodian rubbed his eyes sleepily in the morning as he went his rounds, and he found Bertol stilled in death. The marble had killed! He washed the blood-stains away and sent for the monks, who bore the body to the church.

The sculptor returned from Florence and searched for Bertol in vain. He moved the statue to his studio. A few saw and praised. The laurel lay waiting for him at last.

The sculptor passed by a church where a mass for the dead was being chanted. He entered and saw Bertol. The laurels were useless, for the brow was cold. Immortelles alone could avail him now, and the world forgets. Like Lacedemonian Ladas, he won only to die.

Spiders wove their webs over the face of the statue in the sculptor's garret. The world never knew. What matter if a young, sensitive life had given away on the threshold of success! What mattered it if gray-haired mother or fair young maiden stretched longing eyes toward the Orient in weary quest! On with the masque! Let music, wine, and bright smiles from brighter lips chase serious thoughts into outer darkness. King Carnival reigns supreme. The clay that misses the laurel by a hair's breadth crumbles unheeded to dust! MARY W. GLASCOCK.

DEFRAUDED.

I told you, friend, that the good gods meant
That your path and mine should be one, not twain;
You cheated us both when their fair intent
By your foolish wisdom you made in vain.

Call it aright, and call it a sin—
A sin that has saddened the long years through;
You know it now—what these years had been
Had you only dared to be truly true.

Alas, alas, for the joys that have flown!
Alas, alas, for the pain that endures!
But oh, I do not suffer alone—
The loss that is mine is also yours.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD AND HIS WORK.

The death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, K. G., at the ripe age of seventy-six, was the most noteworthy event of the past month. Under ordinary circumstances the death of an English nobleman would excite no interest beyond his own immediate circle; but in this case one of the most remarkable men of the century has passed away. Let us see who and what this man was in his lifetime, and consider the part he played in the world's affairs, that we may form a just estimate of his character.

The *Parliamentary Companion* has a brief mention of the deceased statesman. Born in 1805, he sat continuously in the House of Commons from 1837 till 1876, when he was raised to the peerage as Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden, in the County of Bucks; a Privy Councillor; Knight of the Garter; D. C. L. of Oxford, and LL. D. of Edinburgh and Glasgow; an Elder Brother of the Trinity House; was three times Chancellor of the Exchequer, twice Prime Minister, and once (1876) Lord Privy Seal; was Commissioner of Education for Scotland, and one of the committee of the Council on Education; also, Rector of the University of Glasgow, etc.; and, let us add, that at the time of his death he was leader of Her Majesty's opposition—in other words, keeper of the Government conscience. How well or how ill he performed this function latterly, it is not for us to say. His opportunities for pricking the Government conscience were not numerous since the accession of Mr. Gladstone to office; but if he had lived longer, we may be sure he would not have allowed it to sleep on guard.

A mere recital of these dignities and honors shows that Lord Beaconsfield was no ordinary man. To be three times Chancellor of the Exchequer and twice Prime Minister of England is a distinction which falls to the lot of few men, however exalted their birth or distinguished their talents may be. But when these dignities and honors have been fairly won and honorably worn by a man who had nothing behind him in the battle of life but his own audacious talent, and who, moreover, belonged to a proscribed race, the wonder becomes all the greater, and he rises superior, in all the qualities of leadership, to contemporary statesmen, to whom he has been a source of mingled admiration and distrust. Benjamin Disraeli, the Jew adventurer (for such he was, although professing

Christianity), had no peer as a parliamentary leader. He was a self-made man, and consciously so. At no time during his long and checkered career did he fail to stand on guard. He knew that success was the price of unflinching vigilance. His own party distrusted him while obeying his mandates; and more than once the existence of the Conservative party was jeopardized by defections within the Ministry, caused by antipathy toward him and distrust of his methods. But that which would have proved almost fatal to a Liberal statesman did not appear to weaken him in the least. Thus, when Lords Derby and Carnarvon resigned office in the very crisis of the Eastern question, the Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, at once presented a bolder front, and strengthened his Cabinet by appointing Earl Derby's brother and heir as Secretary of War, and giving the seals of the Foreign Office to the Marquis of Salisbury, who had been his bitterest opponent within the Conservative party, and the recognized rival of Lord Derby. As Lord Robert Cecil, the Marquis of Salisbury had persistently assailed Mr. Disraeli in the *Quarterly Review*; and at a subsequent period, when Lord Cranbourne, he led the bolt from Earl Derby's second administration on the celebrated "Ten Minutes Reform Bill," in which he was followed by Earl Carnarvon and General Peel. Excepting the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Premier, these were by far the ablest members of that Government, but their places were filled by men of higher social position.

Thus, the Ministry was strengthened instead of weakened by this defection, just as in later years the resignation of the two Earls, Carnarvon and Derby, already mentioned, strengthened Lord Beaconsfield's political influence, and led up to the short-lived but remarkable popular outburst known as Jingoism. Personal changes within the Cabinet are nearly always fatal to Liberal administrations, as witness the Adulamite episode, and the disintegration of Mr. Gladstone's government in 1874, after he had carried the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill and the Irish Land Bill. The explanation is found in the totally different conditions under which the Tory and Liberal governments of England have existed since the overthrow of Sir Robert Peel in 1846. The Liberal party represents principles, and the Liberal Govern-

ment is always composed of men of strong individuality and directness of purpose. Liberal statesmen are conscientious. They feel that they have a mission to fulfill, and mere party exigencies are not a featherweight in the scale of their judgment when balanced against principle. Hence, in the very nature of things, a Liberal Government cannot be permanent in the present transition stage of English politics. Conflicts of opinion will arise within the Cabinet; cabals will be formed within the party; pressure from without will influence the "independent" wing; and then, when a crisis arises, instead of standing back to back and showing an unbroken front to the enemy, the Liberals present the humiliating spectacle of a divided power, and the field is lost.

The Tories, since the defeat of Peel, have become a party of expediency. The Tory party represents no principle. It has formulated no plan of progress. It was the creation of one mind, and it became the slave of that superior and subtle intelligence which thought for and led it—Benjamin Disraeli.

When the parliamentary history of the reign of Queen Victoria comes to be written, we think it will be found that this judgment, harsh as it may seem, is correct. The landed gentlemen of England, dull of thought, averse to change, and in their innermost heart and soul despising their leader, yet followed him blindly whithersoever he led. He was a bold leader, and understood the fox-hunting, wine-drinking, hard-headed, chivalrous pack which obeyed the crack of his whip. They were educated in the belief that the legislative power was theirs of right, and that the trading classes were parliamentary interlopers. They felt instinctively that Benjamin Disraeli was an aristocrat at heart; they knew that he had no sympathy with the common people—that he did not understand, and that he had no wish to understand them. To Disraeli, as to them, the people were useful merely as pawns in the game of government, but not otherwise to be thought of or mentioned. A party so led and disciplined had at least cohesive power. It did not think for itself; and when one or two of the leading men became restive and resented their contemptuous treatment, they were left without a following. The Tories stood stanch by their leader, for they had the sense to know that without him they would soon lose their political influence and be swept over the rapids of radical innovation by the constantly swelling wave of popular demands. Hence it has happened that the Tory party in England, although numerically far weaker than the liberal and progressive element there, has managed to hold its own,

and in some respects, to be mentioned further on, even surpassed the Liberals in the breadth and scope of its legislative achievements.

But the task of the Tory chief was a hard one. It admitted of no rest from scheming, no respite from intrigue. It suited his restless and ambitious spirit. In early life he confessed that his forte was sedition. He was cynically candid. Being invested with the responsibilities of state, however, his natural bias for sedition was directed into another and less dangerous channel, and he became an adept in party management. His tact and vigilance were unwearying, and he never failed to offset the defection of one great noble by securing the adhesion of another of equal social influence and political consideration. In this art of management he was without a rival. It was natural to him, perhaps, to judge men accurately, but the necessities of his position sharpened his wits and greatly emboldened him. He must act promptly, if at all; hence his social successes were almost invariably the foundation for his political triumphs.

Never did a responsible Minister of the Crown in England venture to dispense its honors, in the sovereign's name, with such lavish, and withal so judicious, a hand. He enlarged the peerage by many additions. His creations in every case strengthened his hold upon the governing families of the kingdom, and commended themselves to the popular imagination. He had a weakness for strawberry leaves, and, therefore, did not hesitate to create dukes. No one, for example, could take exception to the Marquis of Abercorn being advanced to a dukedom. As heir male of the princely house of Hamilton, his social position and political services in Ireland alike entitled him to this distinction. Moreover, he had been badly treated by the French Emperor. The Marquis of Abercorn had established in the French courts his right to the ducal title of Chatelherault, which had been in the Hamilton family for centuries; but Napoleon III., by virtue of his prerogative, refused to recognize his claim, and confirmed the title to his own relative by marriage—the Duke of Hamilton. Thus, the Tory chief compensated the Marquis of Abercorn for the loss of his French title by an Irish one of equal rank, and more substantial privileges. Neither could any fault be found with the revival of the ducal title of Gordon in the person of the Duke of Richmond, a Tory peer, who now leads the party in the House of Lords. His dukedoms of Lennox in Scotland and Daubigny in France were sufficient vouchers for his respectability outside of his English title. In truth, however, this was an exercise of the prerogative which

only a political Bohemian like Benjamin Disraeli would have ventured upon, because the right to the ducal title of Gordon was stoutly contested by another powerful family, and with superior claims to those which the Duke of Richmond could urge; but the daring Minister settled this momentous social controversy by rewarding his own political ally and friend, who is now encumbered with four ducal titles and all the prestige thereto belonging. Lord Beaconsfield always rewarded his friends; he never forgave his enemies. In the selection of men for administrative appointments his nominees invariably turned out well, to the surprise and gratification of the country. He read men and their motives like an open book, but while probing the secrets of others he always wore a mask, and no man ever knew his secret thoughts.

To go back, however, to the beginning, Benjamin Disraeli was born in London, in December, 1805, of Jewish parents. His father was a man of culture and ability, and is famous as the author of *The Curiosities of Literature*, and several other works of a like character. He was also a D.C.L. of Oxford. The elder Disraeli paid more attention to his literary work than to his family, and there was some danger of the subject of this sketch growing up destitute of a polite education but for the intervention of friends, among whom was the poet Rogers, through whose influence he was baptized, and became nominally a member of the Church of England. Thenceafter, Benjamin Disraeli observed the forms of the Christian religion, but he never forgot his race or its striking vicissitudes, and his speech in support of the Jewish Disabilities Bill in after years, as leader of the House of Commons, did much to insure the success of that measure. He was articled to a city attorney at his father's request, but soon abandoned the study of law as uncongenial to his tastes. His peculiar training and straightened circumstances sharpened his wits, and he very early chalked out for himself the career to which he adhered strictly throughout life. He resolved to make a literary reputation, on the strength of which he should get into Parliament; and once there, he felt satisfied that he could make his way. Fortune favored him, but not until he had compelled her to smile upon him.

In his twenty-third year Benjamin Disraeli published *Vivian Grey*, a work of undoubted genius, in which he sketched his own character and ambition. This was followed at intervals by *The Young Duke*, *Henrietta Temple*, *Contarini Fleming*, *Alroy*, and other works of imagination. He took a higher flight than mere fiction. Disraeli had the ambition to be regard-

ed as a great dramatist, and published a tragedy of which nobody now ever thinks or hears, and *A Revolutionary Epic* in 1834—the latter political. It was the subject of criticism in the House of Commons in the Stanfeld-Mazzini debate, by Mr. Bright, a quarter of a century later, and gave him very great annoyance. It is full of absurd passages, and the following lines were alluded to by Bright as justifying tyrannicide:

"The spirit of her strong career was mine;
And the bold Brutus but propelled the blow
Her own and Nature's laws alike approved."

Disraeli denied that there was anything at all justifying Bright's charge, and published a revised edition, in which this passage is very materially changed. In fact, it is emasculated. The best known of all Disraeli's books perhaps are his latest two novels—*Lothair* and *Endymion*. His *Life of Lord George Bentinck* and a biography of his father are of no special interest. Suffice it, however, that the young author attracted a great deal of attention at home and abroad by his writings, and numbered among his admiring correspondents, Heinrich Heine and Goethe. He was a prolific writer, but his books were not then regarded as likely to hold a permanent place in standard literature. Society opened its arms to this remarkable young man. His appearance was quite as striking as his manners were oddly eccentric. He dressed elaborately. Indeed, he was always overdressed in the most showy fashion, and covered with rings and chains. His hair hung in dark ringlets over his left brow; his face was pale and immobile, save for the fire and vivacity of his piercing black eyes. The face was a typical Jewish face—not of the handsomest perhaps, but strong, resolute, and with clear-cut features. His conversation was bright and sparkling, full of exaggeration and the most extravagant assertion, but always, and at all times, entertaining. He was an amusing puzzle to some; to others he was a mystery, which time was only partially to unravel. He owed much to the celebrated Countess of Blessington, who introduced him to fashionable society, and was his stanch friend during her lifetime. Beckford, the eccentric author of *Vathek*, was also an admirer of young Disraeli, who went abroad and made a long tour through Italy, Greece, Albania, Syria, Nubia, and Egypt. His impressions upon this tour colored all his subsequent writings.

The period had now arrived when Disraeli thought he should take part in public affairs. England was convulsed by the Reform agitation. In 1831, a vacancy having occurred in

the pocket-borough of High Wycombe, which had thirty-five registered voters, Disraeli stood for the seat on ultra-Radical principles, but was defeated by Colonel Grey, son of Earl Grey, the Premier. Twelve votes only were cast for the political adventurer, and the son of the Reform Premier took his seat. But time brings around its revenges to him that can wait. In 1868, when the late Lord Derby resigned, the Queen's letter to Mr. Disraeli, commanding him to form a Ministry, was brought to him by her equerry, General Grey, who, thirty-seven years before, had defeated him in the Wycombe election. Their respective positions had changed somewhat in the interval, the odds now being with the literary adventurer, who, on being asked at Wycombe upon what he stood for Parliament, answered that he stood upon his head.

Benjamin Disraeli, having once made up his mind to do a thing, was not easily baffled. A general election having followed soon after his first defeat, he stood for Wycombe a second time, and was again beaten by a Whig. This exasperated him, and he never after forgave the Whigs. He perceived that there was more noise than substance in the Radical party, and resolved to abandon Daniel O'Connell, Joseph Hume, and W. J. Fox, under whom he had trained for Parliament, and secure more substantial backing. Accordingly, he stood for Marylebone the first opportunity as a Tory, and defended his apostasy from Liberalism in the following audacious words:

"A statesman is the creature of his age, a child of circumstances, the creation of his times. A statesman is essentially a practical character, and when he is called upon to take office he is not to inquire what his opinions may have been upon this or that subject; he is only to ascertain the needful, the beneficial, and the most feasible manner in which affairs are to be carried on. I laugh, therefore, at the objections to a man that at a former period of his career he advocated a policy different from the present one."

This apostasy exasperated O'Connell, who had done his best to get Disraeli into Parliament, and in a speech at Dublin he scarified the young political renegade. "Having been twice defeated by the Radicals," he exclaimed, "this miscreant was just the fellow for the Conservatives." Then, after a glowing tribute to the Hebrew race, he alluded to the apostasy of his victim, and said: "It will not be supposed, therefore, that when I speak of Disraeli as a Jew, I mean to tarnish him on that account. His life is a living lie. The Jews were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants among them, and it must have been from one of these that Disraeli descended. He

possesses all the qualities of the impenitent thief who died on the cross, and for aught I know the present Disraeli is his true heir-at-law." This tirade was followed by a challenge from Disraeli addressed to O'Connell's son, Morgan, who refused to accept it, and who was sustained by public opinion. In his letter, Disraeli says: "Words fail to express the utter scorn in which I hold your father's character, and the disgust with which his conduct inspires me. I shall take every opportunity of holding up his name to public contempt, and I fervently pray that you, or some of your blood, may attempt to assuage the inextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence."

The code was then in fashion, and Disraeli, although he never had a hostile meeting, always expressed his readiness to fight if called to account. This was almost necessary, because he was in the habit of using the most violent and abusive language toward his political antagonists. Sir James Graham described him, after he had become Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the red Indian of debate, who had scalped his way into power with a tomahawk, and was determined to retain power by the same means.

In 1835, Disraeli stood for Taunton in the Tory interest, and was again defeated. On the hustings he kept up the quarrel with O'Connell, whom he denounced as "a bloody traitor." His perseverance was at length rewarded. In 1837 he was returned to Parliament for Maidstone through the influence of Wyndham Lewis, whose money had enabled him to contest three elections, and whose widow he married in 1839. This was the turning point in his life. His marriage brought him fortune and social influence. It gave him also the love and solicitude of a noble woman, older than himself by ten years, but entirely devoted to him. And to his honor be it said that he returned her affection.

The Queen having offered him a peerage in 1868, he refused it for himself, but accepted it for his wife, who was created Viscountess Beaconsfield in her own right. Her death, some years ago, was a severe blow to him, besides involving a large pecuniary loss, as her life interest in her former husband's estates passed to the Lewis family.

In his first session, in 1837, Benjamin Disraeli followed O'Connell in a debate in which that consummate orator had attacked Sir Charles Burdett for deserting the Liberal party. The scene has become historical. Disraeli's exaggerated style, his foppish attire, his theatrical gestures and ludicrous remarks excited the House to the most uproarious mirth, and he

was rudely laughed down. Before resuming his seat, he turned to the Liberal party, and exclaimed, with passionate energy:

"I have begun several times many things, and I often succeed at last; ay, sir, and though I sit down now the time will come when you will hear me."

The prediction came true. He spoke often and well after this, but, somehow, the House paid no heed to him. From 1841 to 1847 he sat for Shrewsbury; but although a frequent and aggressive speaker he possessed no weight.

At the general election in 1847, he was returned for the county of Bucks, for which he sat continuously until the night of August 11, 1876, which was his last appearance in the House of Commons. It was upon that last great occasion that he outlined and defended the "imperial policy of England." Next morning the country was astounded by the announcement that Mr. Disraeli had been created Earl of Beaconsfield, and would henceforth lead the peers of England. He had fairly won his title, and no one grudged him it. Only, men of all shades of party regretted that the great name of Benjamin Disraeli, and his peculiar reputation, should be lost under the new and unknown title of Earl of Beaconsfield. But those who thought so misjudged the man. It was as the Earl of Beaconsfield that he won his highest laurels as a statesman and became a great historical character in Europe.

Let us return once more to the thread of our narrative. In 1841, and for several years afterward, Disraeli was recognized as the leader of the Young England party—a party which did no good to any thing or any cause, and which had no element of good in it. In 1846 Sir Robert Peel introduced his famous Corn Law Bill, and it was then Disraeli saw the great opportunity of his life and boldly seized upon it. The protectionist policy had been successful at the polls; and it was with amazement and rage, therefore, that the Conservatives (as Peel styled the Tories) heard the Premier announce, almost the first day of the session, that he had adopted a free trade policy and would introduce a bill repealing the corn law. They were speechless; but one man was neither speechless nor amazed, and that man was Benjamin Disraeli. He arose and assailed Peel in tones of such bitter invective as had never before been heard in the House. It was a remarkable speech on a remarkable occasion, and it was the making of the despised political adventurer. Suddenly, without their seeking, a man arose to lead the squirearchy of England, and they rallied around him with the inspira-

tion of hope that in this political Arab they had found their Moses. And they really had done so, though they were slow to believe the fact, despite their loyalty to him. "The country party" was the political issue of that speech; and before the session closed, Disraeli gave the Tories their revenge by combining with the Irish members to defeat the Coercion Bill. The very day which saw the Corn Law Bill pass the House of Lords, witnessed Peel's defeat and final downfall in the House of Commons. That great statesman fell in the very hour of triumph, to rise no more. He soon afterward died from the effects of a fall from his horse. But Disraeli's time had not yet fully come. The coalition which turned out Peel could not hold together. The Whigs came into office and remained in power until 1852, when Earl Derby's first and short-lived administration was formed, of which Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons. He had succeeded to the leadership of the country party on the death of Lord George Bentinck, who died suddenly, it was supposed from poison administered by Palmer, a country physician and sporting man, who owed Lord George money on bets, and who, soon afterward, poisoned one Cooke, to get rid of a similar obligation, for which crime he was tried and hanged. But, in truth, Disraeli was the brains of the country party; although it suited him to make a son of the Duke of Portland the figurehead. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Disraeli's first duty was to renounce the heresy of protection, for abandoning which he had denounced Peel so terribly. Facts and figures were not to be controverted, however. Sophistry and assertion could not get rid of them. Yet strange as it may seem, the squirearchy followed him like lambs. The short session, in which Earl Derby found himself in office very much against his will, passed off without any serious incident, and a good deal of useful work was done. Next session, when Disraeli, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced a financial scheme, he was replied to on the spot by Mr. Gladstone, despite the very advanced hour of the night when he closed his budget. This impromptu speech by Gladstone crushed the Chancellor, who, truth to say, never professed to understand finance. The House and country recognized the inherent worthlessness of Disraeli's scheme, and the Government went out of office. This was the first round in the long and fiercely fought battle between Disraeli and Gladstone; and, by a singular chance—say, rather, by a wonderful dispensation of Providence—Gladstone was the victor first and last. Thus Peel and

his principles were vindicated by his great pupil, and the Tories were thrust once more into the background.

Owing to the political vicissitudes of the times, Lord Derby again took office in 1858, with Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. He had made the place for himself in his party, and he insisted upon filling it. Reform was then the paramount question, and Disraeli introduced a comprehensive bill dealing with the subject, providing all kinds of fancy suffrage. This was too absurd for the common sense Commons of England, and the Tories went out in 1859 on a vote of want of confidence. The Palmerston-Russell Government succeeded to power, and remained in office till Lord Palmerston's death in October, 1865, when the Russell-Gladstone Government was formed; but in 1866 it was defeated on a no-confidence motion. For the third time Lord Derby took office, with Disraeli as leader of the House of Commons.

The Russell-Gladstone Government having been ousted for the insufficiency of its Reform Bill, Disraeli felt that the Tories must do something to settle it; and it was during this conjuncture they took the celebrated "leap in the dark," which was to do them so much political service subsequently. Disraeli claimed afterward to have "educated his party up to it;" but, in truth, their education was undertaken by the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and it was completed by promptly abandoning their own measures and adopting those of the opposition. The history of the Reform Bill of 1867 is one of the most amusing and instructive incidents in the course of English Parliamentary Government, and was a triumph of liberal principles brought about by the most unlooked for and unnatural of political conjunctions. But the point of the incident, for the purpose of this review, was the masterly and unscrupulous way in which Disraeli adapted himself to the will of the majority, changing front almost daily, and dragging his party with him from pillar to post of inconsistency. His motive was a personal one. He wanted to be the Minister which had settled the Reform question—not because he favored an extension of the suffrage (for he did not), but because that by so doing he would strengthen his hold upon the English people and increase his popularity. He felt secure of his followers. He knew the Tories could not afford to desert him, and, therefore, when he boldly conceded the demands of "The Tea-Room Party," which went far beyond anything Gladstone or Bright proposed, or even considered politic, he conciliated the ultra-Radicals, and compelled the Liberal leaders to sustain

him also on pain of political extinction. The Tories took the leap in the dark after their leader, and the Liberals helped to make the Reform Bill a really valuable and progressive measure. It is in this way the Tories claim to be more Liberal than the Liberal party, and the workingmen of England at a general election ratified this claim by their votes. But the fact remains that the resolutions and two reform bills introduced by Disraeli during that session were the veriest shams every attempted to be palmed upon a legislative body.

Lord Derby resigned in February, 1868, owing to failing health, and the Queen sent for Mr. Disraeli. This was the supreme moment in his long and successful career. The wild dream of his boyhood was now to be realized. The prize for which he schemed and toiled as a man, and which, but for his inspirational attack on Sir Robert Peel, never would have fallen to his lot, was now within his grasp. Benjamin Disraeli, "the Jew adventurer," "the political juggler," and a score of other equally opprobrious, and perhaps equally truthful, characterizations, was now the foremost man in England, possessing the confidence of his sovereign, and receiving her command to form a government. When a foppish, flippant, vanity-smitten youth, Disraeli was introduced to Lord Melbourne, the most genial of men, and a model Premier. That nobleman inquired, with amused curiosity, what the young man meant to become should he ever get into Parliament. "I mean to be Prime Minister," was the prompt reply. As likely, perhaps, at the time, as to become Archbishop of Canterbury, who is in matters ecclesiastical the English Pope. And here he was about to become not only Premier, but one of the greatest Ministers England ever produced—a Minister whose achievements, for good or for ill, far eclipse those of Lord Melbourne, and who will be remembered, and spoken of, and quoted, when the memory of that Minister will have been utterly forgotten.

To the surprise of the great Tory nobles, Earl Derby recommended the Queen to intrust the formation of a government to his intriguing and capable lieutenant. His own son, Lord Stanley, the present Earl of Derby, was then a Secretary of State, and would have been acceptable to the country. The young and able Foreign Minister was thought to be the political heir-general of the Tory party. But Lord Derby knew far better. He knew that the Tory party was Mr. Disraeli, and that without him it would cease to be any party at all. So Mr. Disraeli was sent for, and Mr. Disraeli obeyed Her Majesty's command and formed a government. His task was not an easy one,

because he must make changes within his own party. In other words, he was compelled to dispense with some of his colleagues and take in new men.

The Tories were weakest in debating power in the House of Lords, although numerically the strongest. Above all, they were weakest in their Lord Chancellor. The new Premier, therefore, intimated to Lord Chelmsford, an old and comparatively useless man, that he must step down from the woolsack to give place to Lord Cairns—an Irishman in the prime of life, who had forced his way to the front rank as a parliamentary debater and lawyer without any adventitious aids from fortune. He was at the time quietly shelved as Lord Justice of Appeal, and, being a personal friend of Disraeli, he made no scruple about accepting the great seal. And here it may not be out of place to relate an incident in Lord Cairns's early career. He was one of the members for Belfast, and had introduced a motion in favor of law reform. As a junior member of the Chancery Bar, Hugh McCalmont Cairns was known in the profession as one of the most thorough equity lawyers in the kingdom; but until he made the speech in question, he did not give promise of such marked parliamentary ability, rising to statesmanship. The venerable Lord Brougham occupied a seat in the Lords' gallery, and listened attentively to Mr. Cairns's exposition of the principles of law reform. Brougham turned to another law-lord, who sat beside him, and said, "The man who delivered that speech will be the youngest Lord Chancellor that ever sat on the woolsack"—a prediction which was about to be verified. Lord Chelmsford's friends were indignant, but they could not venture to set him in competition with the brilliant young Irishman. In due time Lord Cairns became an Earl, and Lord Chelmsford's son, who inherited his title, commanded the British troops in the disastrous Zulu war, and only saved his honor by the very hazardous experiment of risking everything in a pitched battle just before Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived in camp to take the command. While on the subject of Lord Cairns's accession to the woolsack, another anecdote occurs to us at the moment, which was an open secret in Ulster about a quarter of a century ago. The young lawyer was an aspirant to the hand of Miss McNeil, an Antrim heiress of ancient lineage, who steadily refused to become his wife until he could give her a title. This was the only thing which could reconcile the proud daughter of John McNeil to marry the son of a Belfast tradesman. Spurred on by love, the young lawyer sought entrance into Parliament and became Solicitor

General in Lord Derby's first administration, an office which carries with it knighthood from the hand of the sovereign, and the haughty Irish beauty soon after became Lady Cairns, and is now a countess.

Disraeli led the House of Commons as Prime Minister, and during the remainder of the session he achieved some successes. But the Nemesis of party stalked behind him, and Gladstone threw him into a minority on the Irish Church Disestablishment Resolutions. This was a thrust at Disraeli's vital part. He was a champion of Church and State if he was anything, and he had always regarded the Irish Church as an appenage of the English Church Establishment. Anyhow, it was a field in which political services could be indirectly rewarded by the Crown; and therefore this rude assault by "Church-and-State Gladstone," who had turned iconoclast, upon church patronage, was one to be resisted to the last moment. Although in a minority in the House of Commons on more than one occasion, Disraeli declared that he would not resign without an appeal to the country. He fancied that the heart of the people was sound on the Church question; but the elections soon showed him that a Liberal reaction had set in. Without waiting for Parliament to reassemble he resigned, and his successful rival took office as Premier in 1868. Gladstone carried his Irish Church Disestablishment Bill; he also carried an Irish land bill, which is the basis of the Land Bill of 1881; but he fell a victim to sectarianism on the Irish University question. The Tories coalesced with the Home Rulers and the Irish party generally, and Gladstone, who appealed to the country, was defeated at the general election of 1874. The borough and county franchise, which Disraeli claimed to have created, and which then for the first time came into general operation, proved the salvation of the Tory party. The workingmen in the boroughs voted for Tory candidates. The clergy worked like Trojans to avenge themselves on Gladstone; and the beer-sellers, and the brewers, and the malsters, who had been antagonized by the Liberal Government, joined hands with the parsons and overthrew it. The Tory reaction had set in once more. The two spiritual powers—Rum and Religion—had carried the day; and the work of legislative reform in England received a set-back from which it will not recover for many years. Gladstone resigned office, and he also threw up the lead of the Liberal party in disgust. Disraeli was once more in power, and stronger than ever. He retained office until 1880, when, his majority having begun to slip away from him, he appealed to the coun-

try, to realize in his own case the fickleness of the constituencies. The majority was overwhelmingly against him. He was beaten worse than Gladstone had been, and beaten by the indomitable will and splendid talents of that great English statesman. It was Mr. Gladstone single-handed, and not the Liberal party leaders, that turned the tide of popular opinion against the popular idol; and it was Mr. Gladstone, to Disraeli's great chagrin, and contrary to the wish of the Queen, who succeeded him. Thus the open political account was balanced between these two great but dissimilar men.

In 1870, while out of office, Disraeli published the politico-religious novel, *Lothair*. Eighty thousand copies of this book were sold in America. It served a threefold purpose. It revived his literary reputation, kept his name in a phenomenal way before the public, and furnished him with money, of which he then stood greatly in need. In 1876, as already stated, Benjamin Disraeli was created Earl of Beaconsfield. He was then in the zenith of his power and fame, and no one could have anticipated his sudden fall. But there were causes, unseen though potent, at work which sufficiently account for it. The Tories had utterly neglected social questions. They had allowed the Irish question to develop proportions menacing to the monarchy, through the combined influence of famine and rack-rents. They had done nothing to mitigate the agricultural depression in England and Scotland consequent upon a succession of bad crops and American competition. They had, on the contrary, kept the public mind occupied and the popular imagination dazzled by a succession of foreign surprises. But the time had now fully come when the country, wearied with a sensational foreign policy, involving heavy expenditures and wars without glory, insisted upon a return to sober domestic legislation, and, as a matter of course, Disraeli's power and popularity disappeared like a morning cloud in the fierce rays of the sun.

The Earl of Beaconsfield, as has been already shown, was a great party leader—the greatest, perhaps, of any since Chatham's time. He understood Parliament; he understood the aristocracy; and he used this knowledge skillfully to his own personal advantage. He was also a great Minister. This character contemporary history concedes to him, and the judgment of posterity will justify it. But his methods were not English methods. His genius was purely Semitic, and herein lay the secret of his great success. He took risks which no other English constitutional Minister would ever think of taking, and fortune, which is so often propitious to the daring, was very kind to him. It was

so in his case, when he had all to gain and nothing to lose. He was a "lucky man," but he made his own good luck. His name thus comes to be identified with the most successful administrative speculations of modern times. Disraeli was the Minister who purchased the telegraph system of the United Kingdom and consolidated it with the Postoffice Department. This was a bold speculative operation, which the result fully justified; but it is of far more importance politically, as giving the Government, in certain contingencies, the control of all avenues of information, and preventing the creation of a dangerous monopoly. Benjamin Disraeli was the great telegraph consolidator. Jay Gould simply works upon the lines laid down by the British Minister as a measure of public policy, and usurps a power which should alone be exercised by responsible executive authority. More audacious, and yet more speculative, was the purchase by Disraeli, on behalf of the British Government, of the Khedive's interest in the Suez Canal, calling for the payment of £4,000,000 sterling, or twenty million dollars. There was no precedent for such an act, no warrant or authority for pledging the credit of the State for such a purpose; yet Disraeli quietly arranged for payment through the Rothschilds, and trusted to Parliament to appropriate the money. This purchase was completed on the 25th of November, 1875, and instead of impeachment, to which the Minister was liable, he was lauded to the skies. It gave England control of the short route to India, and made her mistress of the situation in the East. Steadily Disraeli's sun kept rising in the European firmament, and as steadily his ambition kept mounting. The climax was reached when Parliament was informed, upon its assembling in 1876, that the title "Empress of India" had been added to the royal style of the Queen. This was the enunciation of "the imperial policy," which has been fruitful of so much trouble already, and which will cause England infinitely more trouble in the hereafter. There are constitutional reasons for this, but they need not be discussed in this place. The Prince of Wales had been sent to India to impress upon the native princes and sovereigns the personality of that power which held them in its iron grip, but which had hitherto been a mere abstraction to them. They saw and did homage to their future Emperor, and thenceforward must associate the man with the sovereign authority. This was Disraeli's conception. It was natural to a man of his race, but it would not have occurred to a purely English statesman, whose constitutional instincts and training would have impelled him to avoid artifice in government.

It was a mere trick, but it was a very successful one. It was not approved generally in England, because personal government is distasteful to Anglo-Saxon sentiment, while it is of the essence of Semitic thought, which is formulated in the ancient demand: "Give us a king to rule over us." As a step in the imperial policy, however, the visit of the Prince of Wales to India was a very important one. It was leading up straight to what was soon to follow—the proclamation of the Indian Empire.

Benjamin Disraeli, the political and literary waif, had done many surprising things. He had conferred titles and honors with a lavish hand; but what were these social distinctions compared with encircling the brow of his sovereign mistress with the diadem of empire? Peerages, ribbons, and stars sink into insignificance when compared with this august creation. To create a ducal title, which conferred limited social prestige, was a very little thing in comparison to charging the sovereign style of a constitutional kingdom with the addition of "Empress," which carried with it a precedence above kings and the idea of absolutism. This was his work. In the whirl of active life, its audacity and grandeur have been overlooked, but in time to come it will certainly be regarded as the greatest achievement of his life, and in many respects, also, of the century. The possibilities of what it involves were only slightly disclosed to Europe during the later phases of the Eastern question, when the Queen of England, as Empress of India, brought her Indian troops to the Mediterranean, outside the charter limits, without the consent of Parliament, and when it was argued by Lord Chancellor Cairns that as Queen, by virtue of her prerogative, she might quarter them in Scotland and Ireland, because they had independent legislatures when the Bill of Rights was enacted, and were not parties to it. In other words, that the following provision of the Bill of Rights—"that the raising or keeping a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law"—applies only to the ancient realm of England, and not to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or to any colonial dependency thereof. It was made the subject of a very dignified protest by the Russian representatives at the Berlin Congress, and was bitterly resented by the Liberals in Parliament. But the presence of the Indian battalions at Malta, outside the charter limits of India, in a time of peace, and without the knowledge or consent of Parliament, proved that the title, "Empress of India," was not an empty one. The British people disliked the imperial style;

Queen Victoria liked it exceedingly, and she rewarded her Minister with an earldom, and extended to him a measure of personal confidence greater than had ever before been enjoyed by any of her constitutional advisers.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the development of this imperial policy. In South Africa it was enforced by the annexation of Basutoland and Transvaal, involving three costly, bloody, and humiliating wars—the Zulu war, in which the Prince Imperial was killed; the war in Basutoland, still in progress; and the Transvaal war. Previous to this, Abyssinia had been invaded and its ruler killed, at the cost of many millions of treasure; and the savage king of Ashantee was driven out of his capital by British bayonets. These wars were the outgrowth of the imperial idea, which had, through Disraeli, permeated the Tory ranks. British blood in purple streams enriched the soil of the Dark Continent in warfare which was destitute of all possibilities of honor, and which was unjust in the extreme. What matter? It was in pursuance of a policy which placed the imperial crown of India upon the brow of Queen Victoria. But imperialism was not safe in India without "a scientific frontier," and accordingly a quarrel was fixed upon the British pensioner, Sheer Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan, who was driven direct into Russia's arms. India invaded Afghanistan, and here, too, British blood was poured out like water in a doubtful, and as it proved, a losing and useless cause. A scientific frontier was fixed by the treaty of Gundamak, but all that remains of it now is the memory of the Cabul massacre, the annihilation of General Burrows's command by Ayoo Khan, the brilliant achievements of General Roberts, and a dangerous state prisoner in the person of Yakoob Khan, the puppet sovereign set up by the Indian Government by direction of Disraeli.

The Eastern question was seized upon by Disraeli as an occasion for testing the imperial policy in European affairs. He boldly swung England into the front rank of European powers in opposition to Russia, which was pressing hard upon Turkey, and abandoned the policy of non-intervention, which had been accepted by several administrations as the wisest one for an insular power. That non-intervention had sometimes been carried to an extreme, to the prejudice of national honor, is undoubted; but Disraeli displayed a spirit of recklessness, on the other hand, which might have involved the country in great disasters. It was his imperialism, however, which was at the root of all. During that great controversy of the nations, whatever men may think of the wisdom of his

policy, thus much must be admitted, that in no single particular did he lose sight of the grandeur and dignity of England. The entrance of the Dardanelles by the British fleet was an act of war, although it was convenient for Russia not to so regard it, and it saved Constantinople when the Grand Duke Nicholas was prepared to enter it. This closed the Russo-Turkish war. Fighting was out of the question then, unless Russia was prepared to fight England, and the ironclads were at the Golden Horn, and the trained battalions of India were at Malta, and would soon be in Armenia and Turkey. Moreover, the British mob had become intoxicated with imperialism, and the jingo furor was the infallible symptom of it. To fight England, thus aroused and prepared, after a severe struggle with Turkey, was impossible. Russia knew this. The Czar tore up the treaty of San Stefano at the dictation of Lord Beaconsfield, and consented to submit the settlement to a congress of the great powers. Not thus did Germany when it crushed the French Empire; not thus did Prussia when it trampled on the gallant Dane; not thus France when its Emperor dictated terms to Austria at Solferino; but on those occasions England stood aloof. It was out of the European circle, and the conquerors did as they pleased. England now threw its sword into the scale, and Russia listened to reason. Nay, it consented to humiliating terms for the sake of peace.

Although Bismarck convened the Berlin Congress, Lord Beaconsfield was its real author, and he adopted the unusual course of going himself in person as chief representative of England, accompanied by the Marquis of Salisbury as second commissioner. Never before had a British Premier left the realm on such a mission while Parliament was in session; but this man did not stop at anything which would increase his personal influence and importance, and add to the luster of his administration. He had passed the stage of adventure; his position and status were now fixed. He was a peer of Parliament, an English Earl, and the Premier of a powerful nation. His ambition, therefore, took a wider scope than formerly. His political reputation had been exclusively British. He had now an opportunity of making a name for himself as a diplomatist in the field of European politics. The occasion was one of empire. The issues involved the weightiest questions of sovereignty and administration. It was no paltry matter the Berlin Congress had to decide, and Lord Beaconsfield resolved that it should be decided as he had predetermined.

No man in that distinguished assemblage filled the public eye so completely as the Earl

of Beaconsfield. The world instinctively felt that he was master of the situation, while Bismarck, the great state artificer of Germany, was playing for time. His first act was characteristic. He declared at the outset that the deliberations should be in English. This point was conceded. Very soon it became apparent that combinations were formed to baffle him, but his subtle intellect had anticipated this, and he tore the diplomatic web into a thousand pieces. Never was surprise so complete, never indignation more intense, than when Lord Salisbury announced that England had made a convention with Turkey by which she obtained Cyprus, together with the protectorate of Asia Minor in certain contingencies. Here was a new and unlooked for complication—one of those things which could not be foreseen, and, therefore, could not be guarded against. The only thing to be done was to get through the business on hand, and obtain as large concessions as this arbiter of the destinies of Europe chose to make. This plan succeeded, and the British plenipotentiaries made greater concessions to Russia, on the Roumanian boundary question, and to Austria, than was consistent with sound policy or judgment. But Beaconsfield and his distinguished colleague could afford to be generous with other people's territory, so it fell out that the seed was planted for another European war, when events are ripe for it.

There were other reasons why Lord Beaconsfield made these concessions and left the Greek boundary question unsettled. He desired to disarm Russia of any hostile feeling by restoring the territory in Bessarabia taken from it by the allies after the Crimean war; and he succeeded in this. He wanted to attach the Austro-Hungarian monarchy to the British imperial policy by giving Francis Joseph the rich provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina; and in this also he was successful. He did not want to weaken Turkey further, by lopping off Epirus and Thessaly in the interest of Greece, which could be of no help to him in furtherance of his policy. So far as the plan which Lord Beaconsfield set before himself is concerned, therefore, nothing could be more completely successful than the Congress of Berlin, and this is the standard by which he, at least, wished it judged. It is not for us to anticipate the future. Suffice it to say, that where failure has occurred, it has been through the default of the Porte to discharge its part of the contract; wherefore England declined to shoulder its own and Turkey's obligations.

During the Berlin Congress, public feeling in England was worked up to a white heat. The

nation had almost gone frantic. It had got into one of its mad fighting moods, and would rather have had war than peace. When the annexation of Cyprus and the protectorate of Asia Minor were announced, there was a burst of exultation, and millions of money were ready at call to build "The Euphrates Valley Railroad." The Suez Canal might be blockaded by hostile flotillas. England wanted a land route to India, and—

"We don't want to fight; but, by jingo, if we do,
We have got the men, we have got the ships,
And we have got the money, too."

It was during this popular frenzy that Lord Beaconsfield and his colleague arrived in England. Never was victorious general or ruler received with greater enthusiasm. Lord Beaconsfield was at that hour the most popular man in England. He had "brought back peace with honor." Congratulatory messages were sent from the remotest British colony, and the British residents of San Francisco presented him with an address and casket, which he regarded as the greatest compliment ever paid him, and made its presentation the occasion for declaring his foreign policy upon which he had declined to speak explicitly in Parliament, because, he said, the British people all over the world who sympathized with him had a right to know what the Government meant to do. Thus San Francisco became identified with Lord Beaconsfield's career at the very pinnacle of his fame.

And here the Earl of Beaconsfield's public life may be said to close. Events were too strong for him. The Zulu and Afghan wars became more serious than he had contemplated. The harvests failed at home, and Ireland was visited by famine. Trade declined and the revenue fell off, while enormous expenditures were being incurred abroad for purposes which the British people, in their sober second thought, did not approve. Everything went against the Government, and agitators and opponents did not scruple to charge the visitations of Providence to their account. Mr. Gladstone threw off all reserve, and boldly took the lead of his party, speaking all over the United Kingdom, and creating a public opinion which swept away the Tory Government. Lord Beaconsfield should have appealed to the country when the Opposition began to press him home; but he delayed until March 24, 1880, and then the

country had been wrought to such a pitch that the Liberals went back into power with a majority of one hundred and twenty. The Tories had fallen; their great chief was defeated; and the Queen, after vainly asking Lord Hartington and Earl Granville to form a Government, was forced to send for Mr. Gladstone, the uncompromising opponent of imperialism, and by far the most capable and most conscientious public man in England. He has had to pass under the harrow in the all but hopeless task of repairing the mischief done by "the imperial policy" in home affairs. The famine stage in Ireland has been succeeded by an agrarian revolt, in which the champions of natural and vested rights stand ready to fly at each other's throats, while Gladstone stands in the breach as mediator. American competition is ruining the agricultural classes of England, added to which are foreign complications that may prove serious. Some of these are legacies of Lord Beaconsfield's imperial policy; but they may, and possibly will, overwhelm the Liberal Government.

The Earl of Beaconsfield died just at the crisis when it was possible, by a bold and original stroke on the Irish land question, to have pacified Ireland and returned to power stronger than ever. It is not for us to discuss what might have been. We have simply to do with the *has been*. For good or for evil, the man Benjamin Disraeli has finished his work. As we have endeavored to show, it has been a conspicuously great work. And it has been a thoroughly consistent work as well. From start to finish it preserved the unities. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, lived up to his own ideal. He realized his dream of life. He satisfied his ambition to the full. Such as he was by nature, such he perfected by art. He was a consummate actor, a natural leader, and a man of very brilliant parts. He was not a great man, for he lacked conscientiousness; he was not a noble man, for he lacked sincerity. But he was an original and a successful man, who, born out of his natural element, an alien and a foreigner by race and sentiment, had the genius to mold English thought and sentiment to his will, and to lead captive the most conservative and exclusive social and political elements in European society. With Benjamin Disraeli dies the last and greatest of British statesmen who sought to strengthen Prerogative by weakening the Constitution.

ROBT. J. CREIGHTON.

WIRING A CONTINENT.

The establishment of telegraphic communication between the principal cities of California had the effect of making the people on the Pacific Coast realize more clearly their isolated position from the rest of the Union, and the question of an overland telegraph was at once agitated. The matter had already, in point of fact, been considered in Congress soon after the acquisition of this territory by the United States. The plan thought to be the most feasible, among the several suggested, was one by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. It was for the Government to establish stockades or military posts at distances thirty to fifty miles apart across the continent. It was thought that such a plan would have the double advantage of protecting the emigrants as well as opening up safe and reliable communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. A careful examination into the details of this scheme showed that it would prove too expensive, and nothing came of it.

It was not until 1860, when a bill was introduced by Senator Broderick, that the Senate should authorize the Postmaster General to enter into a contract with Henry O'Reilly, J. J. Speed, and T. P. Schaffner for the carrying of Government messages to and from the Pacific States. The contract was for ten years, and the consideration \$70,000 a year, with a pre-emption of 320 acres of land every ten miles along the route. This bill was referred to the committee of which Dr. Gwin was a member, but, on account of incompatibility of temper between the two Senators, it never reached the House. The year previous, 1859, the State Legislature had passed an act granting \$6,000 a year, for ten years, to the company that should put the first line through, and \$4,000 a year to the one that would get the second line through. This encouragement gave fresh impetus to the enterprises already commenced—one by the way of Placerville and Carson Valley, known as the Placerville and St. Joseph Telegraph Company, and another *via* Los Angeles, following the route of the Butterfield overland mail stages.

Early in the succeeding year, several other telegraph bills were introduced in the United States Senate. An examination of them in detail led to the conviction that no private company would be able to successfully build and

maintain telegraphic communication across the continent, the cost of maintenance after the construction of the line being too great. Government aid was consequently considered absolutely necessary if the enterprise were to be carried out. A bill finally passed Congress appropriating \$40,000 a year, for ten years, toward the construction and maintenance of a line of telegraph between the Atlantic and Pacific States. Within the appointed time the Secretary of the Treasury advertised for proposals. The Grand Confederated North American Association held a convention at New York, and agreed, as the Western Union Company had more at stake than any other Eastern company, to refer the whole matter to it and to the Placerville and St. Joseph Company. The Western Union Company resolved to put in a bid at the maximum price fixed by Congress, the bid to go in Hiram Sibley's name, but if successful, all the California lines, so disposed, were to share in the benefits. Several other competing companies made bids, but as before the time came around for giving the necessary bonds they had all withdrawn, the contract was awarded to the Western Union Company.

The parties whom Mr. Sibley represented met at Rochester, New York, and agreed that if all the California lines would consolidate they should have construction of the line from Salt Lake to the Pacific connection, while the Western Union Company should build from Salt Lake to the eastern connection. It was also agreed that the California and General Government subsidies, together with the receipts, should be divided equitably between them. In the fall of the same year, 1860, J. H. Wade, the representative of the Western Union Company, came to California to complete arrangements for the commencement of the great work. He brought the matter before the several companies then in operation on the Pacific Coast, proposing to them a plan of consolidation of all their lines, which was immediately carried out. The different companies agreed to consolidate with the California State Telegraph Company, and to create a new company called the Overland Telegraph Company, with a capital stock of \$1,250,000, to complete a line from San Francisco to Salt Lake. This company, on the completion of the line, was merged into the California State Telegraph

Company (the capital stock being doubled), which, from that time until its later consolidation with the Western Union, owned and controlled the telegraph lines from San Francisco to Salt Lake. The Western Union had in the meantime established a similar organization on the eastern side of the continent to meet the line from this side at Salt Lake.

All preliminaries having been settled, the work of construction was to be commenced without delay. The material was ordered, and preparations were made to complete the entire line before the close of 1861. The work on the eastern end was under the superintendence and general direction of Edward Creighton, while the construction from this end was directed by the writer. The lines of the California State Telegraph Company had already been extended as far as Virginia City after the consolidation of the lines, and it was decided that the work of extending the overland telegraph was to commence at Carson City. Part of the wire and insulators had in the meantime been ordered from the East, and were shipped round by Cape Horn. The next most important item of material was the poles. These had to be hauled on wagons and distributed along the route from Carson City to Salt Lake, a distance of six hundred miles. As there was not a stick of timber in sight throughout the entire distance, it seemed at first a mystery how they were to be procured, and the work finished within the time named. Among my associates in the enterprise was James Street, who had, previous to this, met and made a friend of Brigham Young. Mr. Street was full of pluck and energy; and early in the spring he went to Salt Lake and succeeded in arranging with the Mormons for the necessary poles along that section of the line.

On his return, he made it a point to see some of the Indian chiefs, to gain, if possible, their good will, as well as explain to them the object of the work. At Roberts Creek, he met Sho-kup, the head chief of the Shoshones, who received him in a very friendly manner. The chief told Mr. Street that he and his tribe were desirous of knowing and understanding the ways of the white man, and to be upon friendly terms with him. He expressed himself as anxious to do always that which was to the good of his own people, and provide for their wants. He added, with much feeling:

"Before the white men came to my country, my people were happy and had plenty of game and roots. Now they are no longer happy, and the game has almost disappeared."

Sho-kup exercised great influence, not only over his own tribe, but also over the Goshutes

and Pah-Utes. The Indians there, as everywhere, are very superstitious and put great faith in the teachings of their medicine men. At the time of the visit of Mr. Street, one of Sho-kup's wives (he had two) was dangerously ill, and one of her doctors had said the cause of it was the *overland mail*. The chief asked if this was true. The interpreter replied in the negative, and on behalf of Mr. Street invited Sho-kup to get on the stage and go to San Francisco, where he was assured he would be kindly received, and be as well in all respects as if he had made the journey on horseback. The chief accepted the offer and started with them the next stage, but on reaching Carson City he resolved to return, as it was taking him too far from home. The telegraph was explained to him by the interpreter, and he afterward called it "*We-ente-mo-ke-te-bope*," meaning "*wire rope express*." On being pressed to continue his trip to San Francisco, he said no; he wanted to go back and learn how his wife was. He was told that when the telegraph was completed he could talk to her as well from there as if by her side; but this was more than his comprehension could seize. Talk to her when nearly three hundred miles away! No; that was not possible. He shook his head, saying he would rather talk to her in the old way. His idea of the telegraph was that it was an animal, and he wished to know on what it fed. They told him it ate lightning; but, as he had never seen any one make a supper of lightning, he was not disposed to believe that. During his stay in Carson City, Sho-kup was kindly treated, and, as he refused to go farther, he was told he could talk with the Big Captain (President H. W. Carpenter) of the telegraph company at San Francisco. Thereupon he dictated the following dispatch:

"Sho-kup, Big Chief of the Shoshones, says to Big Captain at San Francisco, that his Indians will not trouble the telegraph line. Sho-kup is a friend of the white man. His people obey him. He will order them to be friendly with the white men and not injure the telegraph. He would like to see Big Captain, but must return to his tribe, and cannot go to San Francisco."

On receipt of this message, General Carpenter, President of the Company, sent Sho-kup several friendly messages, and ordered presents of food and clothing to be made him. The importance of having a good understanding and keeping on friendly terms with the Indians was well understood, and everything was done, both then and during the period of the construction of the line, to prevent the occurrence of anything that would lead to trouble with them.

Mr. Street's contracts with the Mormons were for two to three hundred miles of poles for the eastern section of the line from Salt Lake west. I then went myself to Carson City and made contracts for one hundred miles of poles, running east from that point to Ruby Valley, where other contracts had been made with parties, familiar with that part of the country, to supply the poles for the middle section. I had many misgivings in respect to these contracts for poles, especially regarding those for the middle section. Along that portion of the route the mountains and plains were treeless as far as the eye could reach, viewed even from the highest point. Where, then, the poles were to come from, I could not conceive. But the frontiersmen with whom the bargain had been made appeared to know their business, and, as I afterward learned, they had in their hunting expeditions discovered *cañons* and gorges in the mountains where stunted pine and quaking-asp could be found sufficiently large for telegraph poles. So far, then, all was satisfactory.

The material having been provided, the next important move was to get it on the ground. Early in the spring of 1861 I was authorized by the company to fit out an expedition and commence the work of construction. It was estimated that it would take twenty-six wagons to carry the material and supplies across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and these I was instructed to purchase, together with the necessary animals to move them. This was accomplished and the expedition was ready to move on the 27th of May, 1861. It comprised 228 oxen, 26 wagons, 50 men, and several riding-horses. Everything necessary for the work and subsistence had to be carried on the wagons, but as there was a fair road over the mountains, it was thought the crossing could be made in about twelve or fifteen days. The expedition was placed in charge of I. M. Hubbard, an experienced and energetic telegraph man. Instead of fifteen days, as supposed, it took over thirty days to get across the Sierra Nevada. The train was very long and the road narrow, and it was found that many of the wagons were too heavily laden for the mountain roads; so it made but slow progress. In addition to this, the train frequently blocked up the road, delaying incoming trains as long as a day at a time. It was, therefore, finally concluded to cut up the telegraph train into several sections, and it was not until late in June that the expedition reached Carson Valley, and the work of construction commenced. In the meantime, the poles were being distributed from both ends of the line of route, and, as the wire and insulators for the eastern end had been ordered shipped from

the Missouri river to Salt Lake, the work began energetically from both ends.

The route selected was by way of Omaha, up the South Platte, *via* old Fort Kearney, Fort Laramie, up the Sweetwater and through the South Pass to Salt Lake. Thence, to Deep Creek, Egan Cañon, and Ruby Valley to Virginia City. Austin and Eureka were not at that time in existence. In fact, the only settlement along that portion of the route, was one at Ruby Valley, where some troops were stationed.

Mr. Creighton, who, as I have stated, was in charge of the eastern section, and myself, communicated freely, advising each other at frequent intervals of the progress of the work. His reports showed me with what energy he was pushing his part forward, and so enthusiastic were we both that a wager was laid between us as to which would first reach Salt Lake, ready to open communication with San Francisco and the East. In order that all could be worked to the best advantage, the party, under Mr. Hubbard's direction, was thoroughly organized and systematized. The line was first measured and staked off; the hole-diggers followed; then came the pole-setters, and next the wire party. The line was strung up at the rate of from three to eight miles a day. An advance telegraph station was kept up with the head of the line, and the progress of the work reported each day. At this advance station the news was received on the arrival of the Pony Express, and telegraphed to San Francisco and other points. Commercial dispatches were also sent and received daily, as the Pony Express arrived at or departed from our camp. In this way the newspapers in San Francisco were supplied with telegraphic news, and were daily gaining on time as the lines advanced east and west across the continent toward their meeting point.

Among the different working parties were several Indians. They were employed principally in taking care of the stock, herding them at night where grass was to be found, and driving them in at early morning. Another object in employing them was that they might report to the different tribes how well they were treated, and in this way favorably influence the Indians toward the members of the party and the telegraph line. Those I employed were intrusted almost entirely with the stock, and I never had any reason to regret the confidence I placed in them. They were generally paid in provisions and clothing, and always seemed perfectly satisfied. That this good feeling with the Indians was maintained throughout, was also in a measure due to a general order issued

at the start, that any man of the expedition getting into trouble with the Indians, or their squaws, would be immediately dismissed from the service, and this rule was strictly enforced.

An incident occurred once during the construction of the line that doubtless had a lasting effect upon one Indian, at least, as to the power contained in the wire, which to them was so great a mystery. While our men were engaged stretching the wires up to a stage station, about two hundred miles east of the Sierra Nevada, a thunder storm broke over the valley at some distance from where they were working. The electric charges from the clouds were so heavy that the men were obliged to use buckskin gloves to avoid the shocks. Some strange Indians coming up just at that time, one of the men motioned to them to come and help him pull at the wire. One more willing than the rest took hold of it, and while drawing the wire along, the ground being moist, and the Indian in his bare feet, he received an electric charge that doubled him up in a knot. A more astonished Indian was probably never seen. He sprang to his feet and started on a full run. His companions, not knowing what had occurred, looked on with perfect astonishment. The electrified Indian stopped after running a short distance, and called to his comrades to join him, to whom, I presume, he explained the effect, without exactly knowing the cause. He and the others spread the news of this occurrence, and after that no Indian could be induced to go near the wire or touch the poles. Governor Nye, of Nevada, who also acted as Indian Agent, informed me, shortly after the completion of the overland line, that on his meeting with the Indians in Ruby Valley he noticed that whenever they had occasion to pass under the wire they got as nearly equidistant between the poles as possible, and appeared anxious to keep as far away from the line as they could. When I told him of the incident I have just related, he said it was very likely the cause of what he had observed.

In the meantime the construction of the line was being rapidly pushed forward. Many serious difficulties were, however, from time to time encountered, requiring our greatest energies to overcome. Deserts had to be crossed, which in many cases taxed the efforts and strength of the expedition to its very utmost. In one instance sixteen miles of line were built in one day, in order to reach a point where water could be obtained. As the weather was extremely hot, teams with barrels of water had to be kept with the different parties when crossing these deserts. Again, our pole-contractors failed us, and it was found necessary to send our

own teams out on the mountain tops to procure and haul poles at the different points-where an insufficient quantity had been provided. The first contract made with the Mormons was also a failure. Brigham Young denounced the contractors who agreed to furnish the poles from the pulpit, and said the work of furnishing the poles should and must be carried out. The work of getting them out was intrusted to other parties. Some of the poles had to be hauled nearly two hundred miles, most of them being taken from the mountains in the vicinity of Salt Lake, there being very few to be had west of that point.

Up to the first of October the work had progressed as well as could have been expected, all things considered. The poles were nearly all delivered, and the line completed with the exception of some fifty or sixty miles between Ruby Valley and Schell Creek, about midway between Carson City and Salt Lake. But at that time it began to be apparent that the pole-contractors were going to fail on that section. Mountaineers and Indians were at once secured to scour the mountains, and procure, if possible, a sufficient number of poles to complete the remaining portion of the line. As the season was growing late, and cold weather coming on, I began to have serious fears that it would be impossible to complete it before winter. The men were also getting frightened, and many of them wanted to return home, as they feared we would be overtaken by the snow. I finally ascertained that poles could be had on the top of a high mountain, about fifteen miles from a place called Egan Cañon, but that the only way to procure them was with our own men and teams. This I directed done, and with as little delay as possible. The teams left Ruby Valley at once, with orders to go to this mountain, cut the poles, and get them down. Twenty wagons started in the train, under the direction of the wagon-master and a foreman of construction. In a few days, after having had time, as I judged, to reach Egan Cañon, the stage brought me a note from the foreman, advising me that they had reached that point, but that his workmen and teamsters refused to go into the mountains, saying it was too late in the season to attempt it, and that they had determined to leave and go home. Matters were becoming serious, and I saw that nothing but strong determination on my part would induce the men to reverse their decision and encounter the risks of going into the mountains. I held a conference with my assistant, Mr. Hubbard, and Jasper McDonald, the commissary of the expedition. We decided to take the next stage for Egan Cañon, enforce orders, and, if such a thing were still possible,

get out the necessary number of poles for the completion of the line. On our arrival we found the men very decided not to go farther. I informed them they had started on the work under an agreement to remain until it was completed, and that they would be held to it, or forfeit their pay. They continued to express great fears of being caught in the mountains by winter storms, but on the assurance that we would accompany them they agreed to go, and early on the morning after my arrival we all moved into the mountains. By sundown we reached the timber. We had a hard day's work to do so, as for a good portion of the way we had to open up and make the road for the teams to pass over. The poles were found at a point high up in the mountains. They were mostly fire-killed, hard and dry. The night that we reached this place was dark and gloomy. Heavy clouds overhanging the mountains announced the near approach of a storm. Our men had been in the habit of rolling themselves up in their blankets and sleeping on the ground in the open air. We had tents with us, but many of them did not think it worth while to put them up. We were all very tired, climbing the mountain being very fatiguing, so it was not long after supper before the men were rolled up in their blankets for the night. I had a tent put up, into which I crawled with other officers of the expedition. My heart was filled with many misgivings as to what the morning would bring forth. Anything like a heavy fall of snow would, I knew well, seriously endanger, if not altogether destroy, our chances of getting out the poles, obliging me to leave the completion of the line until the following spring, to say nothing of the danger of being snowed up and of losing our lives. Wearied, I soon fell asleep, and slept soundly until morning.

When I awoke and raised the tent-door, my worst forebodings seemed fully realized: the ground was white with snow. But my attention was quickly diverted to the strangeness of the spectacle offered in the immediate surroundings of my tent. It was similar to that presented in a snow-clad churchyard, minus the headstones. Hummocks of snow, uniform in size, and arranged with all the silent precision of a cemetery, were grouped about me. One good loud shout of "Rouse out! rouse out!" sufficed, however, to animate the scene, as the men in answer to my call shook themselves from their blankets and coverlet of snow. The rapidity of the change in scene from the death-like silence of the snow-covered sleepers, of whom not a vestige could be seen, to the noise and activity of the mountain camp, was panoramically grotesque, and for the moment made

me forget the more serious part of the business on hand.

About six inches of snow had fallen during the night, and to increase our troubles not a single head of stock was to be found. They had all stampeded down the mountain side. The Indians were quickly rallied and started in pursuit. Instead of following down the cañon in search of the cattle, I was surprised to see them go *up* the mountain. It was not long before the reason of their doing so was made apparent. They got on to the ridge, from which point they could obtain a full view of the ravines and cañons below, and within a few hours from starting they had secured all the animals and driven them back to camp. By this time the sun was out, shining brightly, and the snow fast disappearing. The poles were all in sight, and the men went to work at them with a will. It did not take long to cut and trim them, and as fast as this was done they were "snaked" down the mountains by the Indians. In two days we had secured twenty wagon-loads, with which we hurried off to lose no time in placing them on the line of route.

Having now all the poles necessary for the completion of the line, and having given the necessary orders for winding up all matters and for the return of the expedition, I returned to Ruby Valley on my way home, so as to be in San Francisco at the moment of the opening of the line. On reaching Ruby Valley I found a number of Indians camped there, at the head of whom was Buck Soldier, a Shoshone chief. He had got this name from always being dressed in a military suit. Buck had shown himself very friendly during the entire period of the expedition. He as well as Sho-kup had taken especial pains to give us all the aid possible; so, on parting, I presented to him a number of sacks of flour, sides of bacon, and some clothing, and for which he was greatly pleased. The next morning, just as I was mounting the box of the overland stage with the driver, he came out of his *wik-i-up* (wigwam), and presented me with an old daguerreotype of himself in full dress, taken in Salt Lake several years before, begging me to receive it as a mark of his appreciation of the kindness I had manifested toward him. This was accompanied by the request that on my return home I would send him a portrait of myself. I promised to do so, and on arriving in San Francisco had myself photographed, and also had a copy taken from Buck Soldier's picture. I had them both placed in a gold double locket, with a chain, so that it could be worn around the neck, and forwarded it to him through the Indian Agent, who afterwards presented it to Buck with great ceremony.

In connection with our treatment of the Indians during the period of this work, it might be well for me to mention that the consideration we manifested toward them appeared, in after years, to be fully appreciated. This was instanced in 1863, two years after the completion of the overland telegraph line, when an Indian war broke out on the overland route, causing trouble between the stage *employés* and the Indians. The stages had to be guarded, many of the *employés* of the company were killed at different points, the coaches fired upon, and passengers frequently killed. Several of the stage stations were destroyed, and finally troops had to be sent out to fight the Indians, and several battles took place before peace for the time was restored. During all these troubles, the telegraph line was not disturbed, and, if my recollection serves me right, no stage station in which a telegraph office was established was ever burned; nor was an *employé* of the Company ever molested or injured by the Indians. They seemed to look on the telegraph people as another tribe and against which they had no hostility.

On the eastern division some exceptions to this manifested themselves from time to time, where the operators were obliged to aid in resisting the attack of the Indians against the *employés* of the stage company. This was chiefly the case on the plains where the Indians roamed about, not confining themselves to any particular locality. The repair-stations of the operators employed by the telegraph company were established in the huts occupied by the stage company. These stations were from forty to fifty miles apart. The operators had nothing to do except to see that the line was in working order. In case of a break the nearest operator was ordered out. He generally went alone on horseback. It was supposed at first that it would be difficult to procure operators for this service and retain them; but such was not the case. They soon became accustomed to the work—the danger and excitement of it seemed to have for them an additional attraction. The risks they were exposed to were constant and great, and I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without referring briefly to some of the many incidents constantly occurring, as showing the personal bravery of the men engaged in the overland telegraph service. Sweetwater Station, in the South Pass, was attacked by a band of Sioux Indians. The operator and stage men entrenched themselves as well as they could in their dug-out, a mud hut hollowed out in the earth, part above and part below ground. Being well provided with rifles and ammunition they awaited the approach of the

Indians, and, seeing them preparing for an attack, gave them a volley. The Indians promptly returned the fire, and the fight lasted for several days. At the first moment of attack the operator telegraphed to the nearest fort for troops to come to the rescue. Shortly after having done so, the wires were cut by the Indians in the hope that it would cut off communication for relief. They were knowing enough to do that. The wire being cut prevented the besieged operator and his comrades from communicating with their friends at the adjoining stations, and it was not until after the troops arrived and had dispersed the Indians that news could be had telling of their successful resistance. At another time five hundred Arrapahoes and Cheyennes attacked Fort Sedgwick, where some thirty troops and twelve civilians were established. The whites held out bravely, but lost seventeen of their number before assistance reached them.

In this attack, some of the Indians succeeded in reaching a shed, where, with sundry provisions, some carboys of nitric acid were stored for use in the battery. The acid had a smell to them something like good strong whisky. They carried off one of the carboys, to have, as they expected, a good time. Their good time did not last long. An Indian's "nip" is not a pony glass. Those of them who nipped from that carboy, did so for the last time. Their exit from this world was about as sudden as it would have been had a bullet gone through their brains. The effect produced on the remainder of them at the sight of their dead "lightning-struck" comrades, was for a moment favorable to the besieged. They ceased their attack, seemingly lost in wonder and admiration in the thought that white men could drink such powerful whisky and live.

The operators at the stations on the Sierra Nevada had other difficulties and dangers quite as formidable to contend with. The snow frequently fell to a depth of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, completely covering both the poles and the wires, and snow-slides were constantly occurring. As soon as the first overland wire was completed, a new and more substantially built line was constructed across the Sierra Nevada. The stations were established at from twelve to fifteen miles apart, and men only who were fearless of danger and willing to risk the mountain storms were employed as repairers of the lines. They used the Norwegian snow-shoes, twelve and sometimes fifteen feet long, turned up at the end like sled-runners. Practice on them soon rendered the repairers very expert in getting over the snow. In descending the mountains, they would use the guiding stick as

a brake, putting it between their legs, sitting down on it, and letting themselves go. In going up the mountains, they would use a piece of woollen cloth or rope tied under the runners, which prevented them from slipping back as they ascended. Notwithstanding the danger and hardship of the work, no difficulties were encountered in procuring men to engage in it. They were well paid and performed their arduous task faithfully, repairing the line whenever broken with dispatch.

I said good-bye to Buck Soldier and his Indians, and mounted the box. The stage driver cracked his whip, and I was off for San Francisco as fast as six wild mustangs could take me. How fast that is any one who has made the overland stage trip well knows. You go a good deal faster than on a railway train even if you do not cover as much ground in the same space of time. On the old overland stage everything went—if I may be allowed the expression—not excepting the brain, which, in the continuous mental survey of possibilities, kept even pace with the horses and stage. At one moment tearing around the edge of a precipice at a high dizzy to look down from; at another, plunging down the side, at a pace suggestive of the day of judgment, which a mountain slide or broken brake would have ushered in without further ceremony. The trip in those days was a constant whirl of excitement, rendered still more exciting by the always possible appearance of road agents and hostile Indians.

Yet, when I come to look back, it seems strange how inured and hardened one became to it. I recollect that when I made my first overland trip my hand was constantly on the revolver in my belt. Twenty and more times a day I was ready to pull it out on the shortest possible notice, and lodge its contents in the first animate object that disputed our right of way. In later trips I observed myself disposed to put it under the cushion of the seat, where I believed it to be more comfortably placed than sticking in the middle of my back or trying to force its way between my lower two ribs. Still later, when the trip had become an "old story," I seemed to think that the best place for my revolver was at the bottom of my carpet-bag. Had any one told me the first night I stood guard over our camp, with my rifle and revolver at full cock, when crossing the plains for the first time, that I would cross them again a few years later with my revolver at the bottom of my carpet-bag, I would have considered it base flattery—more than mortal courage was entitled to. But so it is; dangers that at first seem as big as mountains after a time become as mole-hills. It is not that the dangers are in any way

lessened, but rather because our imagination at first overrates them and next underates them.

I reached San Francisco in time for the opening of the great trans-continental telegraph line, which took place on the evening of October 24th, 1861. The great work, which had been agitated so many years, both on this coast, in the East, and in Congress, was completed, and in the short space of five months from the time the expedition moved from Sacramento. It had been proposed to get up a celebration in honor of such an important event, but owing to the uncertainty as to the exact time when the line would be completed, no preparation had been made. The *employés* of the company, who stood around, manifested the greatest anxiety, watching the first click of the instrument across the continent. At last it came and read as follows:

"SALT LAKE, October 24, 1861—5.13 P. M.

"To General H. W. Carpentier:—Line just completed. Can you come to office? STREET."

This telegram was received by the operator, John Leatch. This gentleman at that time had been in the employ of the company some six years, and has remained in its service nearly ever since. At this time he is engaged as an operator in the San Francisco office, and may well be classed among the veterans. The next dispatch was from Brigham Young, and read as follows:

"GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, October 24—7 P. M.

"To Hon. H. W. Carpentier, President of the Overland Telegraph Company—Dear Sir: I am very much obliged for your kindness, manifested through you and Mr. Street, in giving me privilege of first message to California. May success ever attend the enterprise. The success of Mr. Street in completing his end of the line, under many unfavorable circumstances, in so short a time, is beyond our most sanguine anticipations. Join your wires with the Russian Empire, and we will converse with Europe.

"Your friend, BRIGHAM YOUNG."

This message was received by Geo. S. Ladd, then a practical operator, who for many years after was in the service of the company as Secretary and Superintendent, and who is at present President of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company of California. The first message sent from San Francisco was as follows:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., October 24, 1861.

"To Hon. Brigham Young, Great Salt Lake City:—That which was so long a hope is now a reality. The trans-continental telegraph is complete. I congratulate you upon the auspicious event. May it prove a bond of perpetual union and friendship between the people of Utah and the people of California.

"H. W. CARPENTIER."

This message, the first sent over this section of the overland line, I had the honor to manipulate myself. The next in order was the following message, containing the painful announcement of the death of Colonel E. D. Baker. It read:

"GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, October 24—7 P. M.

"To H. W. Carpentier:—Colonel Baker was killed in battle on the 21st, while in the act of cheering on his command. Intense excitement and mourning in Philadelphia over his death. STREET."

The street in front of the office was densely crowded during the evening, and there would probably have been an impromptu celebration of the great event but for the sad news above mentioned, which cast a gloom over the city and prevented any demonstration taking place. Other dispatches were sent during the evening, and among them the following to the President:

"To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:—In the temporary absence of the Governor of the State, I am requested to send you the first message which will be transmitted over the wires of the telegraph line which connects the Pacific with the Atlantic States. The people of California desire to congratulate you upon the completion of the great work. They believe that it will be the means of strengthening the attachment which binds both the East and the West to the Union, and they desire in this—the first message across the continent—to express their loyalty to the Union and their determination to stand by its Government on this its day of trial. They regard that Government with affection, and will adhere to it under all fortunes.

"STEPHEN J. FIELD,
"Chief Justice of California."

There were also received a large number of news dispatches, among which were the particulars of the death of Colonel Baker, and another announcing—

"Beauregard will retire beyond Bull Run."

The overland telegraph was, then, an accomplished fact. A few years previous news from the other side was only semi-monthly, and usually from twenty-five to thirty days old. Then came the semi-weekly mail by the overland route, with news on an average from eighteen to twenty days old. After that came the Pony Express. This latter, though a vast improvement on both the first and the second, only made clearer that something still remained to be done to bring California within the sphere of the other civilized countries of the world. This the telegraph in its first click did. With it disappeared the feeling of isolation the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast had labored under. San Francisco was in instant communication with New York, and the other great cities of the Atlantic seaboard. The change was a great one, but it was one the people readily adapted themselves to, having wished and waited so long for it. In that moment California was brought within the circle of the sisterhood of States. No longer as one beyond the pale of civilization, but, with renewed assurances of peace and prosperity, she was linked in electrical bonds to the great national family union.

JAMES GAMBLE.

ELEANORE.

Upon a radiant morning
In dear, delicious June,
Each woodland bird was singing
His sweetest, wildest tune.

The forest aisles were ringing
With their melodious trills;
The glory of the sunshine
Enfolded the green hills.

It shone upon the meadows,
It sifted through the leaves,
And fell among the shadows
Beneath the waving trees.

The river sparkled gayly
Its verdant shores between;
The clouds, all wide and stately,
Moved on through skies serene.

My love came gayly singing
 Along the river shore—
 In raiment white as lilies
 Walked fair Eleânore.

She touched the swinging daisies
 That grew beside her path—
 The finest hand in all the land
 The dainty maiden hath.

We sat beside the river
 And watched its rippling flow;
 The bending boughs above us
 Moved slowly to and fro;

And if they heard the promise
 Those rosy lips did speak,
 Or saw the rose-red blushes
 That blossomed on her cheek,

I never knew—but sometimes
 I fancy that the breeze
 Repeats the same sweet story
 We told beneath the trees.

JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

MR. HIRAM McMANUS.

CHAPTER I.

He was the guardian and mentor of the Bar. I do not think that his occupation of this position arose from any desire to exercise supervision over the affairs of the camp; nor is it probable that the general intellect and sagacity at Deadman's Bar were so far in want as to render such supervision necessary. My idea is that he was vested with the dignity without choice—had it thrust upon him by force of circumstances, and was pressed into it by the camp from the almost universal appreciation of his fitness and usefulness in such a capacity.

His appearance certainly did not warrant the distinction. He was a short fleshy man, with straight sandy hair, white eyebrows, a flabby and altogether expressionless face, and an air which showed a constant and unmistakable inclination to bashfulness. From his talk, his manner, his actions, there protruded ever, a habit of gentle self-depreciation, and to a stranger, who had never witnessed the practical demonstrations he had given of coolness and superiority in cases of emergency, his peculiar humbleness and unobtrusiveness would have stamped him as being somewhat of a fool. It was in the fall of '52 that his paternal interest first impressed itself upon the camp. Long

before that, he had driven the stage between Deadman's and Oroville. Indeed, from its birth, the camp through him had transacted its negotiations, purchased its goods, mailed and registered its letters, cashed its checks and drafts, and, in fact, carried on its entire business with the outside world.

Isolation heightens curiosity, and it was with no small degree of interest that the little population of Deadman's had come together from week to week in expectation of his arrival. Curiosity begets regard, and following these arrivals he was the lion of the hour as he discoursed to select circles of eager listeners, in rough, but quaintly garnished language, forcible, if not elegant, of the news that during his trip he had gathered from the world beyond the camp.

This capacity as news-carrier had drawn their attention, but that was all. The feeling thus engendered resulted merely from their curiosity, and did not in any way tend to attach him to the Bar; and it was not until the fall of '52 that the boys went further, and began to respect and love him. He himself always thought it was Fate. And, taking into consideration the fickleness of the nature commonly ascribed to that goddess, together with the fact that the inducing cause of his position was of a sex whose

foremost attribute is this defect, he may not have been far from wrong in his impression. At any rate, there was no doubt that the cause of his guardianship was a woman.

It was Sabbath in the little town of Oroville, and a peaceful quiet floating in on the sultry lightness of the October breeze had settled down on the empty streets and enwrapped the place in restfulness. And out from the stillness came the Deadman's stage, rocking and swinging along the dusty road, which, winding like a long thread up over the line of yellow hills, stretches out across the willow-fringed banks of Feather River into the broad, brown plains, to where, miles and miles away, the red stained bluffs and dusty oaks of the nearer foothills lay indistinct in the morning haze; and still other miles beyond is lost in the dark, cool shadow which marks the place of the river, the *canyon*, and Deadman's Bar.

There was but one passenger—a woman—and she occupied the box with the driver. Women were not wholly a rarity in the mines. Indeed, Mr. McManus had yet in his mind certain amusing recollections of the loose freedom and coarse jocularly of a frail representative of the sex who had served as a dispenser of beverages at Stuart's saloon the preceding evening. But good women were, and it was with somewhat of a feeling of awe that he had taken his seat beside this quietly dressed figure on the box. The warmth of the sun and the queeriness of the associations stirred his heart. The face of this virtuous woman forced back upon him recollections of a class of her sisters which his surroundings had almost led him to believe extinct, and, ere long, repeated glances of furtive curiosity came to alternate with an intermittent and wandering attention bestowed upon his reins. Happily, however, his face was so devoid of all expression, that for a long time the woman scarcely took notice of his scrutiny. But finally she became conscious of a timid mumbling, a sort of undefined, deprecatory murmuring that seemed to issue from somewhere in the depths of the man at her side. She looked up quickly, and, so looking, realized that the whole broadside of his placid extent of features was turned directly toward her.

"Sir?" she said, inquiringly.

The noise immediately stopped. The figure somewhat collectively collapsed. There was a nervous lopping forward of the head that almost hid the face in its own shadow, and a downcast assumption of the eyes enforcing an apparently serious contemplation of a generous sized boot. It was only after some moment's hesitation that his back intermittently

straightened up; but then, and on seeming mature consideration, the shock of sandy hair concluded to follow. When it had about reached the perpendicular, he ventured to bashfully raise his eyes, and so remained, timidly glancing into her face. The inside again began to gurgle, but beyond that there were no intelligible attempts made at conversation. There was a vague consciousness of something ludicrous to the woman in his appearance, but she checked her desire to laugh, and said:

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

"You're a goin' somewhere, Miss?" said Hiram, slowly, glancing with a palpable mixture of timid curiosity and masculine awe at the dusty traveling suit of the figure at his side. "You're a goin' somewhere and a travelin'."

"I am."

"Jest so," said Mr. McManus, edging painfully on his seat, and softly rubbing the leg of his breeches with his hand, "jest so."

The conversation flagged again. But after a pause, he shifted his reins, passed his right hand aimlessly through his hair, and continued:

"Ye come all alone, mebbe?"

"Yes, sir, all alone."

"Spectin' to meet yer folks, perhaps?"

"Yes; one of them, at least. As yet I know but one person at Deadman's Bar, but I expect he will be there to welcome me."

"Oh, yer husband will be ther'!"

Mr. McManus endeavored to throw an expression of arch interrogation into his staring face; but, meeting the scarcely concealed smile in the unconcerned gray eyes of his companion, blushed deeply, and vigorously explored the recesses of his ear with his second finger.

"No, sir—my brother," said the woman, quietly, and, beyond the demure smile on her lips and eyes, without seeming conscious of his craftiness. "My brother, and not my husband. I cannot say, though, that he really expects me," she added, slowly, "for I hardly knew myself when I should reach Deadman's, and so did not write him."

"Yes, jest so," said Mr. McManus, thoughtfully; "e-e-e-I forgot, what did you say was yer brother's name?"

"Rankine, sir—Jack Rankine."

For the moment, Mr. McManus seemed astonished, but the expression signally failed to fix itself for any length of time upon his blankness.

"Jack Rankine—Jack Rankine's sister," he repeated, slowly.

He fell into a sort of abstract reverie that almost utterly precluded speech; but, from time to time, as if communing with himself, he softly observed:

"Well, well, who'd a thought it? Jack Rankine's sister!"

"Then you know my brother?" She turned directly toward him and spoke somewhat sharply, for he had seemingly forgotten her in the profoundness of his abstraction.

"E-eh? Y-yes—jest so," said Mr. McManus, striving, with some confusion, to recover his composure. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he dropped his eyes searchingly on his gloves, tugged nervously at them, blinked rapidly once or twice, and continued:

"Yes, miss, I does know your brother—knowed him nigh onto two year. But I never knowed he hed a sister—thet is, one o' your kind."

He paused again, and then said:

"Miss Rankine?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ye're a goin' to Deadman's—an' to stay?"

"Yes."

"Ye don't think, now," said Mr. McManus, glancing furtively into her face, and nervously rubbing the top of his leg—"ye don't think as how ye could go back, do ye?"

"Go back?" she said, inquiringly. "I—I hardly understand you, sir."

"Yes, back again with me on the stage; not all the way back to yer folks, but to Nimsheew, or Oroville, or some such situation? Not if I was to look arter you an' get you settled? And drop in occasionally, and bring a little money and things, so you could get along?" he continued, still twisting and winking, as if physically laboring to settle himself into a fuller mental appreciation of the situation.

There was an awkward pause. The woman edged a little farther away from him, blushed, and apparently sought within herself for self-support. The feminine quickness to recognize an insult was evidently at odds with the feminine disbelief in the motive or capacity of such a man to offer one.

"I am a stranger, sir, to your Californian ways," she answered, somewhat tremulously, "and I hardly know how to understand you. You surely do not mean—"

Mr. McManus left off rubbing his leg, transferred his attention to his ear, carefully traced out several folds in it with his second finger, and quietly ignored the imputation.

"Miss Rankine," he said, slowly pinching up his chin between his thumb and forefinger as he spoke, "I will further explain what I had in mind. Ye see, ther's a house down here at Marysville as belongs to me. It ain't a very purty house or a very big one; but if it was cleaned up some, and had a floor put in, and a little whitewash and furnitur' invested, it ed be

quite gayly and cheerful. And I was a thinkin' that perhaps you would be likin' to go back with me and take up your residence there as the respected head, so to speak, of that ther cabin. I don't have no use fur money, and——"

"And you would actually ask me to share it with you?" she broke in, excitedly.

Mr. McManus's eyes blinked rapidly, and, as far as his capabilities allowed, he appeared somewhat abashed.

"I wouldn't a mentioned it, Miss," he said slowly, "ef I hadn't thought it ed perhaps be doin' you a favor. But, ye see, I ain't got no use for it, and ——"

He paused again. But the pause added little of clearness to the aspect of the situation. In truth, this generous avowal of pecuniary disinterestedness related, a fastidious frigidity seemed to diverge from the primness of her garments that no mute testimony of his negative features could satisfactorily thaw. Mr. McManus felt it, and meekly protesting against the insinuation, offered a feeble attempt at a justification.

"Ye see, Miss Rankine," he said, "as I observed before, I have knowed your brother for some time, and I had noticed some little notions in him—peculiarities, you might call 'em—which somehow seemed to me to onfit him for the performance—to the fullest extent—of the onerous duties and labors devolv'in' upon a family man."

"Jack," Miss Rankine interrupted, "always bore a good reputat' at home, and is no doubt better than the imaginations of some people have pictured him."

But Mr. McManus's eyes were blinking into vacancy, and he proceeded as if no interruption had occurred:

"Yes, peculiarities—a habit of drinkin' whiskey and reposin' perphisquis' in the streets; a tendency to hold a full hand at all games, and a disposition to fight if disturbed in 'em; a constitutional delight in habitooal rest and meditation as compared with an arduous longin' for continuoal work; and the onsettled state of his income, as applied to a regular livin'—seemed to indicate," continued Mr. McManus with sober thoughtfulness, "that he wasn't—altogether—the ijeal purvider for a family hearth."

Miss Rankine, sitting rigidly upright, with her face turned slightly toward him, grew a shade paler at this, but did not speak.

"For these reasons," went on Mr. McManus, still intent upon his gloves, "and also that the we-men in that ther location is somewhat different from you in point of general respectability, I calkerlated it would perhaps be better for you not to reside at Deadman's."

He stopped speaking and looked stealthily into her face. Miss Rankine had turned directly from him, and in the vivid glare of the morning sun was shading her face with her hand. She sat there, leaning slightly forward, her eyes following the dusty perspective of the road ahead, that now crept close upon the shadow of the nearer belt of pines. Already here and there an outstraggling clump had cast a fitful shade on her white pale face, on her gray dress, on her slender upraised hand; but all this as yet had been occasional and varying. Mr. McManus's eyes left his gloves and followed her somewhat curiously.

"Well!" he said finally.

The straggling shadows multiplied—came thick upon them; the line of pines crept nearer, then overtook the way. The last white play of direct light gleamed through the thickening foliage, rested lovingly on Miss Rankine's pure young forehead, tinged momentarily her eyes with somewhat of its brightness, lingered ruddily on her brown hair, faltered, and slipped backward, and was gone. The shadow had fallen utterly upon them. In the coolness and quiet, Miss Rankine's voice sounded somewhat constrained.

"I thank you, sir—for your kindness—but I shall go to Deadman's."

Mr. McManus's face grew blank with disappointment. He would have urged her further, but he dared not. Discouraged, he turned his attention to his horses.

"Is there—not one—good woman at Deadman's?" asked Miss Rankine, suddenly.

"Never hevin' inquired particular," answered Mr. McManus, with conscientious circumspection, "I can't say; but there may be. There's perhaps some we-men ther that I don't know. But, speakin' from personal experience," he added, thoughtfully, "I should say that the less ye confided in 'em the better."

"And does my brother ever——"

Miss Rankine's voice suddenly gave out, but her earnest face was still turned seriously toward him. Mr. McManus, struggling with his gloves, with well meant sympathy essayed masculine comfort.

"Ther ain't another woman in the mines, Miss Rankine, as ed do as you're doin', not for the moral salvation of a army of brothers. I ain't exactly a woman, nor the style of a man that a decent female ed be likely to approach fur much sympathy or feelin'. But, afore God, Miss Rankine, I'll do more for you than for any woman in California. I can't tell ye as how ye'll have an easy time up ther at the Bar, but here's my hand that ye'll never want, and that ye can depend on me for help if ever ye find

yourself in trouble. And ez fur we-men," he added slowly, "perhaps the less ye has to do with 'em the better."

He turned abruptly and looked searchingly into the box at his feet. When he had seemingly completed the inquiry, he turned again, and, with his old diffidence of manner, remarked that it was "nigh onto twenty mile to the Bar," smiled vaguely, gurgled, and relapsed into a total and uninterrupted silence, that sternly maintained itself during the remainder of the journey.

CHAPTER II.

Earlier than 1852, before civilization stepped in and spoiled things, there were few scenes more rich in natural beauty and general picturesqueness of effect than the one which Deadman's Bar presented to the casual observer. But even in 1852 its inhabitants said it was a pretty place—a remarkably pretty place—and certainly they ought to know. It is situated in a saucer-shaped hollow, by a river, on a side-hill made up of gold-bearing gravel, from which side-hill Deadman's acquires a migratory mining population in flannel shirts, a tolerably constant immigration of professional gamblers and hurdy-gurdies, a pleasant atmosphere of onions, bacon, profanity, and smoke, a numerous outlay of abandoned shafts in unlooked-for places, which cheerfully and impartially take in the stranger and the unwary, together with a great many other commercial and social advantages. There is a great deal of fine soil in and about Deadman's, and yet it is not altogether the kind of a place for agricultural pursuits either. Finess in soil is a very desirable quality in stationary real estate; but in ground that shifts its features, so to speak, and is guilty of occasionally changing its spots, its benefits are somewhat more difficult to appreciate. In winter it goes slopping about in oozy, treacherous puddles, and plashes with unwarrantable freedom the sturdy boots and slip-shod ankles of the male and female population, but in summer it parches and crumbles up, and becomes red dust. Now, red is a very good color in its way, especially in bricks, but certainly it is not becoming to scenery, and it must be admitted that the beauty of Deadman's suffers somewhat in consequence.

Deadman's is a social place—extremely social—a little broad in manners perhaps, but not injured at all by that. It is altogether a mistake to fancy that freedom in deportment is inadmissible to good manners. Wheels run more smoothly when they are not clogged by a brake,

and why shouldn't society? The inhabitants of Deadman's are eager to assert that there exists no better class of people in the State of California, and are willing to make good the assertion with a revolver, which fact, of course, goes far toward silencing this objection. The scenery at Deadman's is peculiarly striking. Other places perhaps may display individual features more picturesque and varied. But there are some things about the scenery at Deadman's that cannot be met with in the grandest views of Europe. Yet it is the general effect rather than the individual features that challenges the attention. There is such an intimate correspondence in its make-up. Some people might call this a sameness, but undoubtedly this is a mistake, and it is only a remarkable correspondence. There are no angular nor sudden changes here to disturb the eye. The manner in which the color of the dusty oaks and pines shades off into the dry grass on the slopes, and mingles with the tints of the cracked and yellow soil near the river, is clearly a witness to the neatness of the way that Nature has here performed her work. Actually it can hardly be told where the foliage leaves off and the soil begins. The effect is heightened, too, by the assistance art has rendered nature. The idea of fraying out the houses in different directions so that the corners and eaves should stand to the street like saw-teeth is uncommonly unique in design, and peculiarly startling and happy in effect. There is a fine, free, devil-may-care expression, too, about the fences and roads that is wholly in keeping with the general effect, and familiarly suggests the appropriateness of its name.

Perhaps it was lack of appreciative soul, or perhaps preoccupation, that led Miss Rankine, on the morning following her arrival, to turn her back on this aggregation of beauties and pursue one of the outwinding paths across the ridge till out of sight and hearing of the Bar. There she stopped and looked around her. She was standing near the hollow of a great uprooted pine, and apparently no other human beings were in the world, except, perhaps, the men who were busy below on the river. She walked slowly on. As she climbed the hill the whole country might have been uninhabited—so desolate and still did it seem. She came suddenly upon a cabin, but the doors were open, the windows staring and unglazed, the walls warped and brown with exposure, and the whole habitation melancholy with a flavor of decay. A brown snow-bird flitted silently down and peered curiously in at the open window; a chipmunk, crouched and rigid, halted expectantly on the doorstep; the harsh quaver of a

locust floated lazily here and there through the heated atmosphere, and the breeze bent faintly down through the long aisles of pines with the hoarse and muffled accent of a human sigh. The solitude was complete. It pervaded everything and depressed everything.

Miss Rankine, full of the loneliness of her position, felt it. Though conscious only of the stillness, she started timidly. Vastness of solitude produces awe. It frightens, and is consequently unbearable. She listened breathlessly. Even the companionship of the Bar, however uncongenial, was preferable to this. It at least was human. The breeze grew stronger, the trees bent lower, and the sigh breathed hoarser till it deepened into a roar. With a sudden impulse of feminine fear she stooped sidelong, grasped her skirts in her hand, and, without a glance to right or left, fled precipitately back toward the camp.

A return to the Bar, however, offered little in the way of consolation. A population whose standard of ethics culminates in the deification of the man butchering the greatest number of his fellow men, and whose intellect never rises higher than the columns of the last newspaper, scarcely presented the delicacy of perception necessary to sympathy with the female mind. It was well meaning, but too masculine.

Miss Rankine was indeed the sole respectable representative of her sex at Deadman's; which fact, however, should be construed as a peculiar general deficiency of the times, rather than a personal disadvantage attaching to this particular place. But, beyond this sense of isolation, she had little to complain of. True to his word, on reaching the Bar, Mr. McManus had sought and found her brother. I regret to say that he was discovered in a state of tranquil inebriety much more creditable to his physical than his moral philosophy. A liberal application of cold water reawakened in him the fraternal feeling necessary for a conception of the situation. I have no words to describe the meetings and greetings that followed. Suffice it to say that he professed penitence for the past, gave whole-souled promises for the future, and, as earnest of the sincerity of his intentions, provided for his sister and applied himself somewhat steadily to work. Before the next night, it was generally known throughout Deadman's Bar that John Rankine had become an advocate of labor, being driven to amend his ways by the unexpected arrival of a sister from the East. It is to be understood that this was a matter of no small comment and astonishment among his late sporting friends. At first, the inclination was to think it a mistake. But later on, when the novelty had

somewhat worn off and Miss Rankine's stay had grown into an accomplished fact, the feeling became prevalent that it was a misfortune that had fallen upon him by reason of some occult moral iniquity embodied in his being at all related to a woman; and which was, in an obscure sort of a way, a warning to them, and a judgment on him. The feeling ran high in some quarters. In truth, there was generally an ill concealed opinion that the restraint imposed by the female will, unused to the little freedoms and liberties of the West, presented a spirit radically opposed to the proper development of California, and was something no truly independent masculine mind ought for a moment to contemplate or allow.

And so, with many earnest promises and many grave protestations of penitence for his condition, did this Prodigal of Deadman's Bar return to the paths of rectitude. There were occasional relapses, involving the overthrow of all his good resolutions; there were frequent changes of base in the nature and quality of his occupations, involving uncertain periods of intermitted idleness; there were grave suspicions that he sometimes played upon the sympathetic masculinity of the Bar by pathetic allusions to his sister's sex, and direct appeals from his own incompetency to their sympathetic feelings. But through all this, and in spite of all this, the certainty that he acted with some outline of thoroughly honest effort steadily remained. Of course, in a distrustful community like that of Deadman's Bar—a community among whom he had before lived so riotously—a community untrammelled by the restraints of society and wherein every man was a precedent unto himself—in such a community the belief in Rankine's reformation did not obtain the fullest credence. There was but one exception to the general skepticism—Hiram McManus. It was he who always believed in the purity of Rankine's motives; it was he who overlooked the short-comings in his efforts; it was he to whom the story of that sister's sex and need were most often pleaded; it was he who came to largely furnish the means that served for their support; and it was he who, driving his team, alone, between Deadman's and Oroville, feeling assured of her comfort through his instrumentality, reflected guiltily on her charms and again and again repeated to himself, with reverent diffidence, her name, until the sound brought up an unwonted glow to his rugged cheeks and sent the bashful color mantling over all his honest, homely face.

There was poverty at Deadman's Bar. The year's feverish labor expended on its soil had failed in producing a correlative golden harvest.

Its toil seemed fruitlessly cast upon the waters, to be profitable, if at all, only after many days. The American had lost the "lead" upon its ledge. The river claims had yielded very lightly. The dam which was to have brought fortune to so many hopeful men, by turning aside the river from its bed of golden sands, had yielded to the assaults of a sudden autumn freshet and been swept away, a hopeless wreck.

It was broke times and a hard year with the camp. Prices rose and provisions became scarce. The dealers at Oroville, on whom they were largely dependent for supplies, recognized afar off the outcroppings of their failure and began to strongly discourage credit. With the reverses of the camp came an inclination toward emigration.

"I've been eatin' these yere choke-plums fur three days," remarked one unfortunate citizen, "so as to draw up my stomach to fit my grub. There's places and places; and when it comes to this, I'm a goin' to pull out."

The expression was logical and the example contagious. In the next few weeks, many others folded their blankets and silently tramped away. Yet, a large number still held out, and finally, with starvation in their faces and penury in their claims, went stolidly on with their work, in the hope that something would turn up to change the luck and save the camp from desertion. And it did.

Hiram McManus had become more and more interested in Alice Rankine. He had pondered over his feeling of respect for her till it had grown into one of the warmest attachment. But his affection was so general in its nature, and there came to be so very much of it, that it stretched out far beyond the person of its primary legitimate object, and ended finally by including the whole of the Bar wherein she resided. He still had faith in the value of its resources, and watched with grief the decadence of its prosperity. He had seen matters go on from worse to worst, and now yearned over the camp as a father might over a starving child. It was he who drove off silently from the Bar and told to the people of Oroville the tale of an extraordinary strike at Deadman's—"the richest thing in the country; just full of dust and any amount of it." It was he who returned from that trip laden with flour and bacon and whisky enough to last the camp a month; it was he who negotiated the sale of the American mine to Eastern speculators—the American, which had never paid a cent of dividends, and whose only value lay in its assessments; and it was he who carried words of encouragement and pecuniary aid to individual sufferers, tided over the disappointments of that

winter, broke the streak of bad luck, and set the camp afloat on the spring-tide that led to prosperity. It is natural that he should have become a center of interest to the Bar, and I think that sooner or later the most of them came to love him. Certain it was that he came to be considered the camp's adviser and guardian, consulted on all matters of urgency and importance, and figured largely in the character of savior in the tales recounted by the Bar of their hardships lately past.

But Fortune, that lines the pocket of a man with dollars, often robs his head of common sense. And, if the heaviness of Mr. McManus's wallet had now increased, there was a corresponding lightness manifest in the weight of his mental capacity. This was no doubt due to his being in love. There is a forlornness that comes with that sensation which tends to make a man ridiculous at any time. Mr. McManus had no particular love of solitude, as a rule, but now he found himself shunning all companionship when not on duty. The bashfulness of his nature, and his own sense of the fitness of things, had shown him at once the impossibility of a material realization of his dreams. Not, however, that this added any-

thing to his comfort. The pangs of unrequited love are something that comes alike to all. I dare say that they were pretty much the same to the princely, melancholy Dane, as they were to Mr. McManus. Hamlet, indeed, had a power of eloquence and a gift of education that Mr. McManus had not; but the latter, staring gloomily into the future, with his good qualities overshadowed by the cloud of his coarseness and ignorance, saw there pretty much what his more polished and accomplished fellow-sufferer observed under similar circumstances—a sorrowful, useless jumble of a world, in which it certainly was worth no sane man's while to bear fardels any longer.

Those were drinking times, and most men drank hard. Mr. McManus had always been moderate in his indulgences. But, as his passion grew upon him, he drank deeply and more deeply to drown its bitterness and pain. A pure love for a pure woman acted phenomenally to accomplish his degradation. Each day he drifted lower and lower. It took some time to render him unreliable. Finally, however, he dropped from his position on the stage line and stranded completely in the saloons at Dead-man's Bar. WARREN CHENEY.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

NOTE BOOK.

IT IS WITH A SATISFACTION, perhaps pardonable under the circumstances, that we note the completion of the third volume of this magazine. To those pessimists whose dismal forebodings have not been realized it is, perhaps, proper to admit that, had it not been for the presence of an unsuspected amount of literary talent on this Coast, their prognostications might have been well founded. Any one who will take the trouble to turn through the pages of the three volumes now published, will see that THE CALIFORNIAN has both found and created its field. That field is, perhaps, a more modest one than many of the friends of the magazine would have desired. And yet, on the whole, it is an ambitious one. No nation was ever great which was not, above all things, individual. No literature was ever great which was not, above all things, instinct with the life and individuality of some one people. It matters little how insignificant the race, politically; if it is strong, healthful, looking inward and not outward for its ideals, self-reliant, original—it is the basis upon which may be built a

literature equally strong and healthful. The books of any nation are the best indices of its character. And no people who were not great ever produced a great book. They may not been great in every direction, but in the elements which entered into that book they had individuality, and moral if not intellectual grandeur. And it is a negation of the moral or intellectual force of a people to assert that they are incapable of producing a creditable literature. It is perhaps this fact that our pessimistic friends overlooked. In the assumption that life on this Coast is sturdy, independent, and idiocratic, and must and will find its expression in literature, and eventually in art, THE CALIFORNIAN saw and sees its opportunity.

IN THIS ASSUMPTION it claims to have been justified. There are individuals, of course, here as elsewhere, who do not stand for themselves. Indeed, it may be doubted whether they stand for anything. They lean. They look always,

"with supplication in their eyes," for approval. They are distrustful of themselves and of their surroundings. They import their ideals. The sun rises in the east; to them, therefore, it loses somewhat of its glory before it shines in the west. And, to go back to our pessimistic friends, are they not of this sort? Do they not imagine that a given thing must be a failure because it is not and can never be what some other thing is, elsewhere and under different conditions? However this may be, certainly the majority of people here are not of this make.

A JUSTIFICATION OF SECTIONAL CONCEIT is not what is attempted. But it cannot be too often repeated that a community which copies another will never amount to much. For a copy is never as good as an original, in character, if in art. A borrowed ideal is nearly always a sham ideal. In California there are undiscovered mines of literature. There are stories to tell and songs to sing. Our fauna and flora are peculiar. Our climate is different. Our history is romantic and suggestive. Here at least there are new things under the sun. Here at least science shall find new problems, art shall find new models, literature shall find new studies. Here at least tradition should not weigh down genius. But how shall we get the best good from these opportunities—by turning to the east in mute submission to other standards, or by working out our own destiny by virtue of our own strong manhood and womanhood? There are thousands of young men and women growing up upon the Coast. They are of the same stock that has given us all that is best in English literature. It is a reasonable assumption that now and then one will possess the divine gift which we call genius. Many will possess talent. Shall they be taught that success lies only in writing of life in conditions which they have never seen? Or shall they be shown that, here and now, the human senti-

ments, emotions, loves, hatreds, ambitions, are awaiting, under fresh conditions, their vital embodiment in the pages of a new literature?

THIS SUGGESTS, INCIDENTALLY, one answer to a question which every editor has propounded to him constantly by young writers: "Will you kindly suggest to me what to write about and how to treat it?" The asking of such a question indicates the uselessness of attempting to answer it, and yet the post brings it regularly. I can as little conceive of one person suggesting what another should write, as of his suggesting what the other should think. But, after all, *that* is not infrequent. There is one venerable answer to the above and kindred questions, which is found in most rhetorics, and which is doled out to young writers as the highest wisdom in the formation of style. It is, substantially, "Study the most approved models, and form your style after theirs." It would not, perhaps, be the least favor one could do a young writer to warn him to beware of such advice. If there is one thing which is more vicious than another, it is "forming style" after any one. The imitation weakens whatever natural force there was originally in the imitator. Better advice would be to pay no attention to style. Immerse yourself in your subject. Get a clear idea of what you have to say; then say it, not as you imagine some one else would, nor as you think it sounds most finely, but in simple, direct manner, *as you think it*. If you wish to describe an object, think of that, not of the rhetoric you employ. It is impossible to estimate the damage writers do to their style by being over-careful of it, by diverting their mind from *what* they are saying to the consideration of *how* it shall be said. The commonest man will use a clear and direct style in describing what he knows thoroughly. His words come unconsciously while he is busy with the idea. It is better always to let the idea speak.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

It is long since such a musical treat has been offered San Francisco as in the recent concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston. Let us hope it will be equally as long before distinguished musical talent meets again in this city with such indifferent popular support. In a community in which suddenly acquired wealth

has given a great many people the means to surround themselves with many of the signs of culture, it is always a question how much of what is genuine there is behind the show. In music, for example, how much of that universal banging of pianos by all our young girls is dictated by a genuine love of music, whether in

the girls or in their parents? To this question the miserable attendance at the Quintet Club's concerts is a sufficient answer. Of their four concerts in a small hall, not one was played before a full house. Society as a body does not go to concerts unless the musicians, through the newspapers or otherwise, have somehow become the object of fashionable talk, so that not to have heard them becomes the dreaded sign of being not up to the fashion. As for the general public, in spite of the boasted cosmopolitanism of San Francisco, it is now generally conceded that for music without beer they have no taste. It remained, therefore, for a very small body of listeners, who lacked nothing in enthusiasm, to enjoy the musical feast that was offered. The nature of the concerted pieces given is sufficiently indicated when we say that among them were Beethoven's Quintet in C, Mendelssohn's Quintet in A, Schubert's Quartet in D minor, quartets by Raff and Rubinstein, and a minuet by Boccherini—all truly interpreted by the players. Besides this, four of the club appeared repeatedly as distinguished soloists—Mr. Giese on the violoncello, Mr. Schnitzler on the violin, Mr. Ryan on the clarinette, and Mr. Schade on the flute. Whatever one may think of the flute and the clarinette, it was a pleasure to hear the full capacities of

those instruments brought out by *virtuosi* in a manner highly instructive to any young musicians who may be studying among us. Mr. Schnitzler came too soon after Wilhelmj for the best effect of his talents. He is an admirable artist, though not endowed with genius. That quality, if it exist in the club, belongs to Mr. Giese. His playing on the 'cello was truly wonderful. Our only regret was that he chose rather to display the difficulties of that instrument than its true nature and deep emotional expressiveness. His playing was, therefore, at times more interesting to us in concerted pieces than in the solos by Servais with their quick time and acrobatic nimbleness. Of the singing of Miss Nellini we have only space to say that the purity and volume of her voice and her fine style made us regret that she is not to stay permanently with us. She possesses the uncommon gift of being alike at home in the execution of a florid operatic air, and in expressing the deep pathos of a simple ballad. Her singing does not depend for its effect merely upon being sweet and charming, it has also the power to take command of the listener's feelings, and carry them along with it. Miss Nellini will be remembered with pleasure by all who attended these delightful concerts.

ART AND ARTISTS.

"Degrade first the arts if you would mankind degrade."

Not a picture was sold at the last art exhibition. The public did not even pay the artists the compliment of going to see their work, and, poor as they may be, appreciation is always worth more to artists than money. But money is not to be scorned just at present. Artists cannot live on air, and a bit of white lead on a sable brush would prove a deadly diet for the most robust of them. It is about all any of them will have to eat soon. Local pride and patriotism have fallen below zero. We may have money, but we have none but imported cultivation, for even our glorious climate cannot cause the home-made article to thrive. The artists who had pictures in the last exhibition are vastly worse off than before. The majority of them are minus canvas, paints, and about three months of hard labor, to say nothing of the internal wear and tear of blighted hopes and blasted expectations.

The Hanging and Rejection Committees have had the additional disadvantage of several solid columns of abuse in the daily papers. A rejection committee is a necessity, and the Art Association can never give another exhibition without one. It would be as absurd and as disastrous to exclude no pictures as it would be for the editor of a magazine to print all the trash that

is sent to him for that purpose. Judging from a partial exhibition of the rejected pictures at a local gallery, no artists were excluded this time save a few of the notoriously incompetent. "Hell hath no fury like a painter scorned," and never one yet was so wretchedly inefficient that he could not prove himself in endless newspaper columns a veritable Michael Angelo and the victim of envy and jealousy. It is to be hoped that the small savage tribe of the rejected shall have learned in the course of another year either to do better work or to swallow their ignoble and impotent rage with gentle manly unconcern.

There is, naturally enough, but little new at the various local galleries. At Morris & Kennedy's may be seen the first painting yet exhibited by Mr. George Brush. Mr. Brush is a new comer—young, talented, and fresh from studies abroad under Gérôme. Let us hope that this budding flower of genius is of hardy stock, else he will soon wither in this uncongenial atmosphere. His picture brings to mind the line, "the green lanes of England." Down the winding lane comes the bridal procession—first, a little lad strewing flowers; then come the bride and groom; she with sweet uplifted face, soft blonde hair, and quaint, old-fashioned robe of rich brocade; he in the costume of a hundred years ago, stiff and conscious as bridegrooms are ever. After

them walk mother, father, and priest, while a pair of lagging young folks bring up the rear. The figures, though interesting, are subordinate to the landscape, which is admirable in its way, full of soft greens and spring-time freshness. The winding road is lost to sight in the distance behind them, and the procession wends its way in the cool shadow of the luxuriant, spreading foliage of the trees by the roadside. Between the bars of the rail-fence on the right is seen a glimpse of dazzling green, where the sun is shining bright on the fields beyond. There may be some fault found with the introduction of two wee toddlers of the Kate Greenaway school, who, wandering by the roadside, rather disturb than add to the harmony of the composition. As a whole, the picture is a simple subject, modestly treated, and full of the poetry of youth, love, and spring-time. It is said that Mr. Brush's picture of "Miggles" will soon be exhibited here. The picture, having already been engraved in *Scribner's Monthly*, will be a familiar acquaintance to the many readers of that magazine. There is in the same gallery a treat in store for the public, in the shape of a "Twilight," by Harvey Young, not yet exhibited. It is something worth watching for, being by far the best treatment of the subject, as well as the best work of that artist ever brought to this coast.

The rooms of the Art Association, so short a time ago the scene of the last hard struggle of local art for appreciation and a living, are now given over to the loan exhibition of the Society of Decorative Art. This society has a most worthy object, having been organized for the purpose of opening a new and remunerative field in the industrial arts for women; or, in the words of one of the lady managers, "we desire to give ladies in reduced circumstances an opportunity to earn money in a way that shall be agreeable and appropriate." To those who know the ups and downs of life in San Francisco, the object is indeed a worthy one. How a woman, absolutely incapable of any labor, mental or physical, worth remunerating, shall earn an honest living, is one of the problems of the day that seems incapable of solution. The ideas of the refined and estimable ladies who have taken this matter in hand are in every way worthy of them. They intend to import competent teachers from New York or England to instruct indigent ladies, free of charge, in such branches of art as they have any aptitude for, and to provide a store where the work they produce may be exposed for sale. Everything seems to have been nicely calculated, save the apparent overlooking of the fact that in the best of times there is a very dull market for such wares in San Francisco.

The present Loan Exhibition is one of which we may well be proud. Its object is to stimulate public interest in the work of the society, and the proceeds will be devoted to defraying the necessary expenses of their new work. The bric-à-brac exhibited merits an article by itself, and is a gratifying proof of the taste and cultivation of our best people. The collection of paintings is a rare treat to all who are interested in art. With the exception of a few of the water-colors in the exhibition room, there has been no attention paid to their value in hanging them. The gallery is marred by two large cases in the center of the room, which entirely prevent anything like a general view of this department. There is a good light and ample space for these cases in the large room adjoining the gallery. The disposition of the paintings is a great disappointment. The creations of

some of the greatest masters of the century have been hung in indiscriminate confusion around the walls, and made use of solely as a background for bits of bric-à-brac, which would be very pleasing did they not interfere with the view of something vastly more valuable and interesting. The local critics, taking their cue from the Hanging Committee, have made sad havoc with the reputations of these European artists. One condescendingly bestows upon Gérôme a nod of approbation, while another demolishes him with his little pop-gun. The great Vibert's drawing is coldly criticised by one cruel pen, and another connoisseur instructs the masterly Schreyer that his picture is not at all what it purports to be. Meissonnier and Zamaïos are hardly noticed, and the wonderful Détaillé is absolutely ignored!

The most glaring mistake of the Hanging Committee is that of placing "The Halt," by Détaillé, in an obscure corner, where it is almost entirely concealed by an immense Japanese bronze. Twelve years ago, when this artist was only twenty years old, the incomparable critic, Théophile Gautier, pronounced him already a master. His subsequent success and fame were only one of the many proofs of the great critic's unerring judgment. The picture of "The Halt" is in his best style, and it is unpardonable to put such a picture in a corner, while a prominent position is given to a pearl gray sylph, by Voillemot.

Gérôme's "Sword Dance," but recently purchased by Charles Crocker, Esq., is exhibited here for the first time in San Francisco. The picture is not displayed to advantage. It is a most fascinating work of art, the entire painting being subordinated to the small central figure of the dancing girl. The walls and rafters of the rude interior are broadly, almost carelessly painted, and the dim figures of the three musicians, two men and a woman, in the somber background, are hardly more than expressive suggestions of a master hand. The face of the woman is particularly good; she is weary and *distracted*, oblivious of her surroundings, and one can almost hear the wailing, monotonous song with which she is accompanying the barbaric music. The dancing girl is poised lightly in the center of a small square of Oriental carpet, a little to the left, in the foreground. The dark interior is hardly lighted by the two or three slant rays of sunshine which fall from an opening in the roof across the figure of the dancer and the carpet. The light just touches a sword poised precariously across her head, and flashes on another in her right hand. A dainty green gauze veil is wound round the head, half-concealing a lovely, luxurious face, and floating, almost visibly undulating, in vapory folds on the air. The figure of the girl is superb in its supple grace. Only a master could have painted the shapely hands and the firm yet velvety texture of the arm, which the dainty transparency of a gauze sleeve serves only to reveal. In the language of Gautier, "Gérôme has searched the Orient for characteristic types," and "has applied himself to reproducing the sculptural forms and grand style of the races which have never been deformed by civilization." The dancing girl's figure, the flexibility of the waist, the perfect curves of the hips, the poise of the feet, are all beyond description. There is a lovely bit of color and handling in the light that flashes from the glittering mass of coins on her bosom. The surroundings are bare, poor, and rude; but, by the artist's power, in the one small figure of the dancing girl is epitomized all the sensuous splendor, the undulating grace, the barbaric beauty of the Orient.

The figure of the "Halberdier," by Meissonier, is another notable work of art, and should be one of the features of the exhibition. It is a small single standing figure, and a wonderful thing to study as an example of the master's style. This style, which is his and his alone, is a combination of breadth of handling and minuteness of detail that bewilders the beholder and is the despair of an artist. The picture well repays the most careful study, and it is almost impossible to realize the breadth of the style without observing it through a magnifying glass.

The brilliant satirist, J. G. Vibert, must have recognized in Swift a kindred spirit, to have abandoned the priesthood, the standing subject of his subtle satirical paintings, and chosen a theme from *Gulliver's Travels*. That he has appreciated the true inwardness of this subject, may be seen in his admirable handling of it. He calls his picture "Gulliver," and it represents that hero at the moment when, fast asleep, he is being bound hand and foot by the Lilliputs. There is a wonderful bit of foreshortening in the prostrate body of Gulliver, lying feet foremost and body at an angle. The drawing is made to express all that drawing can do for such a subject. In the grouping of the swarms of Lilliputian figures there is much interesting detail. As is usual with Vibert, the greatest charm is his humorous and satirical treatment of the subject.

The "Duet of Love" and "The Smuggler," the latter in black and white, are the two other pictures by Vibert on exhibition, and both are interesting examples of his delightfully clever satires on the priesthood.

There are two pictures by Schreyer—"Turkish Horseman" and "Winter in Russia." Both are fine—the latter superb. "Winter in Russia" represents a wagon, to which are harnessed a number of horses, which are being driven through the forest in the face of a driving storm. The fine drawing, depth and richness of color, wonderful atmospheric effect, and masterly expression of sentiment, make it a picture to remember. It is not often our privilege to have such a one in San Francisco. "Flowers," by Robie, is a perfect revel of pure, rich, lovely color, and merits, as does the "Cock Fight," by Roybet, an extended description, which space will not allow.

"Three Friends," by Toulmouche, is a picture clever in drawing and manipulation, delightful in its way, but of a style which is rapidly going out of date; for, sad to say, there are fashions even in painting, and more especially in this class of work. It is a pity there is nothing on exhibition by Kaemmerer, who is much newer, brighter, and better.

"The Tourists," by Madrazo, is an uneven but agreeable picture. Some of the figures are slighted, but it contains some clever things—notably, a figure of an urchin in the foreground, with the most deliciously droll bare legs that it is possible to imagine. Madrazo, like Kaemmerer, is among the rising people of the new school, and we will doubtless, in time, see more of him here. Much that is interesting and deserves a special mention will have to be reserved for another time, there being, besides the many oil paintings in the gallery, some gems in water-color in the exhibition room.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CÆSAR. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Given so great a man as Cæsar, and so able and practiced a historian as Mr. Froude, and we could hardly fail to find a volume of much historical interest. But this "sketch" is far from satisfactory. It does not impress one as being an honest attempt to throw new light on a most important period of Roman history. It is not a careful study of character. It does not sum up the good and the bad qualities of a great man, and give an impartial judgment on his deeds. It is rather the work of a pronounced admirer of the Roman dictator, who weighs no opposing evidence, who strikes right and left at all who refuse homage to his idol. Cicero especially comes in for an immense amount of disparagement. For instance: "So Cicero meditated, thinking, as usual, of himself first, and of his duty afterward." "He had preferred characteristically to be out of the way at the moment when he expected that the storm would break." When the infamous Clodius, at last, procured Cicero's banishment, it was, as Mr. Froude blandly confesses, with the powerful countenance of Cæsar. And this is the easy justification of Cæsar's motive in helping Clodius: "Cicero had refused Cæsar's offered friendship. Cæsar had not cared to leave so powerful a person free to support the intended attacks on his legislation." All through the book the chief authority cited is the letters of Cicero, and from these frank,

impulsive outpourings of the great orator's soul to a most intimate friend, material is culled to bring the author of the letters into contempt. But no charge against his hero is suffered for an instant to trouble Mr. Froude's mind. He brushes them all away with an easy assurance that borders on downright impudence. Cæsar was a great, an immeasurably great man. Cæsar was always master of the situation. Cæsar could do no wrong. The key-note of this persistent eulogy is given in one of the earlier pages: "Here philosophy is at fault. Philosophy, when we are face to face with real men, is as powerless as over the Iliad or King Lear. The overmastering interest transcends explanation. *We do not sit in judgment on the right or the wrong.* We do not seek out causes to account for what takes place, feeling too conscious of the inadequacy of our analysis." Mr. Froude is fond of philosophizing. We see how safe a guide he is. In this volume he is simply an advocate. The cause he advocates is the cause of one of the greatest men the world has ever seen—great as an orator, a writer, a soldier; greatest of all as a statesman. But this same great man was wanting in personal purity, in genuine patriotism, in essential goodness. His ambition was intensely selfish, and it was used to overthrow what remained of Roman liberty. If Cæsar's conduct can be justified, so can the first and great Napoleon's, as the second and petty French Emperor seemed to think. Indiscriminate praise of such a man might well be left to Louis Napoleon.

This American edition of Mr. Froude's sketch is not up to the Harper's usual level. It is in unfavorable contrast with the fair volumes in which the same publishers have given us Mr. Trollope's *Life of Cicero*, as the blurred character of the unscrupulous dictator is in everlasting contrast with that of the great orator, who, with all his weaknesses, was a pure man, an honest patriot—a man whom we should like to see transplanted to our own times. Who could bear another Julius Cæsar?

REMINISCENCES. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

In spite of the detractors of a great many people who have never read his books, Thomas Carlyle looms up for all time as one of the greatest figures of the nineteenth century. The best minds of England and America have acknowledged their debt to him for the powerful stimulus of his works, and when he died, on the 5th of last February, the verdict of England was that her leading man of letters had passed away. Even here in California, we know there are men to whom his death was like a personal bereavement; men whom we have heard say that out of Carlyle's works they have got, and perpetually do get, the same sort of stimulus to right living that others get from the Bible. "From Carlyle," said one to us not long since, "I first learned the imperative duty of every man to find out what is best in his own nature and be true to that. What the eternal truth is about himself and about the world—this is the inquiry which the reader of Carlyle is compelled to set about; and if, when the inquiry about the world is over, reader and author are sometimes found to disagree (as, in the difficulty of collecting evidence, they are very likely to do), let not this diminish one particle of the gratitude due the stirring impulse of Carlyle."

There are doubtless many among our readers who, though not wholly ignorant of Carlyle, are yet unable to acquiesce in this estimate of the moral stimulus of his teaching. To these we recommend, once for all, that instead of plunging into *Later Day Pamphlets*, or into *Frederick the Great*, works of his maturest years, they take up Carlyle from the beginning. In his *Essays*, the fruit of the first ten years of his mature literary life, they will find a body of thought the freshness of which fifty years have not been able to dim. If he had written nothing else, his estimate of the great English, German, and French men of letters at the dawn of this century—Johnson, Burns, and Scott; Goethe, Schiller, and Richter; Voltaire, Diderot, and Mirabeau—would have made him one of the most potent spiritual influences of the age.

It is, therefore, intelligible enough that such a man's *Reminiscences* should have drawn upon them the attention of the world. Nominally, the book is divided into four parts, devoted to Carlyle's rugged peasant father; to the staunch friend of his early life, Edward Irving; to the famous editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Lord Jeffrey; and to Carlyle's self-sacrificing wife. But underlying each of these divisions, and welding the book into an undivided whole, is the history of Carlyle himself. How Thomas Carlyle fought with the world and conquered it—this is the real subject of this book, transcending in interest all mere incisive delineation of distinguished people. Nobody ever loved better than Carlyle to dwell on the valor of men who, for the sake of giving permanent form to what was best within them,

endured for years the indifference of the world, and finally wrung from it their reward. This struggle, and the courage of it, by Carlyle himself, may now be read of in one of the sincerest books thus far written in the English tongue. Had we more space, it would be well worth while to give the details of a contest which is full of a meaning as universal as the human race and as enduring as time; but we must leave it to the reader to get this book and keep it near him.

THE NEW NOBILITY. A Story of Europe and America. By John W. Forney. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

Mr. Forney is an editor of too much ability and experience to have written such a book as the one under consideration; nor is the matter made any better by the prefatory statement that he was assisted in it by W. M. Baker, the author, we presume, of *The New Timothly*, *Carter Quarterman*, and other books of interest.

This book is simply a glorification of America and American ideas, at the expense of "the effete civilization and tottering dynasties of Europe," as Colonel Elijah Pogram would call them. The author, or authors, certainly possess the merit, if merit it be, of versatility. The reader is transported in the twinkling of an eye from a dinner party in Paris, given by Hop Fun, a Chinese mandarin, at which were present Hindus, Persians, Afghans, Abyssinians, Turks, Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen, to the heart of Russia and the hot-bed of Nihilism. Of the various adventures of Henry Harris, the American, and Lord Conyngham, the Englishman, of their perils by flood and fire, their dangers in the imminent, deadly breach, their researches among French Communists, English trades-unions, German Socialists, and Russian Nihilists, suffice it to say that they could scarcely have had an existence, save in the active imagination of Messrs. Forney and Baker.

Had our authors divided their subject, and made about three books out of the materials at hand, instead of one, it would have been infinitely more agreeable for the reader and more to the credit of the authors. The book is especially lacking in two necessary characteristics of a good novel—simplicity and directness. Were Mr. Forney a novice in the art of writing, one might well recommend to him the Horatian doctrine of the *labor lima*; but we fear such advice would be thrown away upon him.

As a whole, the book is not a success, although we apprehend it will commend itself to a certain class of readers, whose consciousness of its demerits will be overshadowed by their admiration for the seemingly vast erudition and breadth of thought displayed by its authors.

A CENTURY OF DISHONOR. A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with Some of the Indian Tribes. By H. H. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Just why Bishop Whipple should have written a "preface," or President Seelye an "introduction," to this work it is hard to conceive, unless it was to give an air of clerical sanctity and professional dignity to the crusade which the title leads one to expect. The eminent respectability of the book being thus guaranteed, the reader is in some measure prepared for the narration of a series of unjust acts, of the authenticity of which, un-

fortunately, there can be little doubt. That the book contains the truth there can be no question; that it contains the whole truth the author herself would probably not contend. The East, as a usual thing, prefers to look upon the Indian question from the standpoint of the Indian, and reproduces no end of stories of fraud and injustice; the West generally looks upon it from the standpoint of the settler, and adduces innumerable instances of barbarity and cruelty. And the most that any one can do who attempts to view the subject from both standpoints, is to shake his head and declare it sorry business. And probably this will be the utmost that can be done so long as our Government, which is so jealous of its sovereignty as to repudiate the State rights doctrine, yet acknowledges the separate nationality of wandering tribes and makes treaties with them as with foreign nations. The Indian must, like the white man, be treated as an individual. He must be protected in his individual rights, and punished for his individual transgressions. If he is lazy or profligate he has no more claim to be supported than the white or colored citizen. The reservation system—which provides a place of retreat, a *rendevous*, an asylum in winter from which to raid in summer—with its concomitants, the thieving agents and dishonest contractors, has proved a colossal failure. It would prove a failure if the wards so segregated were whites instead of Indians. The most industrious classes would be utterly ruined by being treated by the Government as it treats the red men. President Seelye in his "Introduction," says:

"Such treaties have proceeded upon the false view—false in principle, and equally false in fact—that an Indian tribe, roaming in the wilderness and living by hunting and plunder, is a nation. In order to be a nation there must be a people with a code of laws which they practice, and a government which they maintain. No vague sense of some unwritten law, to which human nature in its lowest stages doubtless feels some obligation, and no regulations instinctively adopted for common defense, which the rudest people herded together will always follow, are enough to constitute a nation. These Indian tribes are not a nation, and nothing either in their history or their condition could properly invest them with a treaty-making power."

THE LOST CASKET. Translated from *La Main Coupee* of F. de Boisgobey, by S. Lee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

While Nihilism is undoubtedly a misfortune to those who experience its terrors and realities, it is none the less a godsend to the sensational novelist. Scarcely a novel of the past or present year has made its appearance, without some reference more or less direct to this subject. M. de Boisgobey, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the late Emile Gaboriau seems to have fallen has written a very readable novel, with Nihilism as its key-note. The scene is laid in Paris, and the attempts of the Nihilists to obtain possession of certain Russian State papers, in the possession of Bousoff, an emissary of the secret police of Russia, form the groundwork of the book.

While the plot is not so intricately involved as were many of Gaboriau's, the interest is skillfully kept up, and the unity carefully preserved from the first chapter to the last. Madame Yatta, the heroine, is a well drawn character, and we think the author might have rewarded her courage and zeal better than by allowing her to fall a victim to the rage of Dr. Villagos, whose

scheme she had, in a measure, frustrated by her exertions in favor of De Carnot. We often long for the good old days of novels, where the hero and heroine, after overcoming all sorts of obstacles were happily married in the last chapter to slow music and blue fire, but we long in vain. Nowadays, the hero or heroine (and sometimes both) is bound to die by consumption, or small pox, or prussic acid, without any reason apparent to the average reader why the "other fellow" shouldn't have died and let the young couple be happily married and a' that.

So in the present book. Why our author couldn't have killed Dr. Villagos, and allowed Maxime Dorgères and the Countess Yatta to have been happy ever after, we do not see. However, the reader may possibly solve the problem for himself better than we can.

The translation seems to be carefully made, although there are evidences, in some few places, of the French idiom having got rather the better of the translator. But this is always so, as the best translation is only a travesty, more or less agreeable, of the original. The book is well worth reading by those who admire this style of literature, and they are many.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE METTERNICH. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. The papers classified and arranged by M. A. de Klinkowström. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Few books have been published of late years of more interest than these memoirs of Prince Metternich. Throughout the entire period of a long career, one of the principal actors upon the mighty stage of international politics in Europe, at a time when nations were struggling for existence, no man had ever a better opportunity to see that life behind the scenes which is the real impulse and inspiration of history. Metternich's natural inclination was for science, but he was early diverted to the public service. His memoirs are full of incidents and anecdotes, relating to the principal men of the age. He was on intimate terms with Napoleon, and throws much light upon the real character of that imperial freebooter. The portrait which he draws of Bonaparte is at once impartial, appreciative, and discerning, and is one of the best things in the work. The portrait of Prince Metternich, which is revealed throughout the memoirs, is perhaps more appreciative than impartial or discerning.

GLEANINGS IN THE FIELDS OF ART. By Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Doherty & Co.

It is nothing against these gleanings that they are from familiar fields; it is something decidedly in their favor that this fact is modestly assumed in the title. So much that is new is each year added to that which is old in art as well as in science, that one needs constantly to modify, and, as it were, readjust his most fixed conclusions. The book before us opens with a well considered essay on art, which is defined to be, in its broadest sense, "all that which seeks to express thought in a material form, without reference to its use for any material function." Art is spirit materialized. It is thought embodied in matter. Beauty and Use are omitted from the definition as not necessarily forming the great objects in art, "any more than 'happiness' is

our 'being's end and aim.'" Art in its relation to morals and religion is considered at length; and the essay concludes by pointing out that art is great only when representing national individuality.

"What we do for Art directly is valuable; but it is as nothing to what we do for her indirectly. If we become a base, sordid, unjust nation, caring only to heap up material wealth, it will be in vain to attempt any higher expression in Art; if we forget the great principles of freedom and democracy, and seek to build up an aristocracy of wealth, or race, or inherited culture, our Art will become narrow and traditional; if we care only for the intellect, and neglect love, and faith, and imagination, we may have a learned art; but we can only have an art that is truly original, noble, and beautiful, by cherishing and developing a national character of which it is the fitting expression."

Following this opening chapter on the general subject of art, there are fourteen chapters on special topics: Greek Art; Early Christian Art; Byzantine Art; Restoration of Art in Italy; Michael Angelo; The Poems of Michael Angelo; Spanish, French, German, American, English, and Contemporaneous Art; David Scott; Albert Dürer. The least satisfactory of these, perhaps necessarily, is that upon contemporaneous art. Some felicitous translations are given in the chapter devoted to "The Poems of Michael Angelo," although, in the poem on the death of his father, the lines,

"Less hard and sharp it is to Death to bow
As growing age longs for its needful sleep,
Where true life is, safe from the Senses now,"

lose somewhat of their strength by comparison with the rendition by Miss Bunnett in her translation of of Grimm's *Life of Michael Angelo*:

"Death is less hard to him who wearily
Bears back to God a harvest fully ripe,
Than unto him in full and freshest mind."

But, on the whole, this Ruth, who has gleaned after many reapers, in a field by no means new, has yet gathered "an ephā of barley."

A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PHRASES. By Kwong Ki Chiu. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1881.

That a work on English phrases should be compiled by a Chinese scholar is an anomaly in literature. However, it has been done, and well done. The appendix, containing, among other things, a selection of Chinese proverbs and maxims, an historical account of the different dynasties, and a short biographical sketch of Confucius, is not the least instructive part of the compilation. By the way, isn't the practice of bolstering up a book by publishing in it letters of approval from "eminent" persons being pushed a little too far?

THE LIFE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH, including his Letters and Opinions, with a View of the Men, Manners, and Politics of his Reign. By Percy Fitzgerald. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

We have here an interesting book about a totally uninteresting character. It is a little strange that any one should think it worth while to write a life of the "first gentleman of Europe" after Thackeray had endeavored to analyze his character, and had exclaimed in despair: "I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings,

padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth, and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing." If it had not been that this man of "pad and tailor's work" lived in momentous times, and was surrounded by men whose anatomies did not end with their waistcoats, Mr. Fitzgerald would not have had the material for so entertaining a book.

THE CHINESE, their Education, Philosophy, and Letters. By W. A. F. Martin. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

The light which is thrown upon the subjects of education and competitive examination for civil service in China constitutes the chief value of this latest contribution on the Orient. It is, perhaps, worthy of mention, for the benefit of would-be poets, that the Emperor, Yungcheng, addressed the members of the Hanlin, or imperial academy, in these words: "Literature is your business; but we want such literature as will serve to regulate the age and reflect glory on the nation. As for sonnets to the moon and the clouds, the winds and the dews—of what use are they?"

OCCIDENTAL SKETCHES. By Major Ben C. Truman. San Francisco: San Francisco News Company. 1881.

This little volume is made up of entertaining and readable sketches. Major Truman may congratulate himself upon having, in a large measure, caught the spirit of Californian life. The book is characteristic of the Coast, fresh, and full of humor and vigor. The stories are well told, and the characters are admirably drawn. To those who desire an hour of pleasant reading, we recommend this latest addition to the literature of the West.

APPLETON'S HOME BOOKS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

Building a Home. By A. F. Oakley.

How to Furnish a Home. By Ella Rodman Church.

This is the latest printed matter at hand in sympathy with the prevailing æsthetic craze. The series promises to consider all subjects pertaining to Home. The first two books, now out, may be said to be suggestive, particularly to a large class who "would if they could." They are inviting little books, and would be tasteful additions to the table of any pretty home they describe. Such books can no longer boast of novelty as excuse for being; however, all hints on household art are useful, at least in helping people to decide what they do *not* like—a most important hint to reach to escape drowning in the inundation of new ideas.

VALUABLE COOKING RECEIPTS. By Thomas J. Murrey. New York: George W. Harlan. 1881.

Persons of modest means, who desire to have upon their table some of the delicacies of more pretentious boards, will find in this little book how simply and easily the thing can be done.

WORDSWORTH. By F. W. H. Myers. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

ISLAND LIFE; or the Phenomena and Causes of Insular Faunas and Floras, including a Revision and Attempted Solution of the Problem of Geological Climates. By Alfred Russell Wallace. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

In place of a review we print elsewhere an article by Professor Joseph Le Conte on the subject of this book.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881.

For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.:

No. 153.—*Love and Life*. An Old Story in Eighteenth Century Costume. By Charlotte M. Yonge.

No. 154.—*The Rebel of the Family*. A Novel. By E. Lynn Linton.

No. 155.—*Dr. Wortle's School*. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope.

No. 156.—*Little Pansy*. A Novel. By Mrs. Randolph.

No. 157.—*The Dean's Wife*. A Novel. By Mrs. C. J. Eiloart.

No. 158.—*The Pory Ring*. A Novel. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt.

No. 159.—*Better than Gold*. A Story for Girls. By Annie E. Ridley.

No. 160.—*Under Life's Key*, and other Stories. By Mary Cecil Hay.

No. 161.—*Asphodel*. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Bradon.

For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.:

No. 171.—*Cesar*. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude.

Nos. 172-3-4-5.—*Memoirs of Prince Metternich*. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich.

No. 176.—*From Exile*. A Novel. By James Payn.

No. 177.—*Miss Williamson's Divagations*. By Miss Thackeray.

No. 178.—*Thomas Carlyle; the Man and his Books*. By Wm. Howie Wylie.

No. 179.—*Lord Beaconsfield*. A Study. By Georg Brandes. Translated by Mrs. George Sturge.

NERVOUS DERANGEMENT. By William A. Hammond, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

THE HUMAN RACE, and other Sermons. By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN. By John W. Forney. Volume II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

OUTCROPPINGS.

THE ANTIQUITY OF CHOCOLATE.

During a visit to Lima, South America, in 1850, I was invited by Don Petraco Massoni, an enthusiastic Hispano-Corsican antiquarian and naturalist, to join him in making explorations in the neighborhood of the ancient Peruvian city of Cuzco. The added persuasions of his wife and daughter caused me to forego a proposed expedition to the head-waters of the Rimac for the pleasure of being adopted as a member of their family during the excursion. Besides, I had discovered that they were equally zealous and capable of aiding as amateurs in the Professor's favorite specialties, and their fondness for the study of ancient relic lore created in me a desire to enlist as a neophyte, that I might participate in, and, if susceptible, realize in some degree kindred enjoyment. For in the display of their collected treasures their interest extended beyond the vague pride of possession, as each article was viewed in the light of an index, that bore an inference relation, more or less clear, to events and the realities of custom and habit that had transpired in the remote past, peculiar to the requirements and peculiarities of the race with whom they had origin. Although it would revive many pleasing incidents and mirthful impressions to pass in review our various discoveries, which served as keys to open the gates of the past for the revelation of the social relations of a race conquered, and rendered in fact extinct, notwithstanding the mongrel remnants of mountain tribes who yet claim to be descendants from the Children of the Sun, I will select one with which, as a favorite beverage, we are all familiar. From long acquaintance with the methods adopted by the ancient Peruvians in the material arrangement of their habitations for the management of their domestic affairs, religious rites, and articles rated as agents of exchange, Don Petraco was en-

abled to direct his operations so that they rarely led astray. A favorite custom was to imbed jars filled with nicely preserved edibles, prepared in their customary way for food, and liquid beverages, hermetically closed, in the walls of their houses. This custom, which bears a resemblance to ours of placing mementoes beneath the corner-stone of public buildings, offered to the descendants of the family or household successors, when discovered, this expressive emblematic salutation: "To future friends or strangers to our family name, we offer you this tribute of food and drink with which we were accustomed to support life while living, with the hope that in kind it may prove congenial to your tastes and health. Accept with it our congratulations." We know that the Egyptians were accustomed to inclose in jars, and bituminous sealed folds of the shroud underneath the swathing bandages of embalmed bodies, seeds and fruits, which, although they failed to fulfill the probable intention, served to supply after generations with the means of renewing the exhausted stamina of species in kind; and Don Petraco suggested that in the transmitted similarity of custom might be found the link of Cuzconian derivation.

In the wall of a house which was recognized by Don Petraco as the ancient habitation of a *cacique* of the third degree, we found a glazed jar so impermeable and perfectly closed that it defied the test of eyes, nose, and tongue to detect the savor of its contents. On opening it, the grateful aroma of the cocoa-nut, when roasted for admixture in chocolate combination, saluted our nostrils. Upon inspection, we found it filled with cakes of about two ounces each in weight, and so exactly adapted to the interior of the vessel in form and size that it was as compactly fitted as it could have been if the mass had been introduced in a plastic state. The odor exhaled was so delicious and tantalizing to our

perceptive tastes that we forthwith voted to subject it to the test of our mouths in the usual style adopted by the Peruvians in preparing chocolate for the table. The sipping trial that followed its preparation was accompanied with such expressive evidences of satisfaction and surprise at the seemingly improved condition or well preserved qualities of the compound from the superiority of artistic admixture in the first instance, that the pride that prompted the care shown in its preparation and preservation would not have been disappointed in the measure or sincerity of its test approval, in resurrection, after the passage of centuries. Whether derived from any occult method, or material employed in its preparation, or diffusion of volatile properties through the mass during the lapse of ages, it certainly imparted to us a tonic quality of stimulation in character similar to the effect produced from chewing cocoa leaves. The impermeable quality of the ancient Peruvian pottery is shown from the fact that jars of quicho, a spirituous liquor resembling the pisco manufactured at the present day, inclosed in walls, when opened was found but slightly diminished in quantity from the effects of evaporation, although exceedingly volatile. Don Petracco suggested that the delicate aroma of the chocolate might have been imparted from a process similar to that by which the grain is prepared for fermenting quicho, which the younger class of antiquarians allege was chewed by young and beautiful maidens, while tradition avers that the old and toothless were the operators employed; but this innuendo in no way diminished our zest of memory or relish for a repetition. To those who are only acquainted with chocolate prepared by the ordinary process of venders and cooks the description that I have given may appear like an ecstatic eulogy of imagination, but others, in after judgment of its effects, were quite as enthusiastic in praise of its exquisite flavor; and some had lived in Guayaquil, which produces the best cocoa, and women from an upland tribe of Indians who are so well skilled in preparing it for the table that their reputation adds an inducement to many visitors to prolong their stay in the city of mosquitoes, at an expense of blood and money, for the gratification of taste. Whether age or art, or both combined, gave to our ancient Cuzconian chocolate its delicious flavor, certain it is that the Indians of the western slope of the Andes, with their primitive stone slab and pestle roller for crushing and uniting the pulp or kernel of the cocoa-nut with the panocha (fire-caked sugar), succeed far better in developing and retaining the peculiar aroma than civilized nations have with their extractive and machine methods of preparing chocolate to please the eye rather than the palate. The manufacturer of chocolate for the market may claim that the superiority, aside from the effects of imagination, is mainly dependent upon the quality, ripeness, and freshness of the nuts, and the fact that they are used without being subjected to the exposure incident to transportation. These have undoubtedly their influence, still they are insufficient to balance the difference; besides, there is an inherent fatty principle or quality in the kernel of the nut, after being roasted, which protects it from rancidity, rendering it in a great measure proof to the changes wrought by climate and weather. This antiseptic quality of the "butter of cocoa," when extracted after the kernel has been roasted, has been practically known to the Indians from time immemorial, and used as a corrective, preservative, and curative remedy for the deteriorations caused by the hot climate.

ELTON R. SMILIE.

A DEL NORTE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Bledsoe, in his recently published *History of Del Norte County*, relates the following:

The Prosecuting Attorney went on to state "that on such a night, at such a place, in such a county and State, Ben Strong did, in a quiet game of keards called euchre with Joe Short, with malice aforethought and evident intention to rob, steal, and swindle, 'turn up' a point more than he had made, thereby unlawfully taking the plaintiff's money." Ben was also accused of "renigging." Two witnesses were examined as to the character of the opposing parties. Each of the attorneys made a speech and put the case in as strong a light as possible. Then came the "charge:"

"Gentlemen of the jury," commenced the Squire, very gravely, "the pints of this here case, like angels' visits, are few and far betwixt. The Court knows nothing about euchre, and never did, but she knows a few about law, gentlemen of the jury. The Court has went through Blackstone on Law twice, and she has read Snuggs's Seven-up, and, gentlemen of the jury, she has picked up a good many pints on poker; but she ain't nowhere on euchre, and never was. But, gentlemen of the jury, the Court thinks she understands the pints in this case. Ben Strong and Joe Short they played at ten dollars ante, and Ben he won. Will you, gentlemen of the jury, fine Ben for winning? Who wouldn't like to win? Not even the Court herself. But you kin do as you please about it. Then the *opposite* attorney says that Ben he cheated. But, gentleman of the jury, did he prove that pint? No, he didn't begin to do it. Ben Strong plays a fair game at keards. The Court has played old sledge and whisky poker with Ben for the last two years, and he never ketched him stocking the papers or turning the jack from the bottom. But, gentlemen of the jury, you can do as you please with Ben. The pints in the case, then, gentlemen of the jury, are: First, ef you find that Ben Strong won Joe Short's money, it is clear that Ben hilt the best keards. Second, ef you find that Joe lost his money, it is clear that Joe was in thunderin' bad luck. These, gentlemen of the jury, are all the pints of the case, and you kin retire—and don't be out long, for Ben is going to treat the whole court."

The jury, without leaving their seats, rendered a verdict of "not guilty;" after which the winning side, headed by the Court, adjourned to a saloon to imbibe. The "opposite" side, headed by Joe Short, left in disgust.

MILTON.

Upon my book-case shelf I see with shame
Thy poems stand, their pages long unread,
And think how oft my midnight lamp has shed
Its light on work of far less worthy claim.
For thou art like an eagle—on the same
Exalted air thy mighty wings are spread,
And though dost turn upon the Fountain-head
Of day thy steady gaze. My grosser frame
With effort rises to that lofty air.
The sun is blinding to my weaker sight;
And soon I sink to lower regions, where
I find a denser air, a softer light.
A thousand simple pleasures charm me there,
And common griefs my sympathy invite.

CHAS. S. GREENE.

MY BOTANY.

Out in the morning very early,
Where the oaks grow bent and gnarly,
I hunt for wild flowers sweet and bright,
Finding iris and lady's-delight;
But, far or near, I cannot find
The flower so cherished in my mind—
Gay wake-robin, wake-robin.

Away in the dewy hollows
Grow the larkspur and the mallows,
Azalea, primrose and pimpernel,
Purple-medick and fair bluebell;
But, high or low, I cannot find
The flower so cherished in my mind—
Gay wake-robin, wake-robin.

Along the uplands now I stroll,
Where lupin grows on sandy knoll;
The sweet forget-me-not I twine
About the trumpet columbine.
I sing and sing, as on I go,
To nodding star-flowers far below,
"Where's wake-robin, wake-robin."

The birds pipe, too, their joyous song;
And echoes softly borne along
So stir the air and touch my heart,
That, trembling in my steps, I start
And fancy from afar I hear
An echo to my song so clear—
"Wake-robin, wake-robin."

And nearer now the echoes come—
Not song of birds, not wild bees' hum;
But from the shade of madrono trees
There comes a voice borne on the breeze.
Now calls the voice, so clear and strong:
"Change one word in your sweet song;
Sing, Wait, Robin—wait, Robin!"

Ah! there's the brave lad, Robin Lee,
So earnestly entreating me:
"Will you, my bonnie, bonnie Kate,
Change one short word?—and then I'll wait."
My hands and lips are quivering,
And very, very low I sing:
"Wait, Robin—wait, Robin!"

L. J. DAKIN.

SONG.

Hush! hush, my heart! Sing softly—
Your sweet song rings so clear;
To my happy, listening fancy
It seems the World must hear.
"He loves me—oh, he loves me!"
Rings out so sweet and clear;
To my happy, happy fancy
It seems the World must hear.

Shine, shine my eyes less brightly!
Your new-born light will be
A tell-tale of the story,
He whispered soft to me;
To my soul's most quiet shelter
Its strange new joy would flee;
Then oh, shine not so brightly
For all the world to see!

MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

JUNE.

I leave behind the dusty town,
I climb the steep sky-kissing hill,
Or wander o'er the breezy down
Where'er my wayward fancies will.

The winds are heavy with perfumes,
The woodlands ring with minstrelsy,
The meadows, red with clover blooms,
Glow like the sunset on the sea.

The year is in its youth, and I
Can feel a thrill of joy divine,
Born of young flowers and sunny sky,
Burn through my veins like seasoned wine.

O God! thine earth is bright and fair,
And fair and sweet is life to me;
Why should I grieve my heart with care,
And sigh o'er sorrows yet to be?

Full well I know that youth must die,
And June her cup of gladness spill;
That winter's oriflamme must fly
In wrath on every wooded hill.

But on the margins of the brooks
The cardinal flowers their fires shall set,
And in the aster-studded nooks
A smile of June will linger yet.

WM. W. GAY.

SONNET.

Because my sky was not walled in by hills,
Because far inland all my paths must be,
I longed for sight of mountains and the sea,
And half despised familiar fields and rills;
And then life gave me what I asked. As fills
With water some lone fountain, so in me
Welled up that unimagined ecstasy
That, potent, all the soul's wild tumult stills.
And now, with humble heart, I long once more
For sight of field and whispers from the wood,
For common weeds and flowers, half scorned before,
To cure this ache of homesick solitude;
But still I hear the ocean's awful roar,
And sigh for home, dear home, for evermore.

DANIEL ELLENDORF.

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THE CALIFORNIAN

JUNE, 1881.

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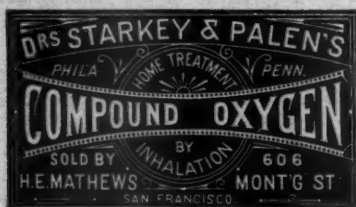
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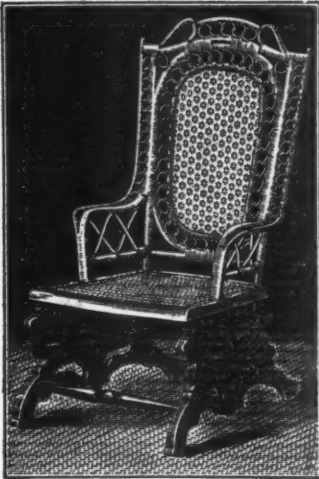
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THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT

—OF—

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, Nos. 346 & 348 BROADWAY, N. Y.

JANUARY 1, 1881.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1, 1880.....\$38,185,431 68

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.....	\$7,014,819 59	
Less deferred premiums Jan. 1, 1880.....	367,989 02	\$6,646,830 57
Interest and rents (including realized gains on real estate sold).....	2,635,877 95	
Less interest accrued Jan. 1, 1880.....	317,989 11	2,317,888 84— \$8,964,719 41
		\$47,180,151 00

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including reversionary addition to same.....	\$1,731,721 37	
Endowments matured and discount d, including reversionary additions to same..	564,679 85	
Annuities, dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,203,590 02	
Taxes and re-insurances.....	212,424 06	
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses and physicians' fees.....	770,804 30	
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, &c.....	322,910 64	\$5,806,030 24
		\$11,844,120 85

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand and in transit (since received).....	\$852,028 10	
Invested in U. S., New York City and other stocks (market value \$16,764,988 05) ..	14,925,174 99	
Real estate.....	5,029,324 59	
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$15,365,000 and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security)	16,464,922 23	
Temporary loans (secured by stocks, market value \$3,184,840).....	2,491,000 00	
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to \$2,975,000).....	597,451 12	
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1881.....	387,972 13	
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$440,500; included in liabilities).....	204,852 99	
Agents' balances.....	34,228 23	
Accrued interest on investments to Jan. 1, 1881.....	387,167 37	\$41,844,120 85
*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.		
Excess of market value of securities over cost.....	1,839,813 96	

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1881.....\$43,183,034 81

APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1881.....	\$335,195 40	
Reported losses, awaiting proof, &c.....	198,761 98	
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented).....	109,643 96	
Annuities, due and unpaid.....	5,394 25	
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlsruhe net premium; non-participating at 5 per ct. Carlsruhe net premium.	36,473,691 79	
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	1,752,165 82	
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	14,084 62	\$38,888,837 82

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....4,295,096 99

Surplus, estimated by the New York State Standard at 4% per cent., over.....\$9,000,000 00

From the undivided surplus of \$4,295,096 99 the Board of Trustees have declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

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